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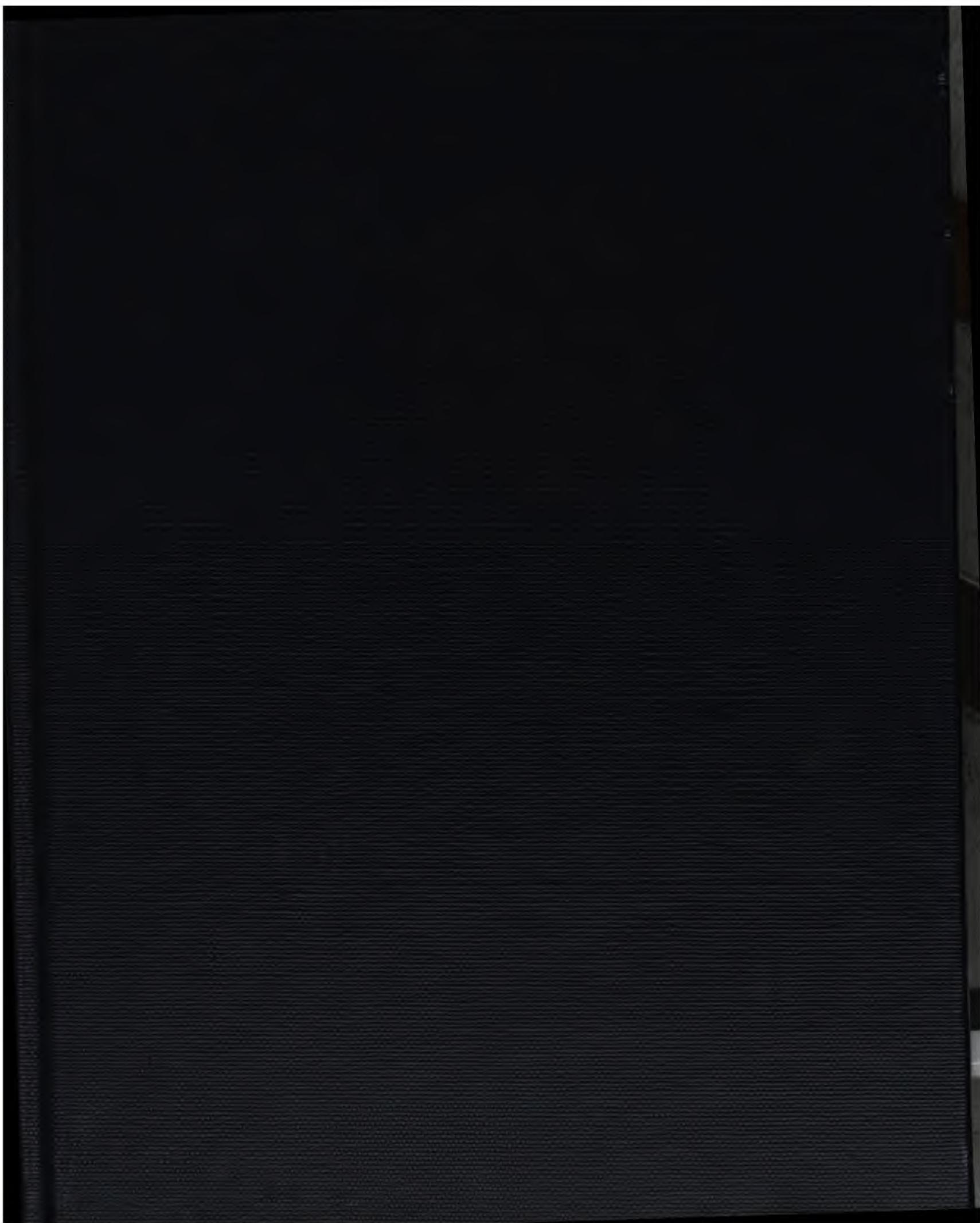
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WJ Boone  
from ~~Father~~

Presented by  
Lester S. Franks.

Rev. J. S. Lambe

With regards of  
The author





道光

**TAU-KWONG.**

*"Reasons Glory"*

THE LATE EMPEROR OF CHINA

From an original Chinese Painting, formerly in the possession of Mr. Morrison



466

# FIVE YEARS IN CHINA.

WITH SOME ACCOUNT OF

THE GREAT REBELLION,

AND A DESCRIPTION OF ST. HELENA.

BY

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To

MY VENERABLE AND BELOVED FATHER,  
DR. OLIVER SWAIN TAYLOR,  
FOR FIFTY YEARS AN INSTRUCTOR OF YOUTH,

THE POSITIONS OF HONOR AND USEFULNESS FILLED BY HUNDREDS OF HIS PUPILS  
THROUGHOUT THE COUNTRY, CONSTITUTE THE RECORD OF HIS SUCCESS,

And

TO MY HIGHLY ESTEEMED COUNSELLOR AND FRIEND,  
BISHOP JAMES OSGOOD ANDREW,  
BY WHOM I WAS ORDAINED AND SENT TO CHINA,  
THIS VOLUME IS AFFECTIONATELY AND RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED.



## P R E F A C E .

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MANY, both friends and strangers, in different parts of  
the country, where I have conversed and lectured on China,  
have repeatedly urged me to make a book. I have at last  
made one, and here it is.



## CONTENTS.

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### CHAPTER I.

#### HOW WE WENT TO CHINA.

Parting Exercises—Setting Sail—Occupations on the Ship—Sea-sickness—Sharks—Flying-Fish—Birds—Preaching—Route of Vessels to China—At the Equator—Cape of Good Hope—St. Paul's and Amsterdam—Hot Springs—Marryatt's Signals—Christmas Island—Straits of Sunda—Java and Sumatra—Malays, ..... 25

### CHAPTER II.

#### HOW WE REACHED CHINA.

Anjer—Fruits—Purveyors—Banyan Tree—Dutch Fort—Maylay Infants—"Osmond"—Mohammedans—Shock of an Earthquake—Java Sea—Straits of Banca—Tin Mines—Malay Pirates—China Sea—Beautiful Sunsets—A "School" of Whales—Coast of China—Chinese Sailors and their "Junks"—a Pilot—Hong-Kong, .... 35

### CHAPTER III.

#### HOW HONG-KONG APPEARED.

How Great Britain came to own it—"Fragrant Streams"—British Dignity—Pleasant Reception—Town of Victoria—The Chinese Portion—"Coolies"—Foreign Buildings—The "Barracks"—The Church—Morrison Hill—"Happy Valley"—Morrison School—Mr. John Morrisey—Rev. Samuel Brown—Mr. William A. Macy—Rev. Charles Gutzlaff, D.D., ..... 43

## CHAPTER IV.

## GOING TO CANTON.

Leaving Hong-Kong—A Fellow Passenger—Robbers—Dr. and Mrs. Sexton—Scenery along up “Pearl River”—Pagodas—Tombs—The “Bogue” or “Bocca Tigris”—Forts—Whampoa—Boat-women—Boats—War-junks—Flower-boats—More Pagodas—“Fan-kwei”—River Population—Proper Name of “Canton”—Appearance of the City—Foreign “Gardens,” and “Factories”—Peripatetic Merchants, Artisans, Tradesmen, and Mountebanks, .....	52
---	----

## CHAPTER V.

## SOMETHING ABOUT CANTON AND AMOY.

New Friends—Seamen’s Bethel—Hospitals—Drs. Parker and Hobson—Leang Afa—Howqua’s Gardens—General Description of Chinese Ornamental Gardens—Flowers and Shrubbery—Distorting and Dwarfing Trees—Honan Temple—Idols—Priests—“Sacred Pigs”—“Old” and “New China Streets”—“Hog Lane”—Execution Ground—A Typhoon—Return to Hong-Kong—Up the Coast—Headwinds—Amoy—Opium Vessels—Fishing Boats—Batteries—“Queen Bess”—Native City—Ku-lang-su—Missionaries—Islands—Mouth of the Yang-tsz-kiang—“Child of the Ocean,” .....	62
---	----

## CHAPTER VI.

## DESCRIPTION OF SHANGHAI.

River Hwang-pu—Appearance of the Country along its Banks—Foreign Town—Pleasant Reception—Mission Buildings—English Church—London Mission Premises—Yang-king-pang—Streets—French Consulate—Graves—Coffins—Geomancy—Repositories for Coffined-bodies—“Baby Towers”—City Wall—Gates—Coins—Currency—Buildings—Streets—Sewers—Offal—Shops—Pawnbrokers—Various Trades—Facilities for Missionary Work, .....	75
---	----

## CHAPTER VII.

## THE HOUSES THEY LIVE IN.

Materials used and Manner of Building—Floors—Oyster-shell Windows—Courts—Walls—Doors—Ornamental Work—Furniture—Idols—Ornaments—Wells—A Residence Procured—Servants—	
---	--

CONTENTS.

ix

- Cooking—Learning to Talk—Native Politeness—Civilities—Mode of Serving Tea—Smoking Tobacco—Opium—Snuff—Forms of Salutation, ..... 90

CHAPTER VIII.

CHINESE BEGGARS AND CHINESE COSTUMES.

- Beggary—Dead Bodies—Starvation—Benevolence of Foreigners—Gipsies—Extreme Suffering—Drowned—Loathsomeness and Filth—Regular Organization—"Beggar-King"—Regulations—Punishments—Beating—Cutting off the Queue—Description of the different Articles of Dress—Mode of Dressing the Hair—The Queue—Headbands—Hats and Caps—Long Nails—Use of Long Sleeves—Materials of Clothing—A Novel Thermometer—Winter Clothing—Boots and Shoes—Mode of indicating Official Rank—Yellow, the Imperial Color—Mark of Respect to Age—Binding the Feet of Females—Origin of the Custom, ..... 99

CHAPTER IX.

CHINESE NEW YEAR.

- Worship in Temples—Costume—Gloves—Furs—Amusing Appearance of Children—"City Guardian's Temple"—Being taken for an Idol—Temple of Confucius—Burning Articles for the use of the Dead—Manner of Mourning—Immense number of Graves—General Appearance of surrounding Country—Tenanted Coffins kept in Dwellings—Coffins left unburied in the Fields—A Settlement of Beggars—Their Condition—Tricks to excite Compassion—The Blind—A Native little Girl—Religious Instruction—Discouragements—Encouragements, ..... 113

CHAPTER X.

WHAT AND HOW THEY EAT—MARRIAGE.

- Vegetable Productions—Animal Food—Cattle—Poultry—"Shanghai Fowls"—Artificial Egg-hatching—Raising Ducks—Fishing—Eating Rats, Puppies, etc.,—"Bird-nest Soup"—Shark Fins—Fruits—Peculiarities of Oranges and Persimmons—Other Fruits—"Japan Plum"—Nuts—Sugar—Modes of Cooking—Use of Oils—"Hen-Egg Cakes"—Abhorrence of Butter and Cheese—Native Names for these Articles—Milk—Mode of Eating—"Chopsticks"—Ideas

of Politeness—A Chinese Feast—Great Number of Courses—An Intoxicating Drink—Manufacture of Salt, a Government Monopoly—Smuggling—Mode of Contracting Marriages—A “Go-between” —Betrothal—Marriage Ceremonies—Amusements,.....	126
---	-----

### CHAPTER XI.

#### NOTIONS OF MEDICINE AND DISEASE—PUNISHMENTS— PAU-SHAN.

Medical Practice—Native Ideas of Medicines and Anatomy—Diseases—Smallpox—Singular mode of Inoculation—Letters—Chinese Names and Titles—Modes of Punishment—Beating—The “Cangue”—Great Severity and Barbarity—City Prison—“Squeezing”—The Wooden Cage—Modes of Capital Punishment—Beheading—Strangulation—Modes of Suicide—Its Object—Flaying Alive—Cutting to Pieces—A Trip to Pau-shan—Description of the City—High embankment—Battery—Cannon—Scene of a Battle—Chinese Bravery—Deification of a General after his Death,.....	139
---	-----

### CHAPTER XII.

#### PREPARATION OF TEA—AGRICULTURE—FUEL.

Modes of preparing “Green Tea” and “Black Tea”—Prussian Blue—Personal Observation—Signification of the different Names of Teas—Agricultural Implements—Two Varieties of Oxen—Culture of Rice—Mode of Manuring—Floating Gardens—Fuel—Wood—Coal—Hand and Foot Stoves—How Beds are warmed in Winter—The “Bamboo” or Cane—Its many Uses—Sedans—How made—Funeral Processions—Customs on such occasions,.....	151
---	-----

### CHAPTER XIII.

#### FEAST OF LANTERNS—FAMINE—FUNERAL RITES.

Tower of Lanterns—Fireworks—The “Dragon Lantern”—Origin of the Holiday—Superstitious Practices on that Day—Arrival of my Colleague at Shanghai—Famine—Extreme Suffering—Charity of Foreign Merchants—Worship of Ancestors—Rites for the Dead—Modes of burial—Ancient Tombs—“Mass for the Dead”—Change of Residence, .....	161
---	-----

CONTENTS.

xi

CHAPTER XIV.

Passages from my Journal—Birds—An Old Grave—A Liberal Allowance—Life on Boats—A Drowned Boy—Death of our Babe—Rev. Dr. Medhurst—A Trip into the Country—Monumental Tablets—Preaching and Tract Distribution—Death of the Emperor Tau-Kwang—"Reason's Glory"—Accession of Hien-Foong—Death of Empress Dowager—Beautiful Sentiments,.....	175
---	-----

CHAPTER XV.

EXTRACTS FROM JOURNAL.

Building our Houses—Chapels—Schools—Birds—Tracts—Catechism—Medical Practice—Book Distribution—Conversation with an Idolater—A Sunday's Work—A Day in my Chapel—Synopsis of a Tract—Another Sunday—An Accident and Death—Removal of a Tumor from a Man's Nose—The "Tea-Gardens"—A Trip into the Country—A Crooked Stream—Mode of Planting Cotton—Preaching—A Wheelbarrow Ride,.....	187
--	-----

CHAPTER XVI.

CHINESE LANGUAGE—SCHOOLS—INVENTIONS—ODDITIES.	
Character of the Language—Number of Characters—Radicals—Illustration—Native Dictionaries—"Four Books" of Confucius—Other Classics and Writers—Literature—Spoken Dialects—"Pidgin-English"—Schools—Singular Mode of Studying and Reciting—School Text-Books—Manner of Writing—Of Book-Making—Printing—Gunpowder—Mariners' Compass—Chinese History—Their Ideas of other Countries—A Native "Map of the World"—Amusing Absurdities—Arithmetic—Book-Keeping—Literary Degrees—Corruption—Filial Respect—Seat of Intelligence—"Peking Gazette"—Postal Arrangement—Mode of Reckoning Time—"Time-Sticks," .....	205

CHAPTER XVII.

CHINESE MILITARY—"ALL SOULS' DAY."

A Military Review—Their Uniform—Martial Music—Archers—An Incident—Fire-Arms—Match-locks—Jinjals—A Chastisement—Small Arms—Shields—Gymnastics—Rewards—"All Soul's Day"—Its Origin—Procession of Idols—They take an Airing in Sedans—Burning Gilt Paper to provide the Dead with Money—Address to the Multitude, .....	217
--	-----

## CHAPTER XVIII.

INFANTICIDE — CHARITABLE INSTITUTIONS — RELIGIONS —  
THEATRICALS — OPPOSITES.

Infanticide—Causes—Extent—Foundling Hospital—Native Dispensary—Charity Schools—Three Forms of Idolatry—Confucius and his System—Mencius—Taoism—Buddhism—Time and Mode of its Introduction into China—Tenets—A Recluse—Ideas of a Future State—Resemblance to Romanism—Various Deities—Pagodas—Lung-hwa-tah—Native Theatricals—Odd Differences, ..... 227

## CHAPTER XIX.

## INCIDENTS.

A Foundling—Air-Castle Building—"Reckoning without the Host"—Disappointment—A Boat-Trip to Tsayn-so—Inundation—The City—Preaching and Tract Distribution—"Bread on the Waters," 240

## CHAPTER XX.

## NEW YEAR'S AND OTHER CUSTOMS.

Chinese New Year again—Making Calls—Sending Presents—Fireworks—Kitchen gods—Visit from Schools—A benevolent Merchant—His Almoner—Spinning—An incident—Gratitude—Difficulties—Hope—Probable destiny of Shanghai—Drought—Procession of Rain Dragons—Chinese Theory of Rain—Proclamation—Solemnities—Crops, ..... 250

## CHAPTER XXI.

## A TRIP TO SU-CHAU—"THE PARIS OF CHINA."

Taking boat—Disguise—The "Gem Hill City"—"Pheasant Mound"—Variety of Junks and Boats—Grain Junks—Timber—Canals—Bridges—Temples—Pagodas—"Great Lake"—"Lion Hills"—"Hill Pools"—"Tiger Den Hill"—"Thousand Men Rock"—Beautiful Shops and Streets—Return to Shanghai, ..... 261

## CONTENTS.

xiii

## CHAPTER XXII.

## SINGULAR CUSTOMS.

- Worship of Ancestors—Paper Money—Offerings to the Dead—A Wailing Widow—Shallow Grief—The “God of Wealth”—Offerings to it—Its Temple—“Man’s Birthday”—The “Five Grains”—“Fuel”—“Rice”—“Mandarin’s Day”—Influx of Paupers—“Opening the Seals”—Modes of asserting Innocence and Detecting Guilt—Forms of Oaths—Gods lose their Reputation—Practice of Weighing annually on the first day of Summer—Departure of Family for the United States, ..... 272

## CHAPTER XXIII.

## JOURNEY TO NAN-KING, THE ANCIENT CAPITAL OF CHINA.

- Signification of the Name—My Chinese Costume—Su-chau—Grand Canal—Custom House—Bridges—Boats—City of Vu-sih—Hills—Novel mode of Fishing—Fishing Cormorants—Grain-junks—City of Chang-chau—City of Tan-yang—Adventure with a Barber—Wheelbarrow ride—Face of Country—City of Chin-kiang-fu—Kin-shan, or Golden Island—Cast iron Pagoda, ..... 285

## CHAPTER XXIV.

## JOURNEY TO NAN-KING CONTINUED.

- Another Wheelbarrow Ride—Clear Water—A Night’s Lodging—Summer Palace of a former Emperor—Stone Road—Modes of Conveyance—Approach to Nan-king—Tomb of an Emperor—Ancient City—Gates—Tartar City—Streets—Ox-cart—Site of Imperial Palace—Public Offices—The celebrated “Porcelain Tower”—A native description of it—A Donkey-ride—Face of Country—Terracing Hills—Modes of Irrigation, ..... 298

## CHAPTER XXV.

## WHAT THEY THINK OF ECLIPSES AND EARTHQUAKES.

- Native Astronomers—The Popular Theory—“Sun-Eating”—Worship of the Monster—Noises to frighten Him—An Earthquake—Its

Effects—Native Theory—Ceremony of "Welcoming the Spring"	
—The "Spring Ox"—Presiding Deity of the Year"—A Procession	
—"Beating the Ox"—"Welcoming the God of Joy"—A Female	
Deity—Worship—Military Evolutions—Rewards, .....	311

## CHAPTER XXVI.

### THE GREAT REBELLION.

Place of Origin—Progress—Title of the Leader—Strange Doctrines	
—Knowledge of Old Testament—Anxiety of Foreigners—Arrival	
of Hon. Humphrey Marshall—Bayard Taylor—Attempt of the	
"Susquehannah"—Failure—Successful Trip of the "Hermes"	
—Sir George Bonham—Chin-kiang-fu—Grand Canal—Grain for	
Peking—Capt. Fishbourne—An Attack from the Insurgents—Arri-	
val at Nanking—Interview with the Insurgents—Their Books—A	
Second Attack—Fire returned—Return of the "Hermes"—Set out	
myself—Trip up the Yang-tze-kiang—Appearance of the Country	
—Foo-shan—Occurrences at a Village—Our Native Assistant—	
Kiang-Yin—Pirates—Dead bodies—Burnt Junks—Running a	
Blockade—"Silver Island"—Its Temples—Destruction of Idols—	
Forlorn Priests—Timidity of Boatmen—Return to Shanghai,..	325

## CHAPTER XXVII.

### SECOND TRIP TO THE INSURGENT CAMP.

New Boatmen—Run the Blockade again—Refusal of Boatmen to	
Proceed—Going Alone on Foot—A "Levee" on the River-bank—	
A Foot-path—Approach to Fortifications—Difficult Progress—Ob-	
structions—Entering the Fortress—A Strange Visitor—Appearance	
of the Insurgents—Motley Crowds—Arms and Defences—Condition	
of Chin-kiang-fu—Strange Sounds—General Lo—Awkward Mistake	
—Presenting him a Bag of Copies of the Gospels—The Costume	
of the Soldiers—Morning Worship—Asking a Blessing—Unfortu-	
nate Coincidence—Attack by Imperialists—Suspected of being a	
Spy—Letter of General Lo—Cavalcade by Torchlight—Provisions	
—A Night on a War-Junk—Effort to remove Suspicion—Medical	
Relief—Extract from Journal,.....	339

CONTENTS.

xv

CHAPTER XXVIII.

HISTORY OF TAI-PING-WONG, THE REVOLUTIONARY  
LEADER.

- Literary Examinations at Canton—Receives a Christian Tract—Has a Vision—Diligent Study—Renounces Idolatry—Returns to Canton—Receives Instruction—Disappears—When next Heard of—Persecuted—Self-defence—Numbers Multiply—The Miau-tsz—“Triad Society”—Singular Proclamations—Fanatical Errors—Form of Prayer—Present Condition, ..... 361

CHAPTER XXIX.

A TYFOON—THE HILLS—CAPTURE OF SHANGHAI—  
INCIDENTS.

- A Typhoon—Destruction of Property and Life—One of the Sufferers—A Trip to “the Hills”—Companions—Employment—“Seven Pearls”—“Four Streams”—Hills—Temples—Pagodas—Groves—Flowers and Shrubbery—A Mausoleum—A Leaning Tower—Fall of Shanghai—Bands of Outlaws—Murder of the Mayor—Distress and Alarm—Visit to the Bandit Chief—He accepts and makes public a Proclamation of Tai-ping-wong against Idolatry—Adventure with Robbers—A Brave Army, ..... 372

CHAPTER XXX.

THE VOYAGE HOMEWARD.

- Cause of leaving China—Departure in the “Torrent”—Capt. Copp—A Fine Run—A Terrible Typhoon—Sea-sickness—Loss of my Chinese dress—Damages to the Ship—A Fellow-Passenger—Time for Reading—Sight of Islands—The Anambas—Splendid Sunsets—Crossing the Equator—The “Doldrums”—Winged Visitors—Reaching Java—Duties of Ship-Surgeon—Our Sable Cook—Anjer—Strait of Sunda—Boats with Supplies—Turtles—“Mouse Deer”—Tedious Days—Storms—Calms—The Albatross—Porpoises—Whales—Sharks—Coast of Africa—Cape of Good Hope—Preaching on Ship-board—Christmas-day—Sabbaths at Sea—Two Summers in One Year—New Appearance of the Heavens—The “Magellan Clouds”—The “Southern Cross,” ..... 383

## CHAPTER XXXI.

TWO DAYS AT ST. HELENA—PRISON OF THE FIRST  
NAPOLEON.

Appearance of the Island from the Sea—Batteries and Fortifications—  
“Ladder Hill”—“Pearce’s Revenge”—Jamestown—the “Castle”  
—Promenade—Moat—Landing-Place—The Town—View from the  
Anchorage—“The Briars”—Ride to “Longwood”—General De-  
scriptions—Volcanic Origin—Flowers, Shrubbery, and Trees—  
Napoleon’s Tomb—Old Sally—“Vale of Arno”—Residence of  
Napoleon at “Longwood”—His Fishpond—“New House”—Sandy  
Bay Valley—“Plautation House”—Country Church—Return to  
Town—Rev. Dr. Bertram—Mission Chapel—Second Ride into  
the Country—“Francis’ Plain”—“Rose Bower”—Astronomers—  
“Knolcombe”—Mission Cemetery—Return to Town—Sail from  
the Island, ..... 394

## FIVE YEARS IN CHINA.

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### CHAPTER I.

#### HOW WE WENT TO CHINA.

Parting Exercises—Setting Sail—Occupations on the Ship—Sea-sickness—Sharks—Flying-Fish—Birds—Preaching—Route of Vessels to China—At the Equator—Cape of Good Hope—St. Paul's and Amsterdam—Hot Springs—Marryatt's Signals—Christmas Island—Straits of Sunda—Java and Sumatra—Malays.

WE sailed from Boston on a gloomy Monday afternoon, the 24th of April, 1848. It was cloudy, and a raw, chilling wind was blowing from the north-east. Farewell religious services were performed on the deck of the little ship "Cleone," as she still lay alongside the wharf. The "Missionary Hymn" was sung, an earnest address delivered, and we all kneeled in prayer on the deck of the ship, with our heads uncovered to the sky. It was a solemn hour. Sad farewells were spoken, though none of our immediate relatives were present, but there were several friends who had shown us much attention and kindness during our sojourn of two weeks in Boston, while waiting for the ship. Ardent wishes for a safe and pleasant voyage were uttered; Christian hearts beat

with a sympathy which found expression mostly in looks and tears—words were few. The ship was unfastened from her moorings; the ropes rattled through the pulleys; the sails flapped angrily in the wind, while the sailors pulled them to their proper places, accompanying their exertions with a lively song, the chorus of which was, “Yo-heave-O, Yo-heave-O.” Soon we were out in the harbor, and speeding on our way, while handkerchiefs were waved from the shore, and from the ship in reply, as long as they could well be seen. By and by the city disappeared, then the forts at the entrance to the harbor, then the islands; and finally, nothing could be seen, save a long, dim outline of the mainland, like a dark, blue cloud in the distant horizon. We gazed and gazed upon it long and sadly, until at last, our loved native land—never before so tenderly loved as then—receded from the view—of one of us, *forever.\** I strained my eyes till they ached, to catch one more glimpse of it, but all in vain. It seemed to me almost like dying; for at that time I little expected ever to see that land again. I was keenly alive to the sacrifice I was making, but as I turned and went down into the cabin, I said to myself: “This is all for Christ;” and then I was comforted and content; for it was but very little, after all, for Him who had done and suffered so much for me.

Our cabin was about ten by fourteen feet square, and seven feet high, with a sleeping apartment—called, by way of irony, I suppose, a *state-room*—on

\* Mrs. Mary Jane Jenkins, the wife of my colleague, Rev. Benjamin Jenkins, who died on the voyage back, four years after.

each side. These state-rooms were six feet long, four feet wide, and of the same height as the cabin. Each room had two berths, or shelves, for sleeping on, with pieces of plank about seven inches wide, on the outer side to keep you from falling out. The berths were two feet wide, which left you but two feet by six for washing and dressing. Such was our bedroom for four mortal months—my wife and myself occupying each a berth, and our infant, of six months, the space on the floor. My colleague, with his wife and two children, stowed themselves away (as the sailors would say) in the room opposite, of about the same dimensions. His two eldest boys had one of the three state-rooms that were on each side of the dining-cabin, on the deck, to which a flight of steps led from the centre of our cabin.

We had a storm during the first night, to start upon, and the next morning found us all, except the youngest children, terribly sea-sick. Infants scarcely ever experience this malady, from which so few older persons are exempt. Several of us hardly left our berths, except for a few minutes at a time, for some days. We were not able to go to the table, though fortunately we required but little food; and yet our ill-natured captain grumbled at having to send us even that. He even had the carpet taken up, and left us on the cold bare floor. There we lay helpless, all huddled together down in our diminutive cabin. Those horrible days and nights rise up before me now, as about the gloomiest I have ever passed. After a week or two, however, we all recovered, the weather became pleasant, and we arranged things in our narrow quarters so as to become tolerably com-

fortable. The motion of the ship continued with greater or less violence throughout the entire voyage, except during calms, and sometimes then also, from what sea-faring men call a "ground swell; but as we had passed through the initiation, we were not disagreeably affected by it. In our attempts to walk, our movements were often precisely like those of a man who has been drinking freely of something stronger than water. It was highly amusing to see one of the ladies or children, sent rolling or tumbling from one side of the cabin to the other; and still more amusing when, sometimes at the table, a sudden lurch of the ship would empty plates of soup, or dishes of meat and gravy, into the laps of those who happened at the time to be sitting on the lower side; or, to use the sea-phrase, to leeward. Only a few times during the voyage was the sea so rough that we could not sit at the table. Then we sat on the floor, braced ourselves against the sides of the cabin, by placing our feet against the table legs, or something else immovable, and took our food in our hands.

We finally became so accustomed to our condition, that we could read and study much of the time; the ladies could sew, and chat pleasantly together; and the children could play almost as merrily as on land, except when our cross-grained captain would curse them for making a noise, or for being in the way. He had no children of his own. Sharks were often seen during the voyage, following the ship. One day we caught a small one with a large hook, baited with a piece of pork. As soon as he was pulled in on deck, the sailors, who always entertain the most bitter animosity against these terrible mon-

sters, by whom so many of their comrades have lost life or limb, plunged their knives into him with hearty spitefulness. Flying-fish were frequently seen, and occasionally one would fly upon the deck of our ship. They are about the size of herrings, having the lateral fins elongated, so as to become wings. We also had the company of birds throughout the voyage. Sea-gulls, "Mother Cary's chickens," cape pigeons, and albatrosses were seen, some or other of them flying about the ship every day.

On the second or third Sunday after leaving Boston, we asked permission of the captain to have public service on the open deck of the ship, at which the sailors might be present. He consented, rather reluctantly. All the sailors who were "off duty" attended, dressed in their best attire, and seemed interested, or at least gratified. The first-mate was the most profane man I ever heard: nor did he regard the presence of the ladies. He attended the preaching but once, I think; and the captain perhaps twice. On all subsequent occasions, they sat a little distance from us, around the corner of the cabin, reading novels or conversing. Finding that the service was so manifestly disagreeable and annoying to the captain, we thought it prudent, after a few times, to discontinue it.

Gentle reader, if you are curious to know the general direction pursued by our vessel in order to reach China, just take a map, and trace a line from Boston, directly eastward, till you bring it near the Azores, or Western Islands. In that vicinity we fall in with the northeast trade-winds, which, as you know, blow constantly from that direction toward the equator. As

you approach the equator, these winds become lighter and lighter, and finally cease altogether. Then you have calms for several days, and sometimes weeks. During these, scarce a breath of air visits your burning cheek, night nor day. At noon the sun is exactly vertical; and if you stand, at that hour, on the scorching deck, your form does not cast the least shadow. Often, the ocean—as far the eye can reach, that is, till the water is merged into the sky, in the far-away horizon—is like a "sea of glass," and reflects the rays of the tropical sun "as it were a sea of glass mingled with fire." Wait with drilling, patience, and occasional puffs of wind, you finally get across this enchanted region, and keep on the course you took from the Azores toward the coast of South America. We came within two hundred miles of Brazil, and vessels sometimes go near enough to see it, even while bound for China. Thence still following the route of prevailing winds, we steer south of east, for the Cape of Good Hope. Ships going eastward, seldom go within sight of the Cape, but keep about ten degrees to the southward, to avoid the adverse winds and currents that sweep around it from the east. When off the Cape, and one hundred and fifty miles south of it, we find, as is usual at that season of the year, which, though toward the last of June, is always midwinter in those latitudes—strong westerly winds. Driven on by these, at the rate of two hundred or more miles a day, for some three weeks directly eastward we find—near the coast of Australia—the southern "trades," (as navigators call the trade-winds,) and then change our course to due north, steering for the western ex-

mity of the island of Java. Remember, that in all this time—about three months—we had seen no land since leaving our native shores. In the Indian Ocean, about midway between the Cape of Good Hope and Australia, are two little solitary islands—St. Paul's and Amsterdam. Navigators who have visited them tell us, that on one there is a bold spring of boiling water, gushing from the rocks, and so near the shore, that they have caught fish from the sea, with a rod and line, and without moving a step have thrown them over and cooked them in the spring, before taking them from the hook. These islands are often seen by vessels in passing, but as the day on which we sailed by them was foggy and cloudy, we missed a sight for which our hearts longed, and for which our eyes were eagerly strained—a sight of much-wished-for land once more.

Almost ninety days—long and wearisome days and nights—had passed over our heads since we left Boston. It was a tiresome thing to see the sun come up out of the ocean, pass over our heads, and go down into the ocean again, for days, and weeks, and months—to see nothing but sea and sky, and sky and sea. The clouds above and the water around us, formed our scenery, now and then relieved by a passing ship, that would sometimes be just visible for a few hours in the distance. Occasionally we would fall in with one sailing in the same direction with ourselves, and would be in her company for several days. Sometimes we would come near enough one to the other, to enable us, with the help of the spy-glass, to ascertain to what nation she belonged, from her flag.

There are several systems of signals by which ves-

sels can converse, as far apart as the flags of different colors, which represent certain words or ideas, can be distinguished. Those invented by Capt. Marryatt, of the British navy, are in most general use. A book, or key of explanation, accompanies each set of flags, and so, communication, of course to a limited extent, but sufficient for all necessary purposes, becomes comparatively easy. They are known throughout the maritime world as "Marryatt's Signals."

On the morning of the eighty-eighth day, our captain, who was a very skillful navigator, said to us: "About noon to-day, if you look directly ahead, you will see land: it is Christinas Island; a small island about a hundred miles south of the western end of Java." All eyes were in requisition. I sat on the forecastle-deck, and was the first to discover it. Sure enough, there it was, a dim, cloud-like line, resting on the distant horizon, under the clear, blue sky; for it was a bright, beautiful day, in perfect keeping with the joyous event. A moment more, and the welcome cry of "Land! land!" was ringing through the ship. Hands were clapped for joy, while faces were beaming and hearts were beating with an ecstasy of delight. The land at first looked like a heavy mass of dark-blue clouds in the distance, resting on the heaving bosom of the ocean. Then it became more and more distinct, till at last it loomed up before us a high, rocky mountain islet, partly covered with a scanty growth of diminutive trees. We saw multitudinous flocks of birds about the island, and the waters near it were seen to be teeming with fish; but they could not be induced to bite a hook; probably because we had no fresh bait. Leaving Christmas

Island to the right, we sailed on exultingly, and before night saw the mountainous promontory of Java. A storm that night prevented us from approaching very near, lest we should be dashed upon the rocks. So we "stood out to sea" again till daylight. The morning broke in upon us gloriously: the ship was "put about," and we stood in for the shore. That glad day—the twenty-third day of July, in the year of grace eighteen hundred and forty-eight—was Sunday, and on its blessed morning we entered the Straits of Sunda, with hearts swelling with thankfulness for our preservation thus far through all the dangers of the deep.

There rose up grandly before us, clothed in all the luxuriant richness and beauty of oriental and tropical foliage, those magnificent islands—Java on the right and Sumatra on the left—islands, images of which had so often filled the day-dreams of my boyhood as still retaining the gorgeous vegetation of the first Paradise; nor did the reality fall far short of the splendid picture imagination had painted on the walls of memory, in the chambers of the far back, long, long ago. How strangely and sadly the sight of the first Pagans impressed me! They were Malays. They came off to our ship in their dug-out canoes, with large, three-cornered, mat sails. They also had paddles, to use in case of need. The natives were of a dark copper color; tall, straight, and well-proportioned. They generally wore only a piece of cotton cloth about the middle, and another wrapped around the head. They blacken their teeth by chewing betel-nut, for the sage reason that dogs have white teeth! Some of them had procured from ships, as they fre-

FIVE YEARS IN CHINA.

quently pass these waters, various articles of civilized costume; but being ignorant as to the proper mode of putting them on, they often presented the most ludicrous figures imaginable. One fellow had on an old broadcloth dress-coat next to his skin, then a dilapidated vest over that, and a shirt outside of all; his legs, in the mean time, being in a state of native nudity. Thus attired, he and his comrades, in equally grotesque habiliments, paced up and down the deck of our vessel (for they had come on board to sell fruit), with as lordly an air as if they owned the ship.

## CHAPTER II.

### HOW WE REACHED CHINA.

Anjer—Fruits—Purveyors—Banyan Tree—Dutch Fort—Maylay Infants—“Osmond”—Mohammedans—Shock of an Earthquake—Java Sea—Straits of Banca—Tin Mines—Malay Pirates—China Sea—Beautiful Sunsets—A “School” of Whales—Coast of China—Chinese Sailors and their “Junks”—a Pilot—Hong-Kong.

We had anchored off Anjer—a Dutch settlement and military post on Java. During the two days of our tarrying, the natives brought large quantities of the finest tropical fruits to the ship, in their canoes, to sell or barter, as the case might be, for money or old clothes. Monkeys, also, “Java sparrows,” birds of paradise, parrots, and other birds of rare and beautiful plumage, and some of sweet song, were among the commodities offered for sale. Some of these natives were regular purveyors to ships, and had small memorandum-books in which were written certificates from the captains whom they had supplied. These were not always as flattering as the holders imagined. They sometimes ran in this style—“If you buy anything from the bearer, watch him—he is the greatest rascal you ever saw, and will cheat you if he can.”

As they have no native metallic currency, a variety of sea-shell, called “cowrie,” is their sub-

stitute for small coin. Its average comparative value is at the rate of about 1000 for a dollar.

For a day or two our ship looked more like a menagerie and a fruit-market than anything else. The usual price for cocoa-nuts was a dollar a hundred; for pine-apples, twenty-five cents a dozen; for oranges ten cents a dozen; and for everything else in the same proportion. There were dates, too, and a kind of sugar in small cakes, something like maple-sugar. The natives called it "joggery." We also took in fresh provisions for the remainder of our voyage. Pigs, geese, ducks, and chickens, with sweet potatoes and yams in abundance, were purchased from the Malays. This presented a most agreeable contrast with our fare up to this time. It had been very coarse and meagre—entirely inferior to what the owners of the ship had promised us. We afterward learned that the captain had reserved for his own exclusive use, on the voyage back to the United States, most of the delicacies that had been put on board for his passengers.

On Monday, some of us got into the ship's boat with the captain, and went on shore at Anjer. As I stepped on terra-firma once more, old mother earth was never before by me so ardently loved. I almost felt as if I must stoop down and kiss the dear old lady. The first object that attracts your attention on approaching the shore, is a large banyan tree, beneath whose ample shade several of the natives were quietly reclining. Near the sandy beach on which you land from the surf—for there was no wharf—was a small Dutch fort, and here and there a soldier, in faded, dingy, undress uniform, lounging idly about

under the banyan tree, which stood near the entrance to the fort. The streets, or rather lanes, of this Malay village were quite narrow, and overgrown with grass. They were lined on each side with cottages, built of bamboo (canes), and thatched with long, narrow leaves. We saw but two shops of any kind, and these contained but a very scanty stock of goods, mostly of foreign manufacture, for the supply of vessels touching at the island. They were kept by Chinamen in full costume, of whom there are many at the different ports of the East-India islands. The trees, shrubbery, flowers, and fruit—the people and their dwellings—all looked strange and different from any I had ever before seen; but the chickens looked and crowed, and the cats looked and mewed, like chickens and cats in a Christian land. And the little Malay babies cried and langhed and played, and said "mamma," just exactly like Christian babies. I felt then that humanity was the same all over the world.

The man who furnished most of the supplies for our ship was named Osmond, and he seemed to be a sort of chief among his people. He was well dressed, in a costume much resembling the Turkish, and was very civil, agreeable, and polite. He invited us into his cottage, and regaled us with delicious bananas, fresh from the trees. We saw no females, except a half-grown girl who seemed to be the nurse to Osmond's infant, of which he appeared very fond. We inferred that the women are kept very secluded. The only covering worn by the Malay infants was a heart-shaped plate of brass about four inches in diameter, tied by a string around the middle of the body.

The natives are generally Mohammedans, and there was in the village a very ancient brick building, used as a mosque, with a populous graveyard attached. But we were informed that they very seldom had any service. It is going to ruin, like the system it represents.

Just before we anchored, we all felt a strong and very peculiar jarring sensation, as if the ship had struck upon a rock, and was dragged over it, with a violent scraping of the keel of the vessel along the whole of its length. At first, we all supposed this was really the case. The ship seemed to get off in a few moments; but, after a little, the same sensations occurred again, and after another short interval, a third time. We then began to think it must be the shock of an earthquake; and when, going ashore on the next day (Monday), we visited the Dutch officer in command at Anjer, we learned from him that such was the fact. He had felt the same tremulous motions at the same hour with ourselves on the day before, and said they were common in that region. Mrs. Dr. Medhurst, the wife of the veteran and noble missionary, told us in Shanghai, a year or two after, that while they were living at Batavia, the principal city on the island of Java, some years before, such was the violence of these commotions beneath the surface of the earth on one occasion, that several houses were thrown down, and all the inhabitants of the town rushed out of doors, to avoid being buried beneath the ruins of their dwellings. These islands, and the many others composing the vast Eastern Archipelago, are evidently of volcanic origin. Travellers who have visited the interior of the island of Java speak of having seen the crater of an extinct volcano.

Leaving Anjer, we sailed along northwardly, through the Java Sea, keeping Sumatra in sight all the time on our left, and a multitude of smaller islands on the right, till, in a day or two, we entered the Straits of Banca, which separate an island of the same name from the coast of Sumatra. Banca also belongs to the Dutch, and is celebrated for its tin mines, which are a source of great revenue to that government. We saw a foreign vessel in each of two or three harbors along its coast, which we presumed was loading with tin. The Strait is quite narrow, and of rather dangerous navigation, both from its shallowness and from the difficulty of finding the channel. Vessels sometimes get aground here, and some have been captured by the Malay pirates who infest these seas. They are always on the lookout for ships disabled or in distress, that they may have a more favorable opportunity to murder the crew and seize the cargo. Our own ship touched bottom once and stuck fast, but fortunately the tide rose in a few hours and floated us off. Our progress was necessarily slow, and we were followed several times by large Malay *proas*, as their vessels are called, filled with men—in all probability pirates. There was, on the stern of our ship, a small cannon, which the captain had loaded, and discharged at them. Whether the ball took effect or not, we could not tell; but the fellows immediately turned off from the pursuit probably thinking our vessel was a man-of-war, and that it would not be safe to venture an attack.

A few days of pleasant weather and light winds brought us safely through these perilous waters, and

out into the China Sea. Here we saw more gorgeously glorious sunsets than any we had before witnessed. The varied shapes, hues, brilliancy and beauty of the evening clouds, as they rolled along up the sky in piled-up splendor and magnificence, suggested a possible resemblance to the heaven-built palaces and gilded battlements of the New Jerusalem.

One evening another scene of novel and exciting interest presented itself. It was a "school" of whales. A great number of these leviathans of the deep seemed to have taken it into their heads to have a general frolic. They rolled and tumbled their enormous black bodies about on the surface of the sea, sporting like kittens. Occasionally they came so near to us as to engender the fear lest, in the recklessness of their gigantic play, they should accidentally strike the ship with their ponderous forms, and sink it to the bottom. But they passed on at last, leaving us unharmed.

We were sailing in sight of the coast of China several days before we came to the first port of our destination. This coast appeared totally different from what I had before imagined. Basing my idea on the known populousness of the empire, I expected to find the country gradually sloping toward the sea, and covered with multitudes of people, all in full view, busy in all kinds of labor, as bees in a hive; with their numerous cities, towns and villages, crowded thickly together in every direction. Judge of my surprise, when, instead of these, there was nothing to be seen for hundreds of miles along the coast of China but dark, barren, bleak, precipitous,

cragged rocks, rising almost perpendicularly from the sea. The only signs that we were in the vicinity of an inhabited country, were the fishing "junks" that we saw—large and small, occupied by the patient Celestials, wearing coarse straw or ratan hats, with cone-shaped crowns, beneath which were coiled up on their heads, to keep them out of the way, or hanging down their backs, tails or queues of straight, coarse, thick black hair, plaited, and often long enough to reach to the heels. They wore very full, loose coats and pantaloons, generally made of coarse cotton homespun, dyed blue and occasionally brown. The shoes of the sailors are sometimes wooden "dug-outs," but oftener made of coarse cloth, having thick soles consisting of many layers of *felt*, such as that of which hats are made. Their boats are very clumsily but strongly built, and are kept well calked and oiled, but not painted. The sails are made of mats, or of coarse cotton or bark cloth, generally dyed a dark, reddish brown. The material used for dyeing this color, imparts, it is said, great durability to the cloth.

About the thirtieth morning after we left Java, one of these odd-looking crafts was seen approaching our ship. When he came near enough to be heard, one of the men called out:

"Good-ee morning, Cap-e-ting ; you wanchee pilot ?  
My number one good pilot."

He then drew alongside, fastened his boat to the ship, and, climbing up the side, came on board.

The first act of heathen idolatry I ever saw was this Chinaman kneeling before a rudely carved wooden image a few inches high, bowing his head to

the deck of his boat several times, while two small red wax candles and some slender incense-sticks—about as large as knitting-needles, and composed of fragrant substances—were burning before the idol, which represented the goddess of mercy or the “Queen of Heaven”—the tutelary deity of sailors and fishermen. How it shocked us and how we pitied him! And he was but one of the millions whom we had come to enlighten and try to save.

After much discussion with our captain about the price, a bargain was struck. He took his position on the quarter-deck, near the man at the helm, and pointed out to him the direction to steer for Hong Kong. We then drew near the rock-bound coast, and the rocky islands that fringe it. It looks as if the ship was running directly upon the rocks, and was in danger of being dashed to pieces. As yet, there is no appearance of human abode, much less of civilization, when suddenly, as you sail around the jagged point of a high, hilly, rocky island, having some verdure on its sides, lo! there bursts upon your vision, as if by the touch of a fairy wand, or of the lamp of Aladdin, a beautiful town of white houses, with glass windows and green blinds, well built on the hillside, and arranged in streets. To crown the whole, there is the steeple of a Christian church! What a welcome sight to our wearied eyes, and how cheering to our anxious hearts! That is the town of Victoria, and the island on whose bosom it so beautifully and quietly nestles is Hong-Kong, which we reach on this eighteenth day of August, after a voyage of one hundred and sixteen days from Boston.

## CHAPTER III.

### HOW HONG-KONG APPEARED.

How Great Britain came to own it—"Fragrant Streams"—British Dignity—Pleasant Reception—Town of Victoria—The Chinese Portion—"Coolies"—Foreign Buildings—The "Barracks"—The Church—Morrison Hill—"Happy Valley"—Morrison School—Mr. John Morrison—Rev. Samuel Brown—Mr. William A. Macy—Rev. Charles Gutzlaff, D.D.

This island belongs to Great Britain, having been ceded to that power by the Emperor of China, as a part of the indemnity claimed at the close of the Opium war, in 1842. Although now universally called in English, Hong-Kong, yet its real name in Chinese, is *Hiang-Kiang*, and it means "Fragrant Streams." But the only streams we saw were those which ran down the rocky hillsides after a rain. They gleamed and flashed in the sunlight like threads of molten silver, and were certainly beautiful if not "fragrant." The outline of the island, on the side toward the mainland, is crescent-shaped; its two horns, several miles apart, approaching within a half mile or even less of the opposite shore, and its intervening or receding portion forming, together with a similar conformation of the coast over against it, one of the finest harbors in the world. It embraces in the broad sweep of its arms, a magnificent sheet of

water, of sufficient extent to float the whole navy of Great Britain.

While we were entering the harbor, where we found a dozen or fifteen other foreign vessels, mostly British and American, the British harbor-master, wearing a blue cloth cap, with a gilt band around it, came off to us in his barge, pulled by six oars, in the hands of English sailors. He assumed the most important airs and directed us where to anchor, with a display of authority that was truly edifying. An awfully dignified little midshipman, with a huge cocked hat big enough for him to sleep in, an epaulet on his shoulder that looked as if it was about as much as he could well stand up under, and a sword hanging by brass chains from his belt, so low that it would have dragged on the deck, had he not held it up in his left hand—came on board to get our ship's custom-house papers.

No sooner had we anchored, than an American missionary of the Northern Baptist church, Rev. John Johnson, having seen the ship enter the harbor, and recognized its nationality by the stars and stripes, came off to us in his boat, gave us a cordial welcome, and invited us to accompany him on shore, offering us the hospitalities of his house for the few days of our sojourn at the island. The Rev. William Dean was his colleague in that field, and they both treated us with great kindness.

A portion of the town of Victoria is assigned to the Chinese: it may have been the same locality that was occupied by the native town before the island became the property of Great Britain. The buildings extend down to the water's edge, and some of them

are built upon piles, directly over the water, so that small boats can pass between the upright posts, and are then under the house, which has a large trap-door in its floor. Through this, persons can climb up by a ladder that is let down for the purpose, whenever it is needed. The houses are very small, generally but one story high, with a sleeping apartment in the attic, overhead. They are crowded together as closely as it is possible for them to be placed, and only a few feet—say eight or ten—are allowed for the width of the dark, dirty, irregular streets. Dark, because daylight is almost excluded by the projecting roofs of tiles, that overhang the walls of the buildings for about three feet on the opposite sides of these narrow lanes. Here, too, you will find the Chinese market, filled with a great variety of fish, meats, fowl, fruits, and vegetables, to supply the demands of the foreign as well as the native population. And then the crowds of Chinese to be seen there, with their shaven heads, and long, braided hair.

Men supply the place of beasts of burden in China. A stick of bamboo (the cane of this country), or of some other tough, elastic wood, about five feet long, having a sling of ropes attached to each end, is balanced across the shoulder, and in each sling the Chinaman can easily carry a bag containing a bushel of rice, or about the same weight of any other article that will admit of being carried in that manner. You meet great numbers of these bearers, or *coolies*, as foreigners call them; but that is an Indian term—the real name in Chinese is *kang-foo*. They walk very rapidly while carrying a load—almost run—and accompany every step with a loud exclamation,

"*Hah-ho! hah-ho!*" The bearers of sedans are called *keaw-foo*, the word *keaw* meaning sedan. They generally wear sandals made of twisted and braided straw, as allowing more play and expansion to the feet, beside being very soft and cheap. The muscular development of the legs of these bearers is enormous. They also have a large, hard, fleshy protuberance on the shoulders, where the stick crosses them. I saw, one day, from an elevated position on a hillside, about a hundred of these coolies, with an arrangement of ropes, poles, and sticks, carrying through one of the wide streets, the body of a very large tree, that was to furnish a mast for a ship. It bore a most curious and striking resemblance to a gigantic centipede, the bearers looking like its legs.

Just look yonder! How pleasant it is to an American, to see the stars and stripes waving, not only on some of the finest ships in the harbor, but also from the flag-staff on the top of the large white house on the corner of one of the streets in this pretty hillside town of Victoria. A little higher up are the London Missions premises, and then, still higher and beyond, is the British Government House—a larger, and handsomer building, from whose roof floats the proud flag of Old England, St. George's Cross. Further along, up the main street, which is called "Queen's Road," there is the same national emblem flying on some spacious, though not very high structures of well-hewn stone. These are called "the Barracks," and are permanently occupied by a regiment of Her Britannic Majesty's troops, quartered here for the preservation of peace and order. It is composed in part of Sepoys from India. They are nearly black,

and have thick, straight hair. The expression of their eyes is fierce and sinister. They are exceedingly slender, but lithe and active. You may, therefore, see British soldiers and officers every day in full uniform ; and frequently does the band belonging to the garrison discourse sweet, and soul-stirring music, to the great delight and enlivenment of the whole town. It is especially charming, soothing, enchanting, enrapturing, when you hear it on a calm, still, summer evening, a little way off on the water. If you have ever heard a splendid band playing under such circumstances, you know the emotions it excites —they cannot be described.

There, too, not far from the barracks, and fronting on an open square, is a neat, small stone church, in the Gothic style of architecture, with its modest little spire pointing the people to the skies. Just the simple fact of such an edifice, for such a purpose, in such a region of paganism—though this one was for the benefit of those only whose native language was English—impresses a Christian heart with peculiar pleasure ; for its very presence there breathes of hope for the heathen also, who live within sight of that spire, and within the sound of that sweet, church-going bell, which by its melodious chimings, calls the foreigners to their weekly worship, while it teaches the native idolater—as he stops, and, listening, asks why the ringing of that bell so regularly every seventh day—of a Sabbath of rest from labor, and of prayer and praise to the only living and true God. It stands as a beacon-light on the confines of that vast land of darkness, darting its rays out into the gloom, directing the benighted and storm-tossed

on that sea of superstition and ignorance, to the only haven of deliverance from the shipwreck of the soul.

Its forms are those of the Church of England, and its chaplain at that time was a Rev. Mr. Monteith, of excellent repute, as a pious, evangelical, zealous minister of Jesus Christ.

Passing on through the town along its principal street, "Queen's Road," which extends on the hill-side for about a mile around a bay that beautifully indents the island at that point, you come to a pretty hill, having its gentle slopes covered with grass, while it seems quite disconnected from its higher and more scantily clothed, rugged, rocky sisters, that rise far above and beyond it. Indeed, they seem to throw their huge, rough arms around it, as if to fold it to their bosoms for protection, while they look down upon it with apparent pride that so beautiful a little thing is one of their own number, and belongs to themselves.

Between it and their feet—as you discover on reaching it—there lies one of the most charming little valleys your eyes ever beheld. A large portion of it is a perfect plain, covered with a luxuriant growth of grass, while it is fringed on its sides with beautiful trees and wild shrubbery. It has a small stream of clear, sparkling water winding through it, running around the hill, and dashing away down into the harbor. This delightful little vale is most appropriately named "Happy Valley," and it might well have served as the lovely prototype from which Johnson drew his charming picture in "Rasselas."

On the summit of that hill, with the town and the

harbor in front, and "Happy Valley" behind it—is a long, low, white building, of but one story in height, and having a spacious veranda, which is inclosed with green venetian blinds from the eaves to the floor. Most of the foreign buildings in China have these verandas or porticoes surrounding them, with a similar arrangements of blinds, as a protection from the excessive heat of the sun during the long summers.

This edifice is the "Morrison School" for Chinese boys. It was built and sustained by the liberal contributions of the foreign merchants and others in China, who composed the "Morrison Education Society;" and it was named in honor of the first Protestant missionary to that empire, the great and good Rev. Dr. Robert Morrison. His son, Mr. John Morrison, a most estimable, gifted, and pious young man, was, at the time of its establishment, interpreter of Chinese to the British government, and was largely instrumental in the accomplishment of the work. He died not long after its completion, deeply lamented by all who knew him—missionaries, merchants, natives, and foreigners.

Its first superintendent was, if I mistake not, the Rev. Samuel Brown, an American missionary, who was, after a few years, compelled to return to his country on account of the failure of the health of his wife. Soon after my own return for the same cause, our families had a delightful interview at his residence in the State of New York, where he was keeping a select boarding-school for boys. There, too, we became acquainted with his mother, an unusually intelligent and pious old lady, who possessed peculiar

and additional interest to us, from the fact that she was the author of that beautiful hymn, beginning:

"I love to steal a while away  
From every cumbering care."

Mr. Brown has recently returned to the East as a missionary to Japan. A brief sketch of his history, together with an excellent photograph likeness, appeared some months ago in "Harper's Weekly."

Mr. William A. Macy, an American lay-missionary, was in charge of the Morrison School at the time of our landing at Hong-Kong. His mother accompanied him, being a widow, and he her only child. She has since gone to take her harp, and he to get his crown.

The original object of the Morrison School was to teach Chinese boys the English language in connection with Christianity; but after an experiment of several years, it was found that the boys had so universally perverted their knowledge of English, by becoming, for the sake of gain, interpreters for opium-traders, sailors, and others—generally for wicked purposes—making, to say the least, but very poor use of their English, and none at all of their Christianity, that the benevolent supporters of the school became discouraged, and I think it has now been for some time entirely discontinued. Full experience has therefore shown that it is a pernicious labor to teach English to the Chinese, and that the only safe method is to teach them Christianity through the medium of their own native tongue.

We also found, on our arrival in China, the celebrated veteran missionary, Rev. Charles Gutzlaff, D.D.

He was a Prussian by birth, and had been sent out by the Netherlands Missionary Society more than thirty years before. Possessed of a rare talent for acquiring languages, he had learned to speak, read, and write the Chinese with great fluency. He made a translation of the entire Scriptures into that language, and, besides translations of other books, wrote many tracts of his own composition. He often went among the Chinese in disguise, and spoke several of their dialects with such wonderful accuracy as to escape detection, where discovery would have been death. He had been as bold, intrepid and valiant a soldier of the cross as ever set foot on Pagan shores; and yet, when we saw him, he had almost entirely laid aside his missionary character, having become Chinese secretary, and interpreter of the British government, with a large salary. Still, he had a class of Chinese, who came to his room every evening for instruction; and it was on one of those occasions that I was introduced to him by a brother missionary. His manner was very kind and cordial. He was of about the middle stature—perhaps a little above it—and was growing quite corpulent. He had a very large, round, full, red face, beaming with the good nature that also twinkled in his small grey eyes. He was very bald, and wore a round-jacket, vest, and pantaloons, all of white linen, a common summer costume worn by foreigners in China. He died some time after, while we were at Shanghai; and although the evening and the sunset of his long and laborious life were not without a cloud, yet we cannot help thinking that he must have accomplished great good, and that he is saved through the mercy of the Redeemer.

## CHAPTER IV.

### GOING TO CANTON.

Leaving Hong-Kong—A Fellow Passenger—Robbers—Dr. and Mrs. Sexton—Scenery along up “Pearl River”—Pagodas—Tombs—The “Bogue” or “Bocca Tigris”—Forts—Whampoa—Boat-women—Boats—War-junks—Flower-boats—More Pagodas—“Fan-kwei”—River Population—Proper Name of “Canton”—Appearance of the City—Foreign “Gardens,” and “Factories”—Peripatetic Merchants, Artisans, Tradesmen, and Mountebanks.

THAT part of our ship's cargo which consisted of resin in barrels, and pig-lead, was destined for Canton. So after a pleasant sojourn of a few days at Hong-Kong, we went on board again, weighed anchor, and spread our sails once more, under the guidance of the Chinese pilot, who was to show us the way to the great commercial city of the Celestial Empire. On account of the indisposition of his wife, my colleague had taken his family and baggage from the ship at Hong-Kong, where they remained for several months. We had been kindly entertained there for three or four days by our American Baptist missionary friends, and now one of them, the Rev. Francis C. Johnson, son of the Rev. William B. Johnson, D.D., of Edgefield, South Carolina, accompanied us to Canton. He was a gentleman of superior abilities and of great eccentricity, but, withal, a most generous, warm-hearted, and genial companion. His society for the few short

days during which we were favored with it, contributed no little to our enjoyment and edification.

Bands of robbers, called Ladrones, infested Hong-Kong at the time of our visit. Such was their audacity and adroitness, that they would climb by ladders up to the windows in the second story of even foreign dwellings, enter apartments, often where persons were sleeping, and carry off everything they could find. It was supposed by many that they had a volatile preparation of some kind of drug, the fumes of which, diffused in the room, possessed the power so to deepen the slumbers of the occupants, or to stupefy them in some way, that they would not be wakened by ordinary noises. Our friend Johnson, being unmarried, had hired rooms in a Chinese building, and these rascals had broken in—I think during his absence—and stolen his entire wardrobe that he had brought with him from America. He bore his loss with singular equanimity; and with the most philosophical coolness, as amusing to us as it seemed consolatory to himself, said in his peculiar drawling tone, that “he was really much obliged to the Ladrones for relieving him of his surplus clothing; that he had more than he wanted anyhow, and didn’t know what to do with it; and that the robbers had done him an undesigned kindness in taking it out of his way!” So in fact the amiable and simple-hearted missionary seemed as independent of the world as was Diogenes in his tub. And, strangely regardless of the proprieties of ministerial attire, he had gone and bought himself a blue and white striped shirt, with a wide, open collar, in which, without cravat or ribbon, and in a white round-

jacket and pants, but no vest, he called with us to pay his respects to the representative of our government, the Hon. John Wesley Davis, of Indiana, who had just arrived as the United States Commissioner to China. Notwithstanding his oddities, it was a great loss to the missionary band in that Empire when the total prostration of his physical strength drove Mr. Johnson from their ranks back to his native land.

Sailing out of the beautiful harbor of Hong-Kong, the head of our ship was turned directly toward the frowning barrier of rocky islands that hemmed in the river and country behind it from our view.

We were now sailing over the very spot where, but a few weeks before, a sudden gust of wind had upset a small vessel, and hurried all on board, including a young medical missionary and his wife, Dr. and Mrs. Sexton, of Philadelphia, to a watery grave. They were sent out by the Southern Baptist Board, and had but just arrived, full of hope and promise; but, having given evidence of their devotion to the missionary work, they were taken home to its reward without having passed through its toils. We drop a tear that may mingle with the water which bathes their pale, cold cheeks, far down in the deep; for theirs is no grave by which we may sit and weep out our sorrow that two, so young and lovely, should so early and so sadly have passed away.

Presently, a narrow opening appeared between two of the islands, through which, as one of its mouths, or "gates," as the Chinese call them, "Pearl River" runs down into the sea. Entering this on the bosom of the flood tide, and with a favoring breeze filling our spread wings of snowy canvas, the wall that

had hitherto shut us out was soon left behind. Its landward side gradually sloped off into hills partly covered with grass and a thin low shrubbery, but mostly barren to all appearance; while the intervening valleys were evidently more fertile, as they were occupied by cottages, hamlets, and villages, with trees enough for shade. Some portions of the country along and near the river were undulating rather than hilly, being made up of alternate elevations and depressions. We had seen as yet but a sparse population when compared with the rumored multitudes in the "Central Flowery Kingdom." But the inhabitants, even in those immediate neighborhoods, were doubtless far more numerous than appeared to us from the deck of the ship. Now and then, we saw one of those many-sided towers of several stories in height, such as we had often seen pictured in the juvenile histories and geographies of our childhood, and so unmistakably Chinese, in the curved slope of the roof projecting from each story, with its long, turned-up corners. Scattered here and there on the hillsides, were some of the graves surrounded by mason-work of nicely hewn stone or of brick, plastered and whitewashed, but always built in the form of a horse-shoe, the space thus inclosed being twelve or fourteen feet in diameter, and often floored with smoothly hewn blocks of granite, underneath which, in the centre, the coffin is deposited. The middle or back part of the wall is three or four feet high, gradually diminishing to one or two at the ends. The tablet or tombstone, inscribed simply with the name, and the year of the birth of the deceased, is placed upright against the middle of the wall, directly opposite the open

space between the two ends. Sometimes as much money is expended on these resting-places for the dead as on the habitations of the living.

From being spread out into a bay filled with islands on your left, as you sail up the river, for nearly fifty miles, it narrows down to a single passage at a point called the "Bogue," or Bocca Tigris.

The Chinese have shown more wisdom in the selection of this spot for the defence of the approach to Canton than they have skill or bravery in occupying it. There were on the hills commanding this passage, well-built forts, with walls extending from them down to the river; but they were not proof against British cannon, and have been nearly destroyed. Beyond the Bogue, the face of the country soon becomes not only level, but more fertile and highly cultivated as the green fields of rice and other vegetables, spread out before you on every side, do amply testify.

Some thirty miles more, and you come to the Chinese village of Whampoa, with many of its low, crowded dwellings, built over the water on posts, which are driven into the mud on the edge of the river. Here is the anchorage for the foreign shipping; and here you may see the flags of many different nations flying gaily from the masts of the vessels moored in the stream. Even before we anchored, our ship was beset by nearly a score of small boats, mostly *manned* by women; some young, some old, with bare heads and feet, save when a large-figured head-kerchief is worn and tied under the chin. Their dress is simple and becoming; it consists of loose-flowing trowsers, reaching to the ankles, and an

outer garment, with large sleeves, extending from the neck—around which it fits closely—to the knee. These articles are either of cotton or coarse silk, and are generally blue. They are excessively fond of jewelry, and wear ear-rings, bracelets, anklets, and hair pins of such material as they can afford—gold, silver, precious stones, brass, shell, horn, or glass. Their boats are called *tan-kiá*, meaning “egg-house” boats, because of their resemblance—originally, more than at present—to a half of an egg, divided in the direction of its longest diameter.

These water-nymphs are clamorons to be employed to take passengers to the shore, or from one ship to another. Standing on the miniature deck at the hinder part of the little craft, she propels the boat with great skill and speed, by means of a single oar—a scull, in the stern. It is provided with mats sufficient to cover the whole boat at night, or, if necessary, during a rain; but ordinarily, the two ends are open to the sky, and the middle portion only is covered by the mats, to protect the passengers, if they have any, from the sun and rain—otherwise the family; for they are emphatically family boats, being the only dwelling. “Here whole families are reared, live and die. The room which serves for passengers by day, is a bedroom by night; a kitchen at one time, a wash-room at another, and a nursery always.”

At Whampoa, you are still twelve miles from Canton; so you charter one of the *tan-kiá* boats, and proceed on up the river. It is an intensely warm afternoon, and, as your course is due west, the declining sun pours its merciless radiance of scorching heat, as well as blinding brightness, full into your

face ; for, as you are here for the first time, you cannot endure to have the mats drawn over to shut out the sun ; you wish to see everything that is to be seen of this strange country and still stranger people.

The river is filled with boats of every size and description ; large, clumsy lighters for loading and unloading ships ; light, graceful "flower-boats," *i. e.* pleasure-boats, profusely ornamented with fantastic wood-engravings, paintings, large ornamental lanterns, and little gay silken flags flaunting in the breeze. Then there are the armed war and government revenue junks, with ugly-looking cannon protruding threateningly from their port-holes, while their gaudily colored sides are covered with round shields of ratan, having painted on them the fiercest-looking tiger-faces imaginable ; such faces of tigers as never existed anywhere but in the fancy of the artists, marvellously prolific in the hideous and frightful. Some of these boats are so arranged as to be propelled by oars, of which they carry forty or fifty, and by this means they attain great speed.

Just above the anchorage at Whampoa is a small island-hill, rising from the river, which was assigned to foreigners for a burial-place. On it we saw some white marble tombstones, like those at home. These had been sent from England and America by the surviving friends of those who had died thus far away from their native land.

A little further on you come to a tall pagoda, nine stories high, on a slightly elevated island in the middle of the river ; and then, a few miles still on up the river, is another, of the same common octagonal

figure, but of about the same height. Both are much dilapidated, and the former is partly covered with vines, which impart to it something of the beauty and interest of an ancient ruin.

As you advance, the crowd of boats becomes more dense, and as, from curiosity, scores of shaven-headed juveniles peep out at you from under the covers of their own boats in passing, you hear the same words from all: "*Fan-kwei, fan-kwei,*" "foreign devils, foreign devils." This salutation is, to say the least, not as complimentary as might be; but, since it does you no harm, you give yourself no uneasiness on the subject. Presently the thoroughfare on the river is narrowed down to the space of about two rods in the middle, and along this, hundreds of boats are constantly and swiftly passing up and down, almost touching each other, and yet guided with such skill as seldom to come into collision. The remaining surface of the river for one or two hundred yards on each side, is entirely hidden by the thousands of boats that are lying moored, and crowded as closely together as it is possible for them to be packed, to the banks on either side, which they totally conceal.

You have now reached the far-famed city. It is called by the natives, *Kwang-tung sang-ching*, which translated literally, means, "Kwang-eastern provincial city." There are two provinces—corresponding to our States—lying contiguous, called the "Two Kwang," which are under one government. They are distinguished from each other by the suffixes, *tung*, meaning "east," and *si*, "west." Thus we have Kwang-tung, and Kwang-si—the "Eastern Kwang," and the

"Western Kwang." The word "Canton," is only a foreign corruption of the real name—Kwang-tung.

This city occupies a low plain, extending from the "Pearl River," back about three miles to the "White Cloud Hills," which are covered with tombs and constitute a vast cemetery. Its appearance is by no means imposing, and its walls, which are said to be six miles in circumference, are scarcely distinguishable from the mass of low, dark, dingy dwellings, crowded together, both within them and without. Presently, your eyes are greeted with the sight of the American and British flags, flying from two tall flagstaffs in their respective "gardens," which together form a kind of open square or park, of not more than five or six acres. Near the middle of it stands the English church. Facing this pleasure-ground and the river, are the foreign "Hongs"—buildings of two and three stories high, well constructed of brick and stuccoed. They are occupied by the foreign merchants, both as dwellings and places of business. The street running along in front of the foreign hongs, or "factories," was filled with peripatetic artisans and merchants, having the implements of their craft, their wares and their merchandise, conveniently suspended from the ends of a pole across the shoulder. It is astonishing to see how compactly they can thus stow away and carry their manifold utensils. The blacksmith for example, in this manner, carries his forge, bellows, anvil, tools and iron—all, of course, on a small scale—with perfect ease. So the baker, his oven, flour and kneading-board—the proprietor of an eating establishment, his kitchen, his dishes and provisions.

There you may see a barber shaving the head, plaiting the queue, thumping the back, or cleaning out the ears, eyes and nose of his customer, who is seated on a high three-legged stool in the street. Then there are travelling cobblers, tinkers, confectioners, dentists and quack-doctors, physiognomers, fortune-tellers, artisans, astrologers, jugglers, gamblers, venders of fruit and vegetables—all vociferating, gesticulating, importuning, elbowing and jostling in every direction—seeming to you to constitute the veriest Babel to be found on earth. And—as sure as you were born—if there isn't that very Chinaman you saw in the picture in the school-geography when you were a child, with his broad-rimmed, peaked crowned hat, and a basket swinging from each end of a pole across his shoulder—one containing kittens and the other puppies! And yet the tales that are current among us at home respecting the use of rats, cats and dogs, as articles of food with the Chinese, are doubtless somewhat exaggerated, for I was informed that only those who cannot afford to purchase other kinds of animal food will eat them.

## CHAPTER V.

### SOMETHING ABOUT CANTON AND AMOY.

New Friends—Seamen's Bethel—Hospitals—Drs. Parker and Hobson  
—Leang Afa—Howqua's Gardens—General Description of Chinese  
Ornamental Gardens—Flowers and Shrubbery—Distorting and  
Dwarfing Trees—Honan Temple—Idols—Priests—"Sacred Pigs"  
—"Old" and "New China Streets"—"Hog Lane"—Execution  
Ground—A Typhoon—Return to Hong-Kong—Up the Coast—  
Headwinds—Amoy—Opium Vessels—Fishing Boats—Batteries—  
"Queen Bess"—Native City—Kulang-su—Missionaries—Islands  
—Mouth of the Yang-tsz-kiang—"Child of the Ocean."

WE soon found ourselves at the residence of the Rev. Peter Parker, M.D., by whom we were hospitably entertained, and where we renewed the acquaintance of our Minister to China, Hon. John Wesley Davis, whom we first met in Norfolk, Virginia, six months before. He had arrived but a day or two in advance of us. We also spent, by invitation, several days at the dwelling of a very kind gentleman of the mercantile community, John D. Swords, Esq., of Philadelphia, since deceased. The Rev. George Loomis had been sent out by the American Seaman's Friend Society, as chaplain to the sailors at Whampoa, where he usually preached on board some of the ships. We heard him, however, on this occasion, discourse on Sunday morning to an attentive and intelligent group of some forty or fifty Americans and

English—mostly merchants—in Dr. Parker's dining-room, which was so arranged that it was often, if not regularly, used as a chapel. Mainly through the efforts of Mr. Loomis, a neat floating "Bethel" has been since built at Whampoa.

During the week passed at Canton we became acquainted with all the Protestant missionaries then stationed there, and experienced at their hands many kind attentions. Dr. Parker, and Dr. Hobson of the London Missionary Society, each had hospitals, and on their appointed days for receiving patients, these establishments are crowded with applicants; and while medicines are dispensed to their diseased bodies, the only remedy for the sin-sick soul is set before them by the mouth of the living preacher, by the distribution of tracts and books, or portions of Scripture, to such as can read. Leang-Afa, the oldest convert and native preacher, often officiated on these occasions, and on the Sabbath. One Sunday afternoon, I heard him in Dr. Parker's hospital. He was short and fat, but serious and venerable.

We found Mrs. Hobson an exceedingly interesting lady. She was a daughter of the founder of Protestant missions in China, Rev. Dr. Robert Morrison.

One afternoon we accompanied some friends in a boat, to visit the gardens of Howqua, one of the old "Hong merchants," or Chinese merchant-princes, who had made an immense fortune in the tea-trade with foreigners. They are two or three miles up the river, on the bank of which they stand, surrounded by a high wall, having a massive gate-way, which you enter by a flight of stone steps leading from the water's edge. The prominent features of these, and

all other Chinese ornamental gardens, besides their flowers and shrubbery, are rocks, bridges, pools, and pavilions or arbors. The rocks are piled up and cemented together with a kind of plaster, which becomes, in a little time, as hard as the rock itself. Sometimes these piles of artificial rock-work are twenty feet high—not always solid masses, but oftener so built up as to form arches and crevices, caverns and grottoes, nooks and corners, of every shape that can be thought of—the more odd and strange, the more beautiful in native estimation. Then these rocks have paths winding about in all directions, inside and out, up flights of steps and down, often forming an intricate labyrinth. Another feature in these gardens consists in the artificial ponds or pools of water. They generally fill up so much of the space, that the rocks seem rather like islands rising out of them. Then these pools are crossed in various directions by bridges, some straight, and others running as zigzag as if they had been modelled after a streak of lightning. They are built of well-hewn stone, for the most part, and are from three to five feet high above the water, supported by stone posts or pillars, and provided with curiously-wrought balustrades.—Sometimes they are built high enough to admit of a beautiful arch for a support. China abounds in these finely-arched bridges, crossing the numerous canals and rivers, throughout the whole country. Then there are arbors or summer-houses, of various fanciful shapes, from square to five, six, or eight sided, built out in the water, with merely a column at each corner, to support a curiously-constructed roof, which runs up

in the centre to a point like a steeple. Often, too, these pavilions are built on the tops of the artificial rocky eminences. In private gardens, and in some public ones also, these little buildings have tables and benches, where friends and visitors resort to sit and smoke, drink tea, and chat. There are temples also, sad to say, with richly-carved and gilded wooden idols in them.

Many of the flowers and shrubs are very beautiful. They are placed about in different parts of the garden, in odd-looking, yet handsome and costly flower-pots, and on stands and tables in the summer-houses and temples. There are great numbers of tea-shops in the public gardens, where hundreds of people daily congregate, to drink tea, smoke, and talk. The great fondness of the Chinese for flowers is proverbial. They have numerous different kinds, and many of them are exceedingly beautiful and fragrant. Here are many varieties of roses, lilies, violets, hollyhocks, sweet-williams, pinks, tuberoses, verbenas, peonies, bachelor's buttons, heliotropes, hibiscus, honey-suckles, geraniums, myrtles, cape-jessamines, hydrangeas, artemisias, coxcombs, chrysanthemums, iris, azaleas, magnolias, lagerstroemias, altheas, convolvulus, japonicas, and many others. The splendid white lotus or water-lily, is seen resting on the surface of the pools, with its leaves often as large as a parasol. Its root is a favorite article of food, being both palatable and nutritious. There is a magnificent variety of the peony, called the *mau-tan*, unknown in America. Besides flowers, there is a great variety of evergreen shrubbery, such as the box, the arbor-vitæ, the cy-

press, cedar, and the pine. These are highly prized by the Chinese, and they force them to grow into many odd shapes by confining some of the branches with strings, and bending others, so as to make them grow in any direction they wish. Here are figures of birds and animals growing in this way. A deer with horns, or a long-necked crane, standing on one foot while the other is lifted up, and all growing fresh and green out of a flower-pot, is a very singular sight. You will sometimes see one of these miniature trees that has been trained to resemble a pagoda of several stories in height. These Celestials have a strange passion for dwarfing and distorting all those varieties of shrubbery that will admit of the process.

Nearly opposite the foreign factories, on the other side of the river, is the village and temple of Honan. From the landing a broad avenue, paved with large hewn stones, and shaded by grand old trees, leads directly to the temple. You first pass through a large portal, having within its walls, on each side, a gigantic image, clad in full armor, standing in a threatening attitude, its black, glaring eye-balls half protruding from their sockets, and the whole face wearing the fiercest conceivable expression of rage. These represented the gate-keepers or sentinels of the sacred inclosure, and are called by the resident foreigners "Gog and Magog." We next passed through another similar entrance-building, in which were four of these colossal figures instead of two, and then found ourselves before the main temple. It was spacious, ornate, curious and costly. Its roof was tall, had a curved slope, and long turned-up cor-

ners. Filled with idols—carved, gilded and painted—of all sizes and descriptions, it was a noted Buddhist monastery, and a company of some two hundred priests or bonzes lived there, performing its daily cathedral services. The whole establishment covered over forty acres, and comprised many buildings, walks and gardens. In one part we were shown the sty containing the “sacred hogs”—some ten or a dozen enormous grunters, which had been fed, fattened and pampered till their bellies dragged on the ground as they walked, and some were such rotund masses of obesity that they did not appear to be able to walk at all.

In a retired spot, surrounded by a pretty grove, near one of the vegetable gardens, stood a small building, about ten feet square, having but a single opening. The bodies of the deceased priests were put in here and burned till consumed to ashes.

The large dining-hall, with the whole fraternity at dinner, all clothed alike, in long, loose garments of dingy white, or pale, dirty yellow, and having their heads closely shaven, forcibly reminded us of the dining-rooms in some of the state-prisons we had visited in our own country.

In the immediate vicinity of the foreign hongs in Canton, and leading from them, are “Old China street,” “New China street,” and “Curiosity street”—all very narrow, perhaps eight feet wide, but well paved, and very cleanly. They are filled with shops kept with scrupulous neatness, and contain all varieties of native manufactures that are in demand by foreigners, on whom they mostly depend for patronage. Here, among many other articles, you will find

shawls, silks and crapes ; lacquered-ware, china-ware, beautiful filigree-work in silver, curious carving in ivory, pearl, wood and bamboo—furniture of ebony, rosewood and marble—rich, quaint and costly.

Those streets frequented by the natives only, are narrower, filthy, and crowded. "Hog lane" is a dirty locality, to which foreign sailors mostly resort when they come up to the city from their vessels, which remain anchored at Whampoa.

One day in walking around the city, outside the walls, being permitted only to look through the massive gateways into the city proper, we passed through the terrible execution ground, which seemed to be a part of a street, a little wider than the rest, having dwellings on one side, and a high wall on the opposite. Thrown together in a heap against this wall, were the heads of some twenty persons, several of them females, who had been executed on that very morning on a charge of piracy. The surviving friends are allowed to take away the headless bodies ; otherwise the officers have them put into the roughest, coarsest coffins and buried. It seems a vessel had been attacked and robbed a few days previous, and a government junk was sent out in search of the pirates. Falling in with a vessel, they captured it and brought the crew to Canton as the guilty persons. They might have been so, but it is just as probable they were not. For I was informed on the most credible authority that this is the common method of punishing crimes and satisfying the laws. It would appear to be a general principle in the administration of justice, that somebody must suffer, and it is of the least consequence whether that individual be the guilty

person or not. This is known to have been the fact, in the case of those who were beheaded for the murder of the six Englishmen, two years before. The authorities at Canton, in order to satisfy the British consul, and to allay the excitement which the horrible outrage had produced in the foreign community, took four men from prison, who had been put there for some other offence, and executed them as the real perpetrators of the murder, while in fact they were some miles distant from the place at the time when it was committed.

After a very pleasant visit of a week in Canton, we returned to our ship at Whampoa, and were compelled to remain there at anchor during a very destructive *typhoon*, "great wind"—in which we afterward learned, a number of foreign vessels were entirely lost at different points on the coast. At Macao and Hong-Kong, very many Chinese boats and junks were wrecked, and hundreds of lives lost. We had a passage of three days back to Hong-Kong, and after remaining there two more, proceeded on our voyage up the coast. Encountering strong head winds and a severe gale, we were nine days in reaching Amoy, 300 miles distant from Hong-Kong. Our captain put into this port, in order to replace his main-top-gallant yard which had been carried away in the storm, and to correct a derangement in his chronometer, which was necessary before proceeding on his voyage.

Beating against a head wind, is a discouraging business, especially when you sail all day long, your vessel going through the water at the rate of ten knots an hour, and yourself imagining you are mak-

ing fine progress, then to find you are near the same point from which you started in the morning. So, for two or three days did we beat back and forth across the channel of Formosa, against a strong opposing current, making the same points of land each night and morning.

It was on a lovely afternoon, on the fifteenth of September, 1848, when at last we made the headlands at the entrance of the harbor of Amoy.

The city is ten or fifteen miles from the sea, and its harbor is one of the finest on the coast of China. Your course in reaching it is nearly west, perhaps a little northwest, entering, as we did, by the more southern of the two passages leading to it. This entrance has on the north a wide, low, sandy beach for some distance, and then it gradually rises to barren, rocky hills. On these you will discover two small pagodas, and by the aid of a glass, one or two villages or hamlets, in green depressions—they cannot be called valleys—less barren than the other parts of the island; for such it is, though not distinguishable, from your position, from the mainland which rises in mountains far off in the blue distance.

On the south you have bold, high mountains, rising abruptly from the water, covered for the most part with stunted trees, while here and there you see the bare rocks. A tall pagoda stands on the top of the highest peak, and it is visible for many miles at sea. Snugly anchored in a little bay on your right, you will discover two or three foreign vessels, and at first you may suppose they are lying in the harbor at Amoy, but you soon learn your mistake, when, on

approaching nearer, you see no signs of a town. These vessels are opium smugglers. They take up their station at this distance from the city, in order the more securely to carry on the traffic in this contraband article. The native dealers in the drug can come off in well manned and armed boats, to this retired place, with less danger of interruption from the custom-house officers. Beautifully situated on the side of a hill, not far from this spot, and embowered in trees of luxuriant foliage, is a temple to the "Queen of Heaven"—a deity worshipped mostly by sailors.

Still proceeding toward Amoy, you soon approach a line of five or six rocks, rising perpendicularly out of the water, and stretching across the mouth of the harbor. They present quite a formidable barrier in appearance, and the deepest channel lies between two so near together, that at first sight you would think a ship could scarcely sail between them with safety; but with good seamanship and a steady helm you may pass them unharmed. The whole surface of the harbor is alive with fishing boats, of every size and description, from the frail skiff with one man, to the clumsy junk with twenty—all actively and cheerfully plying their vocation. These impart a very animated appearance to the whole scene. Every boat large enough, is stocked with a family, and we saw the laughing faces of fat, dirty, and happy children in abundance, together with men and women, assorting, drying and salting the fish they had taken. Now you come opposite to the island of Amoy on the north, but you do not yet see the town, as it is situated on the western or southwestern side of the

island—the native shipping, with perhaps two or three foreign sail, indicate its position.

The southern beach of this island, for some two miles, is of white sand, very firm and compact, and it affords a fine walking and riding ground for the foreigners resident at Amoy. A long range of batteries runs along the beach, which were mounted by unwieldy guns, and manned by cowardly troops, during the war in 1841—of course, to little purpose. Not far from the shore the rocks rise suddenly into a rugged hill, over which a stone wall passes, beginning at the water's edge. I did not learn whether this barrier extends entirely across the island, so as to inclose the city, but presumed it did. We had few opportunities for making inquiries, as our vessel remained there but a few hours.

On quite a commanding eminence, which overlooks the town, the British flag shows you the consular establishment. At the time of our visit, there was no United States consulate, but one has since been established. The wild and rugged aspect of the rocks on this part of the island is greatly increased. Huge masses seem quite torn off from the sides of the hill, leaving deep clefts and yawning chasms. One large fragment on the shore, seen from a particular direction, bears some resemblance to a female figure, in a sitting posture. From this circumstance, we were told, the British residents have styled it "Queen Bess."

The town now appears in sight, and in its leading features is like most other Chinese towns. A vast number of low buildings densely crowded together, having tiled roofs, with the usual sloping curve and

projecting eaves. Among these, your attention will be first attracted by several buildings constructed in the native style, but furnished with glass windows, and some other foreign improvements. These are occupied by English and American missionaries, who received and entertained us with the most cordial, Christian hospitality. That small island on your left, and just opposite the town, about a half mile distant, is Ku-lang-su—the site of the British garrison in the late war. Not a trace of its foreign occupancy now remains. As soon as the island was evacuated by the troops, the natives destroyed everything that could remind them of the unwelcome visit of the "foreign devils," or "outside barbarians." As there are pleasant walks on this island, it is visited for recreation. The foreign residents have a burial-ground here also, and the tombstones bear some worthy names. Among them, Mrs. Boone, Mrs. Doty and Mrs. Pohlman—a trio of noble women, wives of missionaries; and, now lately, have been added since our visit, those of the Rev. John Lloyd, who died of fever, and the Rev. Wm. Pohlman. The latter was drowned by the wreck of the schooner "Omega," in which he was a passenger from Hong-Kong to this place. His body was afterward found washed ashore. During our short stay, we had formed a pleasant acquaintance with these two amiable and devoted brethren, and shared their friendly attentions. This privilege can never be ours again on earth, for the Master hath taken them to himself. Faithful and useful to an eminent degree, they have been thus early and mysteriously called to a higher, holier and happier sphere. The early departure of our ship

prevented us, much to our regret, from seeing and learning more of Amoy. Thus was afforded us an opportunity of becoming slightly acquainted with all the missionaries at that station also. Although our ship spent but a single day there, and we had but little opportunity for seeing the city, still a few hours intercourse with those kind friends was sufficient to endear them to our hearts. The little band consisted of ten at that time—Dr. Cumming, of Georgia, a medical missionary, being absent on a visit to America. He had a hospital here, and was expected to return soon. From Amoy, we sailed out of the beautiful harbor, and once more got under weigh toward the port of our destination.

The wind had changed in our favor, and in a few days more we passed the several clusters of small, rocky, and mostly uninhabited islands off the mouth of the Yang-tsz-Kiang—"Ocean-child-river." Among them, are the Saddle Islands, Rugged Islands, and Parker's Islands. Here the sea becomes discolored by the yellow muddy waters of this mighty river. It is the Mississippi of China.

The lofty, precipitous, rugged, rockbound coast has now been left behind, and on approaching the entrance to this great river, the land becomes very low and flat. Just in its mouth, which is from sixty to a hundred miles wide, is "Gutzlaff Island," a noted and convenient landmark for mariners.

## CHAPTER VI.

### DESCRIPTION OF SHANGHAI.

River Hwang-pu—Appearance of the Country along its Banks—Foreign Town—Pleasant Reception—Mission Buildings—English Church—London Mission Premises—Yang-king-pang—Streets—French Consulate—Graves—Coffins—Geomancy—Repositories for Coffined-bodies—“Baby Towers”—City Wall—Gates—Coins—Currency—Buildings—Streets—Sewers—Official Shops—Pawnbrokers—Various Trades—Facilities for Missionary Work.

FROM the maps you may be led to suppose that Shanghai is situated immediately on the shore of the China sea, or at least, on the banks of the Yang-tsz-Kiang, the main artery of the empire. But neither of those suppositions would be correct. After sailing up this great river—whose embouchure might well be called a sea in itself—some forty or fifty miles from the sea proper, you enter, on the south bank, a small river, called the Hwang-pu, at the Chinese village of Wu-sung. Then, following the windings of this stream in a southerly direction, for eighteen miles through a flat, level, and exceeding fertile country, you reach Shanghai. The distance in a right line is but twelve miles. The landscape has all the diversity and beauty that every hue of luxuriant vegetation, and gracefully waving groves of bamboo can impart; and yet it is monotonous from the total absence of mountain or hill scenery. The nearest hills are thirty miles west of Shanghai; and the

only elevations to relieve the dull level of the whole face of the country, as far as the eye can reach, are grave mounds. Nor indeed do these relieve it, for by their great numbers and sameness of form and size, being of conical shape and from six to ten feet high, they compose a monotony nearly as unpleasant as an unbroken plain.

But here is Shanghai laid out in regular squares, with narrow streets between, and yet how different is its appearance from that of an American seaport city—New York, Charleston or New Orleans. Instead of massive blocks of stores, four or six stories high, you see buildings rather resembling country villas. They are mostly two stories high, quite spacious, built of brick, and plastered outside as well as in, so that they are generally white, though some are brown-washed. They have piazzas, or, as they are called here in the East—verandas, with venetian blinds, on all sides. Each building stands quite by itself, surrounded by a fine yard, tastefully laid out and ornamented with flowers and shrubbery. These are the mercantile establishments, or *hongs*—the Chinese term for stores or places of business, because such buildings are usually in “ranges” or “rows.” They occupy the west bank of the river for about a half mile in length, and extend inland half that distance. Those not on the river are accessible from it by narrow streets. The water is so shallow near the shore that it has not been found practicable, as yet, to build wharves. Vessels are compelled to lay at anchor in the stream, and discharge and receive their cargoes by means of large boats, built under the direction of foreigners, expressly for the purpose.

There is a public promenade in front of the foreign hongs, thirty feet wide, and this is protected from being washed away by the inroads of high tides, by double rows of piles. Projecting from this about a hundred feet into the water, are several stone "jetties," or small wharves, twelve feet wide, to facilitate the landing and shipment of goods by the "cargo boats." The "*bund*," as this promenade is termed in oriental language, is alive with coolies—the substitutes for beasts of burden in China—carrying chests of tea, and bales of goods, slung from bamboo poles across their shoulders.

I have only been speaking, it will be seen, of the foreign town of Shanghai, which is situated immediately adjacent to the northern suburbs of the native city. The site of the former was occupied by rice fields ten years ago, yet so rapid has been its growth that more business is now done here than in Canton.

Sailing up the Hwang-pu we at last arrived at our long-desired haven, and were received with open arms and hearts, by the missionaries of the Southern Baptist Board, the Rev. Messrs. Shuck, Yates, and Tobey, with their families. These brethren, though we were entire strangers to them, prompted only by their own kind, Christian feelings, had made arrangements for our accommodation; until we could rent a house, and had sent us a letter of welcome which met us at the mouth of the Hwang-pu, off Wu-sung.

How grateful such an unexpected mark of affectionate interest must have been to our feelings at such a time, the reader can best judge. "They shall, in no wise, lose their reward."

The whole time that elapsed from our embarkation

at Boston, till we landed at Shanghai on the 30th of September, was five months and one week. Our health has been remarkably good, and we certainly have cause for unbounded gratitude to our Heavenly Father for the many mercies that have attended us, and for our safe deliverance from the dangers of the deep. Especially are we thankful for the inestimable privilege of being numbered among the laborers in this vast and interesting portion of our Master's vine-yard.

One of the first objects that now meets the eye, as you approach Shanghai by the river Hwang-pu, is the mission establishment of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States. It has been built at that point since our arrival—the very spot at that time being a rice-field. The Mission then occupied buildings rented from the natives, two miles further up the river, in the southern suburbs of the city. Those commodious houses and that neat church—all of brick, stuccoed, and white or drab-washed—have since been erected under the oversight of Bishop Boone, and flourishing missionary operations are there in full progress. Then, it was a half mile from the business portion of the foreign settlement, and separated from it by a wide creek; but the creek has since been bridged, and *New Shanghai*, as it is called, has extended out to it, and even gone beyond. The dwellings of Dr. Bridgman, and the other missionaries sent out by the "American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions"—composed of Congregationalists, Presbyterians, and Dutch Reformed—are adjacent to those of the Episcopal Mission. They all together present a neat and comfortable

appearance from the river, on the bank of which they stand, or, rather, were built; for new land has formed so rapidly, in a few years, by deposits from the muddy waters, that the bank is now quite a distance from them.

There is also an English Episcopal Church on one of the back streets of the new town—the third running parallel with the river. This is for the accommodation of foreigners exclusively, and its services are conducted by a British chaplain, supported in part by the government which appoints him, and partly by the contributions of the foreign residents.

The premises of the London Missionary Society formed, at that time, the western limit of New Shanghai, and consisted of six white, two-story buildings, in a line facing the south, each having a veranda or portico, in front, above and below. Several of them were of semi-Chinese architecture. The one on the extreme left was a hospital for natives, under the care of a very skillful, and amazingly energetic English surgeon and physician, Doctor William Lockhart, to whom I was indebted, during the whole of my residence in Shanghai, for many professional and friendly courtesies. Immediately before each residence, the ladies of the household had cultivated gardens, containing a great variety of flowers, plants, and shrubbery—rare, beautiful, and curious. A few rods in front of this line of dwellings, these missionaries had built a small chapel for services in English, which were held every Sunday morning at nine o'clock, especially for the benefit of their own families; but all others were cordially welcomed, and invited to participate. A brick wall, eight feet high,

inclosing several acres, surrounds the entire establishment.

A small creek, named the Yang-king-pang—"Ocean-flowing stream"—running into the river from the west, forms the southern boundary of New Shanghai. It is crossed by several substantial stone bridges, from two of which there are densely-crowded streets, about eight feet wide, filled with Chinese shops and dwellings, closely built on each side. One of these streets leads to the "North Gate" of the city proper, the wall of which is about two hundred yards from the Yang-king-pang. The other leads from the bridge which crosses that creek near its entrance into the Hwang-pu, and follows the windings of the bank of that river for some distance, around the eastern face of the city wall, to the "Great East Gate." Thence, still on, between the wall and the river—the intervening space of a few rods in width being most densely packed with shops and dwellings—on to the "Little East Gate." Then, still continuing, it leads into the populous suburbs beyond the city on the south. The space between these two streets, on the one hand, and the Yang-king-pang and the northern portion of the city wall on the other, was occupied partly by the grounds of the French Consulate, and partly by innumerable graves and coffins. The latter are made of very thick pieces of wood, with the joints so well fitted and so tightly cemented—together with the fact that the bodies within are laid in lime—that no odor from them is ever perceived. They are placed promiscuously on the surface of the ground, with no regard to order or regularity, but always according to direction of a geomancer, who pretends,

by divination, to be able to determine precisely what position of the coffin—alike whether it is to be buried or to remain on the surface of the earth—will most conduce to the repose of the spirit of the departed. Accordingly, after going through sundry conjurations, with an air of great assumed solemnity and importance, consulting his tables and his compass over and over again with the most exact minuteness, and squinting repeatedly along a line, he determines that the foot of the coffin must be placed in a certain direction—having it adjusted and re-adjusted till it does not deviate a hair's breadth from the point indicated. This custom accounts for the utter irregularity everywhere observed in the locality and position of coffins and graves. At the same time, there are many burial-grounds where the graves are placed close together, side by side. The conjurer occupies a length of time and assumes airs, in proportion to the amount he receives as a fee, and the social rank of the deceased person. Sometimes, a small house is built of brick over the coffin, completely incasing it, with a roof of tiles on the top, like that of a dwelling. A small aperture is left in one end or both, that the spirit may have free ingress and egress. It is stuccoed and white-washed, and the little coffin-house, when finished, is not more than three feet high. There are also in that neighborhood, outside the North Gate, several spacious inclosures, surrounded by white walls, from ten to fourteen feet high, in which you may see scores, and even hundreds, of these thick, heavy coffins—all tenanted—more or less richly carved, painted, and gilded, according to the respective ability of individuals. They are there

placed in rows, and piled up in tiers one upon another under long sheds. They are generally the bodies of strangers, and are deposited with the expectation of being at some time removed to the place whence the deceased came. The natives of each district or province, extensively represented here, have their own inclosure for this purpose. When a coffin, after remaining there for a certain number of years, is not claimed by the friends of the occupant, it is taken out and buried. I have seen twenty or thirty, at a time, thus interred, side by side in one long, wide ditch. There are also in these establishments handsomely-finished apartments, richly-gilded idols, and spacious halls, for worship, or for feasting, as the occasion may demand. These depositories for the dead are called by the natives, *way-kway*; and as there are many people from Ning-po, Foh-kien, Canton, and other places, you will find here the Ning-po Way-kway, Kwang-tung Way-kway, Foh-kien Way-kway, and so on.

In this same vicinity, several missionaries of the Southern Baptist Board had their dwellings very near the city wall; while they had, in a most eligible site for securing congregations, the largest church edifice of any within the city. Its tall square tower is a conspicuous object from every direction, and commands the finest view, anywhere to be obtained, of the whole surrounding country for many miles.

Some little distance outside the city walls—one near the north gate, and the other beyond the west gate—are two small structures of octagonal shape, built of brick, plastered and whitewashed. Each of these is about ten feet in diameter and fifteen or twenty in height. Its roof runs up, for a few feet,

forming a diminutive steeple. About ten feet from the ground are four openings in the sides, through which infants, who die when but a few months old, are thrown in promiscuously, being simply wrapped and tied in a bit of coarse cloth or matting. They are regarded as too young to have a spirit that would be at all distressed at the body being deprived of the ordinary rites of burial. By means of a ladder you may climb up the wall, and looking in at one of these openings, will see the place half-filled with these packages, some of which have been torn open and the contents half eaten by rats, that nightly feast on the tiny bodies. Lime is occasionally thrown in, to neutralize the disagreeable effluvium, that would otherwise render any approach to these little charnel-houses intolerable. But even this does not entirely obviate the difficulty, it only mitigates it. The foreigners resident here, call these depositories, "baby towers."

The wall around the city of Shanghai is in the form of an irregular ellipse, rather approaching to circular. It is about thirty feet high and is built of dark slate-colored brick of very large size—being about a foot and a half long, by nine inches wide and three or four in thickness. At the foundation the wall is about four feet thick, gradually diminishing to two, at the top. This wall is greatly strengthened by a heavy bank of earth thrown up against it on the inner side and reaching to within from two to four feet of the top of the brick portion, which thus forms a parapet along its whole extent, with embrasures every few feet, and provided with heavy bastions of brick about one hundred yards apart, around its entire circumference. There are 1246 of these walled

cities in China, differing of course in size and population. The wall of Shanghai is about four miles in circuit, and is surrounded by a moat, half filled with stagnant, fetid water, black and thick with mud and filth.

The top of the embankment varies from four to twelve feet in width, and affords a pleasant walk around the city. It has six gates. The north, great and little east, great and little south, and the west. The gateways are low, strong double arches of brick or stone. They are very skillfully constructed for defence against such assailants as they were designed to resist; but like the other parts of the wall, of very little avail against foreign cannon. A projection of semi-circular wall, about thirty feet in diameter, is built out from the main wall. It is entered at the side, after crossing the bridge over the moat, in a line parallel with the wall, under the first massive arch. You then find yourself in the open semi-circular space, in which you see a sort of guardhouse and several shops. Then turning to the right you pass through the second arch, in a line at right angles with the first, and you are in the city. Each of these arched entrances has a heavy gate made of wood, and covered with thick iron plates which are fastened on with large rivets. It is hung on strong hinges, and is kept closed every night. The gate-keeper, however, will open it, and allow you to pass at any hour, provided he is satisfied you are not a robber or otherwise dangerous person; and provided further that you will give him a fee of two "coins," or "cash," as they are called by foreigners. These are small circular pieces of brass or copper, about an inch in diameter, having a

square hole in the middle for the purpose of being carried on strings. It is the only native coin in the empire—hence the general name—a coin. It has on one side two Chinese characters, signifying the name of the Emperor in whose reign it was issued, and two other—*pau-tung*—meaning “*precious circulation*.” On the other side, are the same words in the Manchu Tartar language. Their relative value is from twelve to fifteen hundred for a dollar. An extensive business is carried on in the manufacture and circulation of spurious “coins,” containing less copper than the genuine. Gold and silver are used in the form of lumps and bars, and their value estimated entirely by weight. A “tael” of silver is worth a dollar and a third. There is no paper currency, properly speaking; but there are banks of deposit and exchange.

Standing on the wall, and looking over the city, the prospect is a wavy sea of low dark roofs of tiles, with here and there the taller one of a temple or some other public edifice, rising from the midst of the undistinguishable mass; and now also perchance several of temples for the worship of the true and living God.

Outside the city on the east, the thousands of junks in the river present a forest of masts surpassing in number that at New York. The streets are narrow, varying from six to ten feet in width; dark, filthy, and crowded with streams of living beings. They are also very irregular and winding; but are mostly quite well paved with stone or brick; some with large quadrangular pieces of stone which also, serve as the covering of the sewers that run beneath

parallel with the sewers of living filth above them, along many of the streets. They serve to receive and retain the foul matter, rather than conduct it off into the river, as seems to have been the original design; for the site of the city is so low that at high tides the water is sometimes a foot deep in several of the gateways. Often at such times, I have been compelled to hire one of the barefooted Chinamen to carry me on his back through the gates. They are there with their trowsers rolled up, waiting for passengers, and are as clamorous for you to employ them, as are the hackmen and porters in an American city.

You are every day, and at all hours of the day, meeting men in the narrow, crowded streets, carrying large wooden buckets of human excrement, which is sold for manure. This, with the numerous inks, shamelessly open and exposed on the public thoroughfares—occupants and all—constitutes one of the most annoying and disgusting nuisances of a Chinese town.

As the buildings on these streets are all in close contact, there is no opportunity for windows in the sides. In order, therefore, to admit as much light as possible, the whole front is so constructed that it can be taken out, panel by panel, leaving the shop and its contents open to the street, the dwelling part of the house being generally in the rear, particularly in the business sections of the city. The roofs of the opposite sides of the street project some two or three feet over the walls, and in walking through the narrowest of the thoroughfares, so low have been the buildings, that I have touched the opposite projecting roofs with my extended hands.

The pawnbrokers' establishments are among the most extensive and respectable places of business in the city. They cover a large area of ground, are surrounded by high strong walls, and are filled with thousands upon thousands of articles of ornament, of wearing apparel, and of household use. The business is conducted on precisely the same plan as in this country, but is far more reputable, and exceedingly lucrative. The proprietors of the two largest in Shanghai are said to be millionaires.

Looking into the shops, as you pass along these swarming streets, you will see every variety of trade, occupation, and handicraft carried on, that you have ever met with in a civilized country, and even others besides. Several branches that belong to one trade among us, are separate and constitute distinct ones in China. There are carpenters, masons, cabinet-makers, tailors, blacksmiths, locksmiths, braziers, painters, makers of boots and shoes for *dry* weather, *i. e.* of cloth or satin, with thick soles of *felt*, and makers of boots and shoes for *wet* weather—*i. e.* of leather with large-headed iron nails driven into the soles, to prevent the wearer from slipping. Then you will see makers of scissors and razors; of combs and brushes; of oiled paper lanterns; of horn and glass lanterns; of oiled paper umbrellas; of artificial flowers; trunk-makers; tub and bucket makers; needle-makers; button makers; hat and cap makers; makers of hair pencils (the pen of the Chinese); stationers; makers of stringed instruments of music; of wind instruments; of drums; weavers of ribbon; makers of utensils of bamboo; rope-makers; spinners of sewing silk; makers of fireworks; makers of

pipes; brokers' shops; tobacco shops; bankers' offices; printing offices; drug shops; rice shops; liquor shops; provision shops; eating houses; tea-drinking taverns; opium smokers' dens; grocery stores; book stores; clothing stores; silk stores; tea stores; china ware stores; cotton goods stores; stone-cutters; carvers in wood; carvers in ivory; makers of idols; manufacturers and sellers of wax candles, incense sticks, and gilt paper—all used in idolatrous worship; curiosity shops; wood and coal shops; dealers in brick and tiles; lumber dealers; oil shops; makers of gold and silver ornaments; millers; butchers and barbers; wholesale grocers; dealers in lime and very coarse paper, which is used in making mortar, as we use hair; makers of oyster-shell windows; makers of spectacles; cotton warehouses; cotton-ginning and cotton-picking establishments; and others "too numerous to mention." These are all plentifully furnished with customers by the teeming population of this city and its vicinity.

These swarming myriads are very friendly in their disposition toward the foreigners, and are ever ready, willing, and often eager, to hear the Yah-Soo-taw-le—the "Jesus doctrines." Being a great mart both for trade with foreigners and the various parts of their own extensive country, thousands flock to it from almost every district in the interior, and are thus many of them brought under the sound of the Gospel; for it is preached daily in five or six different chapels scattered throughout the city. Books and tracts are also distributed at these points and by missionaries in the streets, on board the junks, and at public places of resort. A large number of these

silent messengers fall into the hands of strangers from the interior, who doubtless carry them home, and in many instances read them attentively and lend them to their neighbors. Not long since an intelligent man came here from many miles distant, sought out and found some of the missionaries, and informed them that he and his family had been induced to forsake idolatry, from reading a religious tract that had been brought into his neighborhood from Shanghai. He came for the purpose of learning more fully these "new doctrines," and has himself written one or two tracts showing the absurdity of idol-worship. One day as I was walking out with a missionary who speaks the language fluently, a man pressed his way through the crowd that had gathered around us, as we stopped in one of the shops, saying he was from Nanking, and earnestly begged us to go there as there were no such teachers in that city.

## CHAPTER VII.

### THE HOUSES THEY LIVE IN.

Materials used and Manner of Building—Floors—Oyster-shell Windows—Courts—Walls—Doors—Ornamental Work—Furniture—Idols—Ornaments—Wells—A Residence Procured—Servants—Cooking—Learning to Talk—Native Politeness—Civilities—Mode of Serving Tea—Smoking Tobacco—Opium—Snuff—Forms of Salutation.

CHINESE houses are singular-looking affairs to one just arrived from the United States. They are generally of one story; though you will frequently meet with them one and a half or two stories high. In building them, a slender frame of round posts, or large poles, is first put up, and then the thin brick walls are built in afterward, filling up the spaces between the posts and other parts of the remarkably well-fitted frame. The clay of which the bricks are made, is of a much darker color than that used in America, so that when burnt, the bricks are almost black. This would give the houses a very dark appearance, unless they were plastered and white-washed, which is usually the case.

For the roof, the rafters are placed about six inches apart, and upon them are laid rows of thin flat bricks, close together, forming what the natives call the “tile floor,” or floor for the tiles; supplying the place of what our carpenters call “sheeting,” for upon it rows

of curved tiles are laid in mortar, to prevent them from sliding. They also lap over each other so as to shed rain perfectly. The form of the roof is not always straight from the ridge to the eaves, as on our houses in the United States, but is often slightly concave as it slopes downward, giving it rather a graceful appearance. The four corners of the roofs of temples, public buildings, and the dwellings of some of the wealthy, curve upward for several feet and are decorated with ornamental stucco, carved work, and painting, and often have small bells or wooden imitations of them, hanging underneath. The houses of the poor, very frequently have merely the curved tiles, laid upon the rafters, without the thin brick "sheeting."

The ground floor of nearly all Chinese dwellings is literally a *ground* floor, being nothing but the bare earth trodden hard, except the apartment in which visitors are received. This generally has a floor of large bricks, from a foot to a foot and a half square, very smoothly *planed* and nicely fitted together. In two-story houses, the second floor is made of plank, planed on one side. Which side do you suppose is placed upward? Why, the smooth side, to be sure. By no means. The rough side is upward and the smooth side is nailed down upon the beams. Why is this? Because the Chinese houses are never ceiled over-head, and the floor is nailed in this manner, so that the smooth surface of the plank may appear to those below. As the upper part is used only or chiefly for sleeping rooms, it is not considered at all important that they be either good-looking or cleanly.

The windows, in those houses which have them at

all, are of small pieces of oyster shell about two inches square, ground sufficiently thin simply to allow light to pass through, but you cannot see so as to distinguish objects through them—they are translucent, but not transparent. These pieces are fitted into frames or sashes of little squares, differing in number according to the size of the window. The hinges, both of doors and windows, are always wooden; very much like those of large gates you so often see at home.

The two story—or, perhaps, it may more properly be called a story-and-a-half house, is one of the better sort of Chinese dwellings; but instead of building it large enough to give them all the room they want, they frequently build two, three, and sometimes four, of nearly the same size and appearance, one behind another, from ten to twenty feet apart, and united by walls on each side. There is a small open court between the tenements, which are connected together by two narrow corridors—one on either side of the court. These corridors are four or five feet wide, and have oyster-shell windows opening into the court on one side, and the brick wall which forms the gable ends of each tenement, is continued for the whole length, and forms the other side. These two long high walls are usually the outer walls of the premises on both sides, and constitute the separation from the neighbors. There is often a small building or gateway immediately on the street, in front of all the others, and you have to pass through this to get to the main entrance. This is a very heavy two-leaved door, made of thick pine plank, and is fitted in a high stone or brick wall, and fastened with a large wooden

bar on the inside. Then at the rear of the whole establishment there is also a high wall, and this, too, has a gate or door, well secured like the one in front. These walls are necessary to protect the inmates from the attacks of thieves and robbers, who are very numerous in every part of China.

The gateway in front is generally the most ornamental, and fancifully-wrought mason work about the whole establishment. It frequently has figures of lions or tigers—such lions and tigers, however, as never existed, except in the imagination of the artist—carved in stone, and placed on the ground, one on each side of the door, to represent the guardians of the entrance. These images are always found at the gateways of temples, and of many other public buildings. Over the door, on a tablet, is a motto, or a moral maxim, from the writings of some of their ancient philosophers. This entrance opens into the first court, which is well paved with brick, and crossing it in the middle, is generally a walk of the same material, raised a few inches above the rest, and leading directly into the lower room of the first tenement. This is always the reception room. The floor, as before mentioned, is of smoothly planed, nicely fitted tiles, or large square bricks.

The furniture of this room usually consists of a square table placed against the side of the apartment, directly opposite the entrance, and then, on each side of the table are placed, alternately, chairs and small stands, a foot or so square at the top, for holding the cup of tea, and the pipe and tobacco, that are invariably offered to all visitors. Sometimes these chairs and tea-stands are arranged around the sides

of the room, and sometimes they are placed in two opposite rows ten or twelve feet apart, from the side of the table in the centre, in a straight line to each side of the entrance. There is generally, too, a picture of some idol or of the family ancestors, hanging against the wall over the table, on which there are two candlesticks, sometimes very large, and elaborately wrought—one on each side—for burning red wax candles; and a vessel of brass, pewter, or earthenware, containing ashes, into which sticks of incense are placed upright, and burned in worship to these painted representations.

There are also ornamental paintings in water colors—or copies of favorite sayings of Confucius, or some other philosopher, or some quotations from their poets in very large characters—on scrolls about a foot wide and five or six feet long, mounted like maps, and suspended on the walls around the apartment. Gaudily adorned lanterns of paper, horn, or glass and of various shapes and sizes, with heavy silk tassels at the corners, hang from the joists, overhead.

In the first and second courts, you will generally see flowers, plants and shrubbery—some of them very beautiful—in flower-pots often quite like those we have in America. Sometimes there is a fine large tree, which is valued highly, both for ornament and shade. In the third, fourth or last court, you will be likely to see round wooden or earthen wash-tubs and buckets, and a woman washing clothes. In the corner of this court is a well, having for its mouth, a round, or a five or six-sided, stone, about a foot and a half in diameter, and a foot high, a little

larger at the bottom than at the top. This stone has a hole cut through it, sufficiently large for a small bucket to pass through, but not large enough for a little child to fall through. So that, although only a foot higher than the brick pavement of the court, it is not dangerous to the children, of whom there is generally a plentiful supply.

In one or two, and frequently in all the courts, you may see large earthen jars about the size of a barrel, placed in the corners to catch the rain water, which is much better than well-water. To facilitate this, the houses are furnished with eave-troughs, and the water is conducted from these to large jars through long bamboo poles, which being hollow, and having had the natural partitions at the joints forced out by a long iron rod—serve as well as the tin conductors that are attached to our houses for the same purpose. In some instances, these jars are kept always filled with water, to be used only in case of fire.

In the summer time, the first and second courts are frequently provided with an awning of coarse cotton cloth, or of matting, as a protection from the rays of the sun; or sometimes, instead of this, there is a shed or roof of small squares of oyster shell, which admit the light, but to some extent exclude the heat. Covered in this manner, the court has a table, it may be, placed in the centre, and chairs or benches at a little distance from it, for visitors,—so it becomes a summer sitting-room.

Most of the foregoing description belongs to the dwellings of the wealthy. The abodes of the great majority of the people are dark, dirty, gloomy and comfortless, with floors of earth, often without win-

dows; with neither stoves nor fire-places. There is a kind of furnace or cooking-range, in which a fire is kept, only when cooking is required, because of the scarcity and expensiveness of fuel.

After a diligent effort for about two weeks, during which we had shared the hospitalities of our Southern Baptist Missionary friends, we succeeded in renting a Chinese dwelling on the North Gate street, about half way between the narrow stone bridge across the Yang-king-pang and the wall of the city. It was one of the better sort; but still, required considerable work to render it at all comfortable. Domi-ciled here at last, with a Chinese woman for a nurse to our little boy, and a young man for a cook and washer, we began, in good earnest, our life in China. Chinamen make excellent cooks, and they very readily learn our modes of culinary art. One of their modes of preparing a fowl for cooking, would seem to be a little singular. For instance, one day on looking into the kitchen, my wife saw, to her great horror, a chicken running about perfectly stript of its feathers—it had been plucked alive! Whereupon she launched a volley of rather emphatic, and not very complimentary English, at the cook; at which he seemed somewhat surprised, but not much wiser. With a small stock of the most common phrases, which had been furnished us by our kind friends, and such additions to it as we could make from day to day, in attempts at conversation with our servants; together with the assistance of a native teacher whom I had employed, we gradually succeeded in making ourselves understood. But it was often in a most amusing, as well as imperfect manner. Intercourse

with the people in our daily walks, we also found very serviceable in promoting our acquaintance with the colloquial dialect of Shanghai. The inhabitants are always civil and affable, greeting us with smiles and polite salutations. In this respect, they present the strongest contrast with the people of Canton. Especially, when you enter their dwellings, are you welcomed in the most hospitable style. They urge you to sit, and then immediately have cups of tea made and placed on small stands before you, and you are solicited to "eat tea." A teaspoonful of the leaves is first put into the cup, then boiling water is poured upon them, and the very small saucer is placed on the top to prevent the escape of the aroma. A half of a green olive is also added when a particularly delicate flavor is desired. As soon as it becomes sufficiently cool, they begin to sip it through an opening made between the saucer and the cup, by sliding the former a little to one side. Milk and sugar are never used by them. Pipes and finely cut, mild tobacco, are also brought at the same time, and you are importuned to "eat smoke." Smoking opium—the only mode in which that drug is used—is called, "*eating the great smoke.*" They never chew, nor do they make cigars; but excellent snuff is made and used to a considerable extent. It is carried in a very small, curious, and sometimes very costly vial, to the stopper of which is attached a diminutive spoon of horn, shell, gold or silver. The small quantity of snuff dipped out by it, is deposited on the back of hand, whence it is taken up on the back of the long thumb-nail, and transferred to the nostrils. The bowl of the pipe is so very small as to require replen-

ishing after two or three whiffs. Metallic pipes of one variety, are so constructed that the smoke passes through water before it is inhaled.

The salutation between two Chinamen when they meet, consists in each clasping and shaking his own hands, instead of each other's, and bowing very profoundly, almost to the ground, several times. A question more common than "How do you do?"—is, "Have you eaten rice?" This being the great staple article of food throughout the empire, and forming the chief, and indispensable part of every meal—it is taken for granted that if you have "eaten rice," you are well.

Etiquette requires that in conversation, each should compliment the other and everything belonging to him, in the most laudatory style; and deprecate himself with all pertaining to him, to the lowest possible point. The following is no exaggeration, though not the precise words:

- "What is your honorable name?"
  - "My insignificant appellation is Wong."
  - "Where is your magnificent palace?"
  - "My contemptible hut is at Suchau."
  - "How many are your illustrious children?"
  - "My vile, worthless brats are five."
  - "How is the health of your distinguished spouse?"
  - "My mean, good-for-nothing old woman is well."
- In leaving his house you must *back* along out, bowing to the host and shaking your hands all the way. He follows you, doing the same, and repeating, "Slowly go, slowly, slowly go." This is to signify his reluctance at your departure.

## CHAPTER VIII.

### CHINESE BEGGARS AND CHINESE COSTUMES.

Beggary—Dead Bodies—Starvation—Benevolence of Foreigners—Gipsies—Extreme Suffering—Drowned—Loathsome ness and Filth—Regular Organization—"Beggar-King"—Regulations—Punishments—Beating—Cutting off the Queue—Description of the different Articles of Dress—Mode of Dressing the Hair—The Queue—Headbands—Hats and Caps—Long Nails—Use of Long Sleeves—Materials of Clothing—A Novel Thermometer—Winter Clothing—Boots and Shoes—Mode of indicating Official Rank—Yellow, the Imperial Color—Mark of Respect to Age—Binding the Feet of Females—Origin of the Custom.

One portion of the people most frequently encountered in our daily walks and most revolting in aspect, is composed of the beggars. Mendicancy constitutes a regular occupation, and is followed by vast numbers. The squalid filth and wretchedness of this class of the population is indescribable. Nearly every time I have walked through the city, I have seen one or more dead in the streets. One afternoon as I was crossing a bridge, there sat a man on the stone steps, very thin and haggard, apparently asleep. The next morning as I passed the same way, he lay stretched out, a lifeless corpse. Again, on a very cold morning after a rain, I saw two men, with scarcely rags enough to cover them, lying dead within a few feet of each other. The Chinese do not manifest the least con-

cern at these sights, and it is not surprising, perhaps, when you bear in mind that they see them every day. The dead bodies lie exposed until the city authorities have them placed in the rudest possible coffins, and removed. They are then taken to a public burying-ground and piled one upon another, five or six deep, in a trench which is kept always open, a little earth being thrown on the upper coffin of the pile, and then another tier is begun immediately against the exposed sides of the last.

For several winters, some of the benevolent foreigners at Shanghai have established and sustained by subscription a "soup kitchen," from which hundreds of beggars and other destitute poor of the native population receive a bowl of rice soup, or congee, every morning. Tickets are distributed to them on a bridge crossing a canal not far from the kitchen; and each one receiving his ticket can pass over and get his bowl of congee. Strange as it may appear, a kind of brokerage is carried on with these tickets, and many, particularly opium smokers, who prefer a few "cash" to lay out in the purchase of this pernicious drug, will sell their tickets at half their value, even while they are almost starving for want of food. So inveterate is the grasp by which this destructive habit holds its victims. Such an assemblage of squalid wretchedness as congregates each morning at the bridge before mentioned, to receive "tickets for soup," you certainly never saw, and would find it difficult to imagine. Beggars of every possible description, from decrepit age to prattling infancy—many clad in mats of straw, with not even a rag of cloth, literally speaking, to screen them from the cold or to hide their

nakedness—while others, a little better off, are supplied with rags, and that is all. I have seen them wearing nothing but a mat of straw, about seven feet long and two feet wide, with a hole in the middle, through which the head is thrust, while the sides, arms, and legs were entirely naked. One morning, when hundreds were collected on the bridge, the railing on one side gave way and many fell into the creek. One poor fellow was drowned, I dragged him out, and tried to resuscitate him, but in vain. Another, who was rescued barely alive, died in the afternoon. There is a class who correspond to the character and habits of gipsies in Europe, and who flock to Shanghai in winter, and disappear with the return of warm weather. With these, also, as with a vast number of constant residents here, beggary is a regular business, and they in particular, seem to thrive on it, for a fatter, healthier looking set of people than many of these gipsy-beggars you never saw. They come among the rest, to avail themselves of the bounty of the foreigners, and it is often quite an interesting, not to say an affecting sight, to see a mother with a fat, chubby, smiling, naked babe, suspended in her bosom by a band of rags passing over her shoulders. This little nursling is taught, as soon as it can direct its tiny arms, to hold out its hand to every passer-by for a cash or two. It is impossible to resist the mute pleading of these pretty gipsy babies, and if you go out with a pocket full of copper cash, you will find it empty when you return, if many of these beggars have crossed your path.

On one occasion, as Mrs. T. and myself were walking out, we discovered a beggar indulging in great

glee over a very small dead pig which he had just found in a ditch, and at another time we saw one of the same wretched class, rejoicing in the possession of a dead cat which he had picked up a moment before. Its appearance indicated that it had been dead for several days. No language can adequately describe the loathsome filth and misery of this portion of the native population. On any pleasant morning, you may see numbers of them sitting in the sunshine on the city wall, picking and eating the vermin from each other's bodies. These pitiable human beings exist in great numbers, and nothing but the Gospel, operating upon the hearts of the rulers and legislators, and changing the whole social condition of the people, can effect any permanent amelioration of this sad state of things. This leaven is doubtless already beginning to work its way silently though slowly through the great mass of this vast population. Of the hundreds who daily hear the Word of Life in five or six Protestant churches, we cannot but believe that here and there, one receives it in "a good and honest heart," and that it is taking root to manifest itself again, as "first the blade, then the ear, and after that the full corn in the ear."

In every large city there is a vast organization of these mendicants, to which every one who begs for a livelihood must belong. At the head of it is one styled the "Beggar-King." His authority is absolute, and to him all the others are amenable. It has a code of laws and regulations. Every beggar has a right, according to universal custom, to stand at the door of a dwelling or shop, and bawl, sing, knock, or make any other noise he may please, till the occu-

pant gives him one coin. Then he is obliged to desist, and can apply at the same place no more on that day. No two are allowed to importune together at one place. Yet they are so numerous that few doors are free from their clamorings long at a time. The proprietors of large establishments, who prefer to "commute," and save themselves from the annoyance of these continual visitations, can do so by paying a certain sum at once, to the "king of the beggars;" who thereupon causes a written statement in large characters, to that effect, to be pasted by the side of the door, and this procures for that house certain exemption. No beggar dares approach it; for, though very few of them can read, all recognize the seal of their chief upon the paper, and if any one transgress he may either be beaten by the inmates of the shop or dwelling, or will be more severely chastized if reported to the king. Every beggar has his own particular district, or "beat," assigned him, in which he may exercise his vocation, beyond which he must not go, on pain of punishment. They have their regularly appointed overseers, who have supervision over all in a certain ward or district. They must go to him every night and hand over a definite amount from the proceeds of each day. These overseers, in turn, pay a fixed sum daily or monthly to the king, whose income is said to be very large; and indeed, it must be, for he lives like a nabob, in a style of great comparative luxury and elegance. If a beggar commit an offence against the laws he is not arrested by the constables like any other offender, but is reported or taken to the "king," who is held by the city magistrates, responsible for his punishment and good

behavior. But this process is too slow, troublesome, and uncertain, for the aggrieved people who are constantly suffering from the depredations of these thieving vermin, and they themselves generally administer an *impromptu* castigation upon the poor wretch when caught. This often consists in tying his hands behind his back with one end of a long cord, and throwing the other over a limb of the nearest tree, drawing him up in his painful position, till his toes barely rest on the ground. They then beat him most unmercifully with sticks, clubs, fists, or anything that first comes to hand, till the miserable creature is half dead. Their vitality and power of endurance are amazing. I once saw one thus beaten, and when at last released, he fell down as if about to die; but no sooner had the crowd moved off a few rods, leaving him as they thought, perhaps, for dead, than the fellow leaped to his feet and ran like a deer. It was wonderful, how he could "play possum."

Cutting off the queue is another form of punishment, and one sorely deprecated by a Chinaman. It is a badge of disgrace equal to branding on the cheek, and is often practised on these beggars.

Black hair and black eyes are as universal as among the North American Indians. The only exceptions I have ever seen were albinos.

The queue is the most noticeable feature in a Chinaman's appearance, for it hangs down his back, sometimes reaching to his heels, as he walks along. The heads of Chinese children, girls as well as boys, are shaven *all over* several times before they are a year old. Then, in a year or two more, two small round patches of hair are suffered to grow just above the

ears, near the top of the head. When the hair from these becomes long enough, it is braided into two little tufts that project like horns on a cow. Then, after this, it is all shaven off again, and on the head of a boy the round spot is marked out on which it is afterward to grow until it becomes long enough for a queue. A quantity of black silken cord is braided in with the hair, both to facilitate the plaiting and increase its length.

On the heads of girls, the hair is still shaven around the edges, till they become twelve or fourteen years old, and during this time they wear a black silk fringe around the head, hanging over the forehead and temples, and down the back of the neck. The remainder of the hair they put up in a graceful knot a little to one side of the head, and frequently wear flowers in it, giving them a very pretty appearance. When they become young women, the silken fringe is laid aside, the whole of the hair is permitted to grow, is combed back from the face, and put up on the back of the head, being kept in place by several long, ornamental pins of brass, silver, or gold, according to the ability of the wearer. They also wear a thick band around the head, about two inches wide, pointed in the middle upon the forehead, and gradually becoming narrower, till it ends in two strings at the back, where it is tied under the hair. This band is often very beautifully wrought with silk and gilt lace, and generally has a round ornament, somewhat resembling a breast-pin, and sometimes very costly, fastened in the middle at the widest point. The women never wear any other covering on the head, except those who work in the fields during hot

weather. These frequently have a kind of straw hat, not unlike a large tin pan turned bottom side upward, with a round hole in the middle, for the braid of hair to project through. This also serves to keep the hat on the head.

The nails are worn long, especially those of the little fingers, and are often seen as long as the fingers themselves. Ladies sometimes wear a golden sheath over the nail to prevent it from being broken. This sheath fits on the finger like a thimble, and is thus kept in place.

The men and boys wear very large, loose drawers, which are held up by a kind of band, passing around the waist and tying before. The Chinaman carries his purse suspended by a loop from this band in front. The second garment is his shirt, on the upper part of the body, and hangs down a little over the top of his drawers. The third is much like the second, and may be called an outer shirt, and the fourth is not very different from the other two, in size, form, and the material of which it is made—all three reaching but little below the waist, and having sleeves nearly a foot longer than the arm, and about as much in width. These sleeves are often used as pockets; for in them he carries his handkerchief, and frequently a small package. The sleeve is also a receiver of stolen goods: for I once knew of a well-dressed Chinaman who took a small clock from my friend's room, concealed it in his sleeve, and as it was not missed at the moment, nor did he seem to have anything in his hands when he left, he escaped with it. Next comes a long gown, reaching nearly to the feet, which is fastened around the waist by a

long silken sash. After this, another, of the same length and pattern; then, lastly, the coat or outer garment of all, which nearly resembles the shirt in its shape, reaching about half-way down the body. All these articles have several common points of resemblance. In the first place, they never *fit* the wearer, being always very large and awkward. Secondly, they all open in front, and fasten by means of small round buttons—not all in a straight row up and down; but one at the neck, then a second on the breast, a little toward the right side, and the third still lower and further outward, the fourth on the side, under the arm, and then one more directly downward near the end of the garment. A set of buttons invariably consists of five. About the neck they wear a narrow, closely-fitting collar, of velvet or satin, sewed upon thick pasteboard.

The materials of which their clothing is made are as various as the ability of the individuals—the poorest, of coarse, cotton cloth, generally blue—then, many of silks, satins, velvet, broadcloth, and furs—all being wadded with cotton, and quilted for winter. In summer they wear but two or three thin, light garments of cotton, linen, or silk. A Chinaman's clothing constitutes his thermometer. For instance, he will say, "To-day is three jackets cold, and if it increases at this rate, by to-morrow it will be four or five jackets cold." Their stockings are made of white cotton cloth, cut so as to fit the foot as well as possible. These also are wadded and quilted for winter. The Chinese know nothing of knitting, and they greatly admire our stockings, readily admitting their superiority over their own. Their stockings come up

quite to the knees, over the drawers, and are often fastened with handsomely embroidered garters. There are exceptions to the statement that Chinese garments never fit. They frequently wear a singular kind of pantaloons that fit the leg as tightly as possible, and tie with long silken strings outside the stockings on the ankles; but each leg is entirely separate from its fellow, and is put on and pulled off by itself. These are often made of various-colored, figured silks and satins, and are kept in place by a button or loop at the top of each leg, one on the right side, and the other on the left, fastening to the band around the waist.

Their shoes are made of cloth and velvet, of different colors, never have elevated heels, are widest at the toes, where they turn up, and have soles from a half an inch to two inches in thickness. They are very awkward and clumsy. The wealthy, the *literati*, and the mandarins, often wear boots of black satin. Leathern boots and shoes are only worn in wet and rainy weather, and they always, to prevent slipping, have the soles driven full of large-headed nails, which make a great clattering on the pavements. Little children often wear caps and shoes embroidered with silk of various colors: and, indeed, their whole dress is very richly embroidered when the parents can afford it. They also wear charms and amulets to ward off disease, and to keep away evil spirits.

Chinese hats and caps are of three or four different forms. One kind fits closely to the head, resembling, in shape, the scooped-out rind of half a watermelon. Hence they themselves call it the "watermelon cap." It is made of different materials

and colors—has a wide thick band around the edge, with no front-piece, but a knob of silken cord on the top, by which it is handled. If you have ever been into a hat shop, and have seen a hat before it has been shaped, just imagine its rim turned up half way to the top, and you will have a pretty correct idea of the appearance of the second and most common kind. It is made of dark brown felt. There is a third, of the same general form and outline as the last, only it is made of velvet and satin, having stiff pasteboard for its foundation, which keeps it always in shape. This is the handsomest and most expensive kind worn. It has a heavy tassel of red silk fastened on the top by a brass knob, and hanging around on the crown. Among mandarins, the color and materials of this knob denote their rank. A gilt one is worn by the lowest, a white stone by the next, a clear crystal by the third, a pale blue precious stone by the fourth, a deep blue one by the fifth, a pale red by the sixth, a deep red by the seventh, and this is the highest. The last four mentioned grades may wear a peacock's feather, by special permission from the Emperor, for distinguished merit.

As yellow is the Imperial color, it is not allowed to be conspicuous in the garments of the people. But as a mark of respect to advanced age, men who have lived ninety years may receive permission by a special edict from the "Son of Heaven"—one of the titles which the Emperor arrogates to himself—to wear yellow clothing; and this token of imperial consideration, entitles them to particular reverence from the people. If they are so poor as to be compelled to beg for a sustenance, as is not unfrequently

the case, their yellow rags are a passport to public charity. Some of the garments worn by the females much resembles those of the other sex. Instead, however, of the long gown, the woman wears a very narrow skirt, plaited vertically, and open on both sides up to the waist. It is like two aprons, one behind and the other before. But the strangest peculiarity of Chinese females, consists in the unnatural and cruel compression of the feet. The practice is universal—among the poor as well as the rich, with this difference; that the rich first bind the feet of the female infant during the earlier months of its life, while the poor—knowing it will be necessary for their child to wait upon herself and work for a living, allow her first to learn to walk, and then, at the age of five or six years, bind the feet. Of course, under such circumstances, they never become so small as those bound at an earlier period. The method is, to turn all the toes, except the great one, under the foot, and then apply tightly a bandage of strong cotton cloth, about two yards long and two inches wide. This is never removed except to tighten it, or apply a new one. This whole process is exceedingly painful and produces inflammation and suppuration, resulting in settled disease and deformity. It is exceedingly doubtful whether they are ever free from pain, and the marvel is how they can ever walk at all. The gait is an awkward hobbling, precisely like your own while walking on your heels.

One day, as Mrs. T. and myself were passing a Chinese dwelling of the poorer class, we heard most piteous and imploring screams. On looking in at the open door, we saw a mother binding the feet of her

the feet of their own daughters, who were her playmates, compressed till they resembled hers, so as to save her from mortification, and to give them no advantage over her. This circumstance becoming known, the fashion was adopted at once throughout the empire. If this was true, it certainly, to say the least, placed her on an equal *footing* with other little girls of her age.

One of the first things in the appearance of a foreign lady in China, that attracts attention and elicits remark from the native females, is the size of her feet. They speak of it, however, to approve the usage as far more natural, pleasant, convenient, and preferable in every respect, and express the wish that such were the case among themselves; but confess that they, as well as their feet, are bound by the tyrant custom.

## CHAPTER IX.

### CHINESE NEW YEAR.

Worship in Temples—Costume—Gloves—Furs—Amusing Appearance of Children—“City Guardian’s Temple”—Being taken for an Idol—Temple of Confucius—Burning Articles for the use of the Dead—Manner of Mourning—Immense number of Graves—General Appearance of surrounding Country—Tenanted Coffins kept in Dwellings—Coffins left unburied in the Fields—A Settlement of Beggars—Their Condition—Tricks to excite Compassion—The Blind—A Native little Girl—Religious Instruction—Discouragements—Encouragements.

In my journal I find the following record :

*Jan. 25, 1849.*—Yesterday was the Chinese New Year’s Day, and I went at an early hour, to one of the principal temples, to witness the offerings made to the idols. Although it was before sunrise, great numbers had already paid their annual devotions, and the ashes in the vessels before the idols, plainly indicated that bunches of incense-sticks had been burning through the whole night. Thirty or forty red wax candles were burning at the same time, in honor of these imaginary deities. Not long after I reached the spot the people began to come in crowds, comprising persons of both sexes, of every age, rank, and condition, from the mandarins down to the poorest of the working class; but I saw no beggars. Each individual was attired in his best, and the dress

of many of the ladies was really splendid. Although very costly, there was too great a profusion of ornament to comport with our ideas of good taste. The head was covered with trinkets of gold and silver, and flowers, real and artificial. The hair is always smoothly combed and neatly put up. Their dresses were of the most superb silks and satins, very beautifully embroidered with bright colors, and with gold and silver lace. The feet were so small that they could not walk, nor even stand, without great difficulty, and they hobbled along, leaning on the shoulders of waiting maids. The men wear long coats reaching nearly to the feet, made of rich dark satins and silks, plain and figured—or of broadcloth; and short ones of similar materials over these, reaching to the hips. They are provided with very large sleeves, much longer than their arms, in order to protect the hands from cold, as they have nothing in the shape of gloves. There is no part of my dress which attracts so much notice from the Chinese, as my gloves. Wherever I go, they at once point good-naturedly to my hands, and generally pull off my gloves and put them on their own hands, with expressions of mingled delight and surprise, evidently much pleased to find how admirably the article answers the end for which it is designed.

As the winters are excessively cold, vast quantities of furs are worn, many of them remarkably elegant and very expensive. Great quantities are annually brought from Tartary and Siberia by traders, who come in large caravans, to be more secure against attacks from the roving tribes infesting the regions through which they pass. The poorer of the people

wear sheepskins, which are very well prepared, and when new, are as white as snow. These, as well as the finer furs, are made to resemble a large cape, completely covering the shoulders, back, and arms. Many of the men have long fur robes, or overcoats, as we should call them, covering the whole body. Then they have small coverings for the ears, like pockets, lined with fur or with silk, wadded with cotton.

Frequently, too, you may see them with the head and hat entirely covered with a kind of large cape-like hood, of red and blue cloth, which comes down under the chin, having only a small round opening for the face, and effectually protecting the whole head and neck from the cold, as well as the shoulders in part, for it extends down in a point to the middle of the back.

It would be difficult to tell how many separate articles of clothing the Chinese wear at once in the winter season; but certain it is, that on the approach of cold weather they begin to put on, adding one garment after another, until they swell nearly to the size of a large barrel, for they do not diminish any from the number till the return of warm weather, and as many of them do not undress even to go to bed, they do not, as far as I can learn, take off their clothes until they are worn out, or until compelled by the heat of summer. The streets being very narrow, and generally crowded, if you go out on a very cold day, you cannot avoid jostling against men, women, and children, like so many animated bales of cotton. The arms are forced out nearly into a horizontal position by the immense mass of cotton and furs around the body, being themselves enve-

loped in a due proportion of the same materials. I have seen children clad in this manner, so that I can say, I think without exaggeration, that the diameter through the body was equal to its perpendicular height. If once a little fellow falls down, or rather rolls over, he is utterly unable to get up without assistance. But this is quite a digression.

On the day of which I speak, the great number who came to pay their New Year offerings to their idols, either brought with them, or purchased at the entrance, one or more red wax candles, a bunch of incense-sticks, and a quantity of gilt or silvered paper, all of which they presented to one of the attendant Buddhist priests, whose duty it was to receive and burn them before the idol, while the devotee kneeled on a low bench, clasped his hands, and bowed profoundly to his god a number of times. All distinctions of rank seemed to be lost sight of during these ceremonies, for by the side of the most wealthy knelt the poorest, paying their devotions at the same moment.

The temple is called the "*Ching hwang miau*,"— "City guardian's temple." It is one of the principal in the city, and is certainly the most frequented. It is a very dark and gloomy building inside, its walls and roof blackened by the smoke from the burning incense, gilt or silvered paper, and the immense number of red wax candles that are continually burning before the idols. The principal one is a large, ugly figure, richly gilt, in a sitting posture, surrounded by many others as attendants. I was freely admitted to every part of the building, and while standing in a dark recess, a well-dressed female, just entering the temple from the back way, observed me

by the dim light, and as I stood perfectly still, she took me for one of the deities, and bowing several times most reverently, she passed on to her devotions, probably congratulating herself that she had propitiated at least one of the grim-looking monsters that inhabited the place. You may be assured that I did not feel very highly complimented at being classed in such company.

I left the place with a burdened heart, praying that a brighter day might soon dawn on this dark land of paganism.

On the afternoon of the same day, we went to the temple of Confucius. It consists of several spacious buildings in a large inclosure, and the whole has an air of cleanliness, arising, probably, from the fact that it is much less frequented than the other temples in the city. There is no image of the sage, but simply a wooden tablet, on which his name is inscribed, in large gilt characters. This is set up in a kind of recess, behind curtains of rich yellow silk, and before it is an altar on which incense is burnt to his spirit. This shrine is called "his spiritual seat," and he is regarded by his worshippers as taking cognizance of their devotions. As you approach this main building, which, though but one story, is about fifty feet high—there are, on either side of the large court, two others, much lower, about a hundred feet in length, and about the same distance apart, containing the tablets of two or three hundred other sages, of less renown. However high the veneration in which the Chinese hold Confucius and his associates, represented by their tablets, you would infer that their worship is not very popular, from the exhibition

of that day, for while all the temples we saw containing idols were thronged, we found not a solitary individual who had come to pay homage to the only one of all their deities deserving the least regard. Offerings of slain animals are presented to his spirit at this temple twice a year, but they have not taken place since our arrival.

The practice among the Chinese of burning articles for the use of the dead is well known. They suppose their deceased relatives to have a kind of spiritual existence, in such a condition, however, as to require the use of houses, servants, clothing, house-keeping utensils, money, etc., just as they did while living. They, therefore, provide houses of straw or bamboo, varying in size, costliness, and completeness of furniture, according to the wealth and station of the parties—from the dimensions of a bushel basket to those of an actual dwelling—and, by burning these, they believe they send them to their departed friends. There are thousands of persons in this city alone, who get their livelihood by the manufacture of articles for the use of the dead, principally of a substitute for money, made of thin paper, having a slight coating of tin foil. It is cut in pieces of such form as to resemble a boat, when pasted together, and great numbers of these small paper boats are strung together on a thread, and thus committed to the flames, with the firm belief that the persons for whom they are designed actually receive so many pieces of *sycee silver*, which is of the same form, and constitutes the chief silver currency of China. These masses of silver, called by foreigners *sycee*—a corruption of the Chinese name, “*si-sz*,” meaning “fine floss,” to denote its purity—

vary in value according to the weight—from twenty to fifty dollars. Real articles of clothing are burnt with the same intent, and the same confident expectations.

From the window of my dwelling, but a few days since, I saw the actual dress necessary for a man, spread out upon some straw and set fire to, while two women were standing by, uttering most doleful lamentations, which I was charitable enough to regard as real, until one of them stopped short in the midst of her cries, and, with the utmost coolness imaginable, requested a man who was present, as well as I could understand, to set fire to the straw on the other side, as the wind was blowing from a direction unfavorable to the rapid extension of the flames—probably fearing lest she and her companion might be kept mourning rather longer than was agreeable on a cold day. When this was done, she proceeded with her wailing, as loudly and bitterly as before. A little boy was also there, perhaps the son of the deceased, who, with his hands placed together, frequently bowed toward the burning pile. The women had bands of white—the mourning color of the Chinese—across their foreheads, and tied behind the head, the long ends hanging down the back. For a near relative, recently dead, they wear the whole outer dress of white, even to the shoes and the silk cord intertwined with the hair.

The moral condition of this vast country corresponds, in one particular, to its physical aspect. China is not only an immense valley of dry bones, in a spiritual sense, but it is actually one wide graveyard. The extensive plain around Shanghai, as far as the

eye can reach, in every direction, contains multitudes of mounds covering the dead. These constitute by far the most prominent feature in a scene, which, but for this, would be one of the most beautiful on which the eye ever feasted. For fertility it is unsurpassed in the world. Then, it is in a state of the most perfect cultivation—its fields neatly laid out, teeming with their crops of rice, cotton, wheat, and vegetables. Presenting many a copse of trees, and of luxuriantly-waving bamboos and evergreens, it is dotted with hamlets and cottages, and intersected everywhere by beautifully winding canals, rivers, and streams, throughout the whole landscape. But what sadly mars the prospect, is the occurrence of a grave or a comparatively naked coffin, every few steps, for miles around. In this part of China, they do not very often apparently dig a grave, but simply place the coffin upon the ground, and either inclose it with brick masonry, having a diminutive roof, like a house, or cover it with earth, or bind straw over it, or else leave it standing entirely exposed. The coffins are made of pine wood, from four to six inches in thickness, and are rendered remarkably tight by means of a kind of cement, so that any offensive smell is seldom perceived from the decaying body. Indeed, in numberless instances, the coffin, with its tenant, is kept for years in the same house, and often in the same room with the family, as is the case with our next door neighbor on the left; or if the dwelling be too small to accommodate both the living and the dead, the coffin is frequently placed just outside the door, as our nearest neighbor on the right has done with the one containing the body of his wife, who died

ten years ago. This latter is within three feet of the back door of our residence; and separated from us by a ditch or canal, ten or twelve feet wide, are the graves of hundreds, and I think I may safely say, of thousands, besides many coffins with no covering at all. Almost daily in our walks, we see coffins fallen into ruin from age, and the skeletons quite exposed. We frequently observed some of these receptacles of the dead, in the midst of a garden or tilled field, elevated two or three feet above the surface of the earth, upon four sticks, and whatever was planted in the spot, also growing under the coffin. On inquiring the reason of this, I was told the surviving friends were too poor to purchase a spot on which to place it, and were obliged to put it in that position, that it might take up no room on the ground. From this extreme parsimony of land devoted to the dead on the one hand, as in the case of the poorest, you will often find nearly an acre appropriated to the tomb of some distinguished mandarin, on the other, when it will be inclosed with a hedge or wall, and planted with evergreens.

A few afternoons since, we made a visit to a spot occupied by that loathsome, wretched class of people, the beggars, as their stopping place—it cannot be called residence. The settlement consists of about twenty lairs or dens, for they could not even be called huts, but merely a few pieces of worn-out mats, reaching from the ground on the sides, over a bamboo pole, raised about four feet from the earth, and thus forming a miserable covering, in shape somewhat like the roof of a house. The ends toward the north were closed, but those toward the south were left

open as the entrance. They were directly among the tombs, for they could not well be elsewhere, and be out of doors near Shanghai—the hollow space between two graves, with the addition of a little straw, furnishing the bed for the inmates. The only articles of furniture were a dish, in which to cook their rice, a bowl or two to eat it from, and a tea kettle. A rudely constructed furnace, just at the entrance, very poorly contrived for imparting heat, was probably intended to be used only for cooking. There was not the most distant approach to anything in the shape of a chair, table, bedstead, or box, and with all these articles the dwellings of the very poorest of the working classes are supplied. Each den was about twelve feet long, by four wide, and four high in the middle, sloping off to the ground on each side. The fragments of mats which formed the only covering, were precisely of the same kind as those used upon our floors in America. The inmates themselves it is difficult to describe, meagrely clad in rags, and filthy in the extreme—of both sexes, and in every stage of life, from helpless infancy to hoary age. It was a little remarkable that they did not importune us for money, as they do when we meet them in the streets. On the contrary, they seemed desirous to show us some civility, by offering us pipes and tobacco, and begged us to smoke. Many arts are practised to excite the pity of passers-by in the streets, and at places of public resort. One woman, not knowing that I discovered it, was pinching her infant child, and thus forcing it to scream as we passed along, thinking thereby to obtain alms from us. Another was sitting by her child as he lay

stretched out on the side of the street, apparently very ill with the small pox. I did not stop to examine it at that time, but supposed it was really the case, until I was informed by another missionary that he had seen the same child in apparently the same stage of the disease for the last two years. She puts drops of flour paste on its face to resemble the pustules of small pox. In Canton it is a very common practice to put out the eyes of the children, in order to insure greater success in begging. I recollect, while in that city, meeting a man, woman, and several children, apparently all of one family, and all blind.

There now lives in the next house to the one we occupy, a little boy who has been blind from his infancy, in consequence of a severe attack of small-pox. His mother is dead, and her body is the one contained in the coffin above described as being but one step from our door. He is a very sprightly, active, and affectionate little fellow, but has a gloomy prospect before him for life, as his friends are all very poor. It makes one feel sad to meet a blind person in a Christian land, whose mind and heart may yet discern the truths, and feel the power of the blessed Gospel, and who can, with an eye of faith, look forward with sweet anticipation to a bright world, where the glorified body shall enjoy perfect vision. But it is sadder still to see one *twice* blind—the inner man sealed up in moral, as the outer is in physical, darkness.

We have in our family, a little Chinese girl, ten years of age, who has been for a year and a half in the family of another missionary, but as their situation rendered it impracticable for them to keep her

any longer, we have taken her at their request, rather than allow her to go back to heathenism, after having been instructed in many truths of the Christian religion. She can read quite well in the Bible, has committed to memory several hymns, the ten commandments, the Apostles' creed, and repeats the Lord's Prayer every morning with us at family worship—all in the English language. She prepares a spelling lesson, one also in reading, writes a composition, and commits to memory a verse of Scripture every day. All these exercises are performed under the superintendence of Mrs. Taylor, who is also teaching her to sew and knit. She then, in turn, is imparting instruction to the nurse of our little boy, who is quite a sensible Chinese woman, and already manifests a strong desire to be taught the "*Yah-soo taw le*"—the "doctrines of Jesus." She now sits near me, eagerly studying the ten commandments in Chinese, as they have been read and explained to her by Annie—for this is the name of the little girl.

Feb. 24.—I have just completed to-day, with the assistance of my teacher in giving me the idiom, a history of the creation and the fall of man in the local dialect. It was entirely new to him and seemed to fill him with interest and surprise at every step. He has a family of grown-up children, and he said, as he was leaving me this evening, he would go home and tell them this strange narrative. I think he is fully persuaded of the folly of idolatry and the truth of the Christian religion, and my prayer to God is that his heart may be brought to experience the saving power of the Gospel. This is the point so difficult to attain, here as well as in Christian lands. We can

with comparative ease induce many to acknowledge the absurdity of their own superstitions and admit the truth of the Christian system, but it is quite another thing so to impress the doctrines of the Bible upon their consciences, that with the *heart* they will believe unto righteousness. Here lies the great trial of the missionary whose soul is in his work—it is not that he has left his home, his native land, his beloved kindred and friends, to see them perhaps no more on earth—no, this is light when compared with the grief that weighs down his spirit to see so little genuine, hearty, eager, joyful appreciation of “the truth as it is in Jesus”—so little *real* fruit of his labor after years of toil. But so it must be, “one soweth and another reapeth,” now is the seed-time and the harvest *will come* by and by—yes, blessed be His holy name, *the harvest will come*—the promise of our God stands engaged that “they who sow in tears shall reap in joy,” and, “he that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall, doubtless, come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him.” What matters, it, then, whether or not I live to see the result of my toil? the millions of China are to be converted to God—there is not a shadow of doubt on that point, and if faithful to the trust committed to me, I shall share in the final triumph.

## CHAPTER X.

### WHAT AND HOW THEY EAT—MARRIAGE.

Vegetable Productions—Animal Food—Cattle—Poultry—"Shanghai Fowls"—Artificial Egg-hatching—Raising Ducks—Fishing—Eating Rats, Puppies, etc.,—"Bird-nest Soup"—Shark Fins—Fruits—Peculiarities of Oranges and Persimmons—Other Fruits—"Japan Plum"—Nuts—Sugar—Modes of Cooking—Use of Oils—"Hen-Egg Cakes"—Abhorrence of Butter and Cheese—Native Names for these Articles—Milk—Mode of Eating—"Chopsticks"—Ideas of Politeness—A Chinese Feast—Great Number of Courses—An Intoxicating Drink—Manufacture of Salt, a Government Monopoly—Smuggling—Mode of Contracting Marriages—A "Go-between"—Betrothal—Marriage Ceremonies—Amusements.

As China stretches over many degrees of latitude and extends into the temperate and torrid zones, its productions are as numerous and varied as those of any country on the globe. Among its articles of vegetable diet, rice, as already stated, stands preëminent. Wheat, buckwheat, rye, barley, oats and corn, beans and peas of many varieties, sweet-potatoes and yams, pumpkins, squashes, cucumbers, egg-plants; watermelons and muskmelons; leeks, onions, and garlic, of which they are extravagantly fond; cabbage, cauliflower, tomatoes, turnips, carrots and parsnips. The young sprout of the bamboo is an excellent vegetable, and its taste much resembles that of green corn. There are also radishes,

lettuce, spinach, parsley, celery, and others. I have never found beets, "Irish" potatoes, nor okra, indigenous in China, but they have been introduced by foreigners for their own use, and will thus become known to the natives.

Of animal food, pork is the most common of any used by the Chinese, and they cure hams and bacon well. They also have very fine sheep and goats, and consequently, good mutton. Beef is seldom eaten, partly, and perhaps mainly, on account of a superstitious veneration for the ox, as so useful and indispensable in their agriculture. They do not, however, scruple to kill it and sell the beef to foreigners. Money is a wonderful remover of prejudice. Geese, ducks, and fowls, both of the tame and wild varieties, are abundant. The large fowl, known among us as the "Shanghai fowl," is peculiar to that part of the country. It is also my opinion, that those varieties called Cochin-China, Brahmapootra, and others, are all of this same breed. With reference to one of them, a gentleman who had lived in Cochin-China for many years, told me that so far from being very large, the fowls in that country were actually smaller than our own in America. Eggs there are, of course, but instead of allowing them to be hatched naturally, they have large establishments for hatching them by artificial heat. There was one of these concerns directly opposite my house, across the Yang-King-pang. It often had sixty thousand eggs at a time undergoing this process. They were placed in large trays made of straw over capacious mud furnaces around the sides of the apartment, in which the heat was graduated with great skill by the manipulators,

solely by their sense of feeling, as they have no thermometers. Thus warmed, the eggs were transferred to shelves, eight or ten feet broad, arranged in tiers, one above another, on strong frames, filling the middle portion of the large, dark room. Each shelf has a raised edge to prevent the eggs from rolling off, and is covered with a thick layer of cotton batting, on which the eggs are placed. They are then covered by another layer of the cotton to retain the heat, and are taken out and warmed whenever necessary. These beds, for such they are, are frequently inspected, and the peeping of little chicks or ducks is constantly heard as they are finding their way through the shells, into the great world without. When fairly emerged, they are taken by the operators in the establishment and kept warm, nursed and fed till they are large enough to be sold. These egg-hatchers perform the offices of the mother-hen so well, that you almost expect to hear them *cluck*. Thousands of eggs are bought and thousands of chickens and ducks are sold every day. The ducks are afterward raised in flocks, often of two hundred, by men who give their whole time and attention to this employment, as a shepherd does to the care of his sheep. These duckherds, with a long pole, gently drive their flocks from pond to pond, and watch them through the day—calling them up to be fed, and shutting them up at night.

Fish in great variety abound in the waters of China, among them are the carp, eel, sole, mullet, and flounder. Shad come up the rivers in the spring, and are as highly esteemed by the "Celestials" as by ourselves. Fishing by seines and nets

is the most common mode, but there are some other curious methods to be hereafter described. Among the shell-fish are lobsters, crabs and turtles; and on some parts of the coast, clams and oysters are found. Snails are boiled, and I have often seen the natives take them thus cooked, and suck the contents from the shell. The common large earth-worms are by some, collected, dried, salted and eaten as a relish. Not only have I seen frogs used as an article of diet, but have eaten the hind-legs myself, and found them as white, delicate, and pleasantly flavored as the tenderest fowl. Cats, rats and dogs are certainly to be enumerated in a complete list of Chinese eatables; but so far from being regarded as delicacies, they are only eaten by those who cannot afford anything better. Bird's-nest soup is, on the contrary, an expensive luxury. A certain species of swallow frequenting the islands southeast from China, cements with its bill the leaves, twigs, straws and feathers of which the nest is mainly composed—with a gelatinous substance which it collects from marine plants. These nests are gathered by the natives, from the rocks to which they are attached, and passed through repeated washings and scrapings, until nothing remains but a small, thin sheet of pure, clean gelatin. These sheets are dried and packed in bundles to be sent to their destined markets. The soup made of the bird's-nest thus prepared, is rich and nutritious. Sharks' fins are likewise highly prized, and form a soup of similar properties.

The fruits are: Peaches of several varieties, of which some are nearly if not quite as fine as those in the United States. Plums of different kinds, most of

which, by a singular perversion of taste, are eaten perfectly green. Pears abound, of very large size and juicy; but they are hard, even when fully ripe, coarse-grained and lacking in flavor. There are fine quinces, but the few apples are very indifferent. Some are very small and acid; others are quite large, beautiful and fragrant, but dry, spongy and tasteless. They are valued by the natives for smell and ornament. A few cherries are seen. There are fine grapes and pomegranates. Oranges are in abundance and of all sizes when ripe, from that of a walnut, to that common among us. The rind is so tender that it can easily be torn off without the use of a knife, and the divisions of the pulp almost fall apart in your hands. They are not perfectly round, but flattened at the ends, and the flavor, though decidedly pleasant, is not quite so delicious as that of the West India orange. There is, however, a variety, known among foreigners as the "Hong-Kong orange," that nearly resembles in every respect that familiar to us. The persimmon grows to an enormous size—eight inches in circumference is common for it, and I have measured one that was ten. It is of a deep golden color, and has a rich, sweet taste, like that in our Southern States; but it ripens before frost, and is not shrivelled. You can tear open the thin, smooth rind and eat it with a spoon, as you would a custard. The fig, guava and olive, and a fruit which foreigners call "dates"—though not the real date—are also found, and in the south of China, the banana, plantain, pine-apple, shaddock, lemon and citron. We saw but very few berries of any kind except the gooseberry. There is a wild strawberry growing

abundantly about Shanghai, but it is insipid and worthless. English strawberries have been introduced there by foreigners, and thrive well. There are several other varieties of fruits that are not known among us, and consequently have no English names; except as some of them will admit of translation, such as, for instance, the "yellow-skin" and the "dragon-eye." One has been lately introduced into this country by the name of the "Japan plum." It certainly is not peculiar to Japan, for it abounds at Shanghai, and its name is *Pe-bo*.

The most common nuts are cocoa-nuts, walnuts, chestnuts, almonds, filberts, and ground-nuts, or, as they are variously called in different parts of this country—pea-nuts, ground-peas, goobers or pindars.

Sugar is made from the cane, which is now well known in the United States, as the "Chinese sugar-cane," and is extensively used in making confections, sweet-meats, and preserves, of which the ginger put up at Canton in small blue jars, is most familiar to us. Their modes of cooking are boiling, baking, broiling, frying and stewing. Much fat is required in some of these processes; but as lard is expensive, vegetable oils, expressed from certain varieties of beans, and from cotton-seed, are generally used in cooking, as well as for burning. Even castor-oil may be included among them. Their flour, which is very fine—they make into a great variety of cakes and dumplings, some of which, in appearance, are not unlike many of ours; but they differ widely in taste. We were not a little, and yet agreeably, surprised to find in their provision shops—sponge-cake, nicely made, precisely as it is among ourselves, and quite

palatable. The Chinese name for it, signifies "hen-egg cake." Vermicelli is abundant, cheap and nutritious. It may seem strange that they make no bread, nor is there any word in their language that corresponds to that term. Butter and cheese, also, are unknown among the Chinese, except as we have described to them the process of making these articles; and they have applied to one, the term, "cow-milk grease," and to the other, "cow-milk cake;" but they have a great abhorrence at eating them. Milk is but little if at all used, except for infants and persons of extreme age. Woman's milk is often sold for this purpose. Being very fond of highly-seasoned food, they use many condiments, sauces and catsups. One of these has a taste very similar to that of the celebrated "Worcestershire sauce."

They sit around a table at their meals, though workmen out of doors may often be seen stooping to the ground around their large bowl of rice, which is always the principal dish at every meal. In the house, it occupies the middle of the table and a small bowl is placed at each seat, with two straight sticks, ten inches long, lying by the side of it. These are "chopsticks" and supply the place of a knife and fork, but both are held in one hand. They are made of wood, bamboo, ivory or silver, according to circumstances. Each person fills his bowl with rice from the large one by a ladle, and then holding it to his mouth, stuffs and almost shovels in the rice with his chopsticks, till you wonder what becomes of it—so quickly has it disappeared. He then takes with his two sticks—handling them most dexterously—a bit of meat, fish or vegetable, as the case may be, that \*

which required cutting having been divided into mouthfuls by the knife in the kitchen, before it was brought to the table. There is usually some kind of gravy, which each one can put on his rice with a small china ladle. This ladle serves as a spoon when soups or stews form a part of the meal. If one of your companions at the table, wishes to pay you a particular compliment, he dips the ladle, which has been in his own mouth, into the stew or gravy and helps you to it, pouring it over the rice in your bowl. Or again, he will take up with his chopsticks a delicate morsel and deposit it on your rice. If he thinks your chopsticks are not sufficiently clean or nice he wipes his own by drawing them through his hands, after having sucked them clean, and then passes them over to you. At a feast, or a special dinner-party, there is a variety of dishes, and a number of courses, in proportion to the ability and position of the host. Forty or fifty courses are not uncommon among the wealthy, and the repast always begins with what we should consider the dessert and ends with plain boiled rice. In lieu of table napkins, there is a pile of pieces of red paper, about five inches square, and as each course is changed, you must take one, and having wiped your fingers with it, throw it upon the floor. The variety of preparations is certainly very great, and many of them are as delicate and well-flavored as any one could desire. Such at least is my own opinion, founded on actual experience; for, just in order to inform myself, I have done what, perhaps, few foreigners who visit China venture upon—imagining the presence of some canine or feline ingredient—have tasted most of the

dishes at a fashionable Chinese dinner, even when the appearance and odor suggested something disagreeable, and have often found them exceedingly palatable.

Women are never seen at the table with men, in families where the national etiquette is at all observed; but you may often see it disregarded in the dwellings of the humbler classes.

An intoxicating beverage is distilled from rice, resembling the best whisky. It is taken in very small quantities, always warm and sweetened. But although there are numerous shops where it is sold—"liquor shops"—yet a drunken Chinaman is comparatively a rare sight.

The manufacture of salt is a government monopoly, and the tariff on it is very high; but there are large quantities made and smuggled into market. It is often amusing to see a poor woman, with perhaps some article of her dress made to serve as a small, temporary sack, hobbling along with it on her shoulder, filled with the contraband article; and sometimes skulking and dodging about, looking suspiciously at every one she meets.

Marriages are contracted by parents for their children during infancy; nor, according to the usage of the country, can the parents of the one child negotiate directly with those of the other. An indispensable actor in the transaction, is a "middle person"—commonly called in English a "go-between." This individual may be either a man or a woman, and is generally an intimate friend of one family or the other. Supposing it a woman—she ascertains upon inquiry among families of the same social position, if

a matrimonial alliance between them would be agreeable, giving to each all the information desired respecting the other. If there be no objection, she inquires of them the precise date of the birth of the two children—the boy generally being, at least, a year or two the elder—and consults a fortune-teller or an astrologer, who, by comparing their horoscopes, pronounces whether a marriage between them will be fortunate or otherwise. If the response is favorable, it is so announced to the parents of both, and presents of greater or less value, according to their station in life, are exchanged between the families as a ratification of the betrothal. If the girl dies before marriage, another is sought for the youth in the same manner as at first. But if he dies, it is far more reputable for his betrothed to live single--she sometimes becomes a nun. Presents are sent annually, and communication is kept up by messages, or writing, or both, during the years that elapse till the marriage; but the affianced pair do not see each other until the hour of their nuptials. When both become of suitable age—say from fifteen to twenty—one of the “lucky days” is selected for this event, which is always consummated at the house of the bridegroom, whose parents provide a sumptuous feast on the occasion. The bride is arrayed in her costliest attire—has a gaudy head-dress projecting several inches over her face, glittering with strings of pendant beads, while from its square front hangs the veil which hides her face. A “flowery sedan,” with four bearers, is hired to convey her to the residence of her future husband. This vehicle is of much larger dimensions than those used for ordinary purposes—is

covered with flaming red cloth, gaily embroidered, and has long, heavy, silken tassels hanging from the four corners of its projecting top. On leaving her home, and taking her seat in the bridal sedan, she breaks out into the most violent lamentations, which must be continued, according to "custom," throughout the whole progress of the procession, till she reaches the entrance of her future abode; for the newly-married pair always live for some time with the parents of the husband, to whom the wife becomes a servant. Especially does his mother often exercise over her a most tyrannical and exacting authority. So much so, that the cruelty of a mother-in-law has passed into a proverb. The bride is aware of this, and hence her wailing on leaving the home of her childhood for a new one, where she may be treated with a rigorous harshness. The sedan is preceded by men and boys carrying gay flags and lighted lanterns, even in the daytime; and then comes a band of musicians, consisting of twelve boys in uniform, walking in pairs, and wearing long drab gowns, black or claret-colored velvet jackets, and red-tasseled caps. Prominent among their instruments is the gong, of course; then cymbals, horns, trumpets, and several others, which for want of any other name in English, I shall call clarionets, fifes, flageolets, and flutes, because they bear some resemblance to those instruments. Next comes a long train of well-grown boys, also walking two and two in holiday costume, which differs from that worn by the musicians, only in that the gowns are of light-blue, figured silk, and the jackets of dark-blue broadcloth. When the procession arrives at the place of its destination, packs of fire-

crackers are let off, and strings of gilt paper burned near the entrance at which the sedan is set down. The "go-between" opens its door, leads out the veiled bride, and conducts her into the reception-room, or "ancestral hall," where the guests are already assembled. At its further end, stands a table, on which are burning red wax candles and sticks of incense, in honor of the ancestors, whose pictorial representations hang over it against the wall. Here the groom (see Webster) is waiting, and receives his bride with a simple bow; then both kneel reverently, and bow three times to the pictures of their ancestors. The "go-between" then takes two pieces of narrow, thin silk—each about a yard in length—the one green and the other red, and tying an end of each together, puts the other end of the green silk into his right hand, and the red into hers. They then kneel face to face, and bow to each other three times; then, rising to their feet, turn and worship their ancestors again in the same manner. Repeating these alternate genuflections several times, the ceremony is completed, and the groom leads his bride into an adjoining apartment, where he takes off the veil, and beholds her face for the first time in his life. He then comes out, expressing in his looks satisfaction or disappointment, and receives the congratulations or condolence of his friends; while the females present enter the room he has left, and salute the bride simply in words—the Chinese never kiss. The tables laden with luxuries next receive due attention—the males eating in one apartment, and the females in another. So the remainder of the day, with several more in succession, are passed in festivities, consisting

of dinner parties, given by relatives and friends, amusements, and general hilarity. The dower of the bride consists in part, and often entirely, in the furniture for her apartment—all of red—and her wardrobe, in red trunks and boxes, borne along by coolies in the wedding-procession. As yellow is the imperial, so red is the festive color, among the Chinese.

A favorite pastime with the Chinese gentry consists in leisurely lounging or walking about, carrying rare birds in fanciful cages. Some of the most common out-of-door amusements are kite-flying, hopscotch, and shuttlecock. In the latter, much dexterity is exhibited by the players in keeping the feathered cork flying between them, by striking it with the bottom of the foot. No battle-door is ever used. Kites are made to resemble men, birds, dragons, and even, jointed, wriggling centipedes. I have seen them like the latter, thirty feet long.

## CHAPTER XI.

### NOTIONS OF MEDICINE AND DISEASE—PUNISHMENTS—PAU-SHAN.

Medical Practice—Native Ideas of Medicines and Anatomy—Diseases—Smallpox—Singular mode of Inoculation—Letters—Chinese Names and Titles—Modes of Punishment—Beating—The “Cangue”—Great Severity and Barbarity—City Prison—“Squeezing”—The Wooden Cage—Modes of Capital Punishment—Beheading—Strangulation—Modes of Suicide—Its Object—Flaying Alive—Cutting to Pieces—A Trip to Pau-shan—Description of the City—High embankment—Battery—Cannon—Scene of a Battle—Chinese Bravery—Deification of a General after his Death.

I HAVE found, says my journal, my medical practice of great service to me in gaining the confidence and good will of the people, though they are not at all hostile to foreigners. The other day I performed a successful operation on a poor man's eye, which relieved him so much that he is expressing his thankfulness to me every day, as he is a very near neighbor. He was formerly a wealthy man, but by some reverse of fortune, has been reduced to deep poverty; and as he was rapidly becoming blind, he presented altogether a most pitiable appearance; but since he has the prospect of prolonged eyesight, and that, too, much improved, he is greatly encouraged, and looks like quite another man.

In several instances where relief has been afforded,

the patients have manifested the most extravagant gratitude. They are greatly surprised that I will furnish them remedies so far superior to the absurd combinations of their own apothecaries, and yet receive nothing by way of remuneration in return. One poor fellow showed me a *dried centipede*, about three inches in length, which he was about to pulverize and take in a draught of tea, as a remedy for rheumatism in his knee! He said he had taken one already. This was in accordance with one of the principles of Chinese medical philosophy, which is, that small portions of certain animals, taken internally, will impart the qualities that distinguish these animals, to the persons who take the remedies. Therefore, because the centipede is remarkably flexible, it would render flexible a limb stiff with rheumatism!

The compounders of native medicines take a live deer and beat it in a large stone mortar—hide, hair, horns, hoofs, bones, flesh, and entrails—to an undistinguishable mass, which they make up in large pills, to be sold to persons who have become infirm or decrepit, either from age or disease, with the idea that they will impart agility and renewed vigor to those thus enfeebled, because, forsooth, the deer is an active animal!

In accordance with this sage theory, pills made of the bones of tigers are given to soldiers before going into battle, to render them fierce and brave.

The native physicians always feel the pulse in both wrists before they prescribe. They assert that there is a difference in the pulsations, and they distinguish nearly a hundred varieties in the character of the pulse.

As they never practise dissection—having a great

horror at cutting a dead subject, and indeed a living one also; for the use of the knife in surgery is unknown among them—their ideas of anatomy are exceedingly crude and absurd. For instance, in some drawings pretending to show the internal structure of the human body, you will see exhibited five parallel tubes leading from the throat to the stomach.

Notwithstanding these ridiculous crudities, experience has taught them the properties of many really valuable remedial agents, mostly vegetable, of which they have an immense variety—herbs, barks, roots, leaves, gums, and berries. They also have some mineral medicines, among which are several preparations of iron, copper, gold, silver, and mercury. They call the last “water silver.”

The diseases prevalent at Shanghai are similar to those in corresponding latitudes and localities in America; but the native treatment, being entirely empirical, is far from being as successful.

When there is temporary aberration of mind, as often occurs during sickness, they say the soul has left the body; and we have sometimes heard the relatives of the sufferer, howling about the vicinity of the dwelling through the whole night, calling the strayed soul to return home to its abode.

Diseases of the eye are far more common than among us, and great numbers of persons, of all ranks and ages, thus afflicted, presented themselves to me for treatment. Many were relieved by local applications, and many others by operations. Cutaneous diseases are also very prevalent, especially among the lower classes of the people, arising mainly from their want of attention to personal cleanliness. Here, also, for the

first time, I saw leprosy. It is contagious, and regarded as incurable. Smallpox is common, but they have learned to guard against its ravages by inoculation in infancy. The mode is singular. Selecting that age of the child, the condition of the system, and the season of the year which experience has taught them to be most favorable, they take a bit of cotton, and going to one who has the disease fully developed, open a pustule, saturate the cotton in the virus, and insert it into both nostrils of the child. This, of course, communicates the disease. Their treatment is chiefly dieting, exclusion from light, and keeping the body and limbs confined in a bag, which is tied around the neck. The issue is generally favorable, but it sometimes results in death. Vaccination has been introduced by foreign physicians, and greatly delights the natives, as being far less troublesome and hazardous, while it is nearly, if not quite as efficacious. I saw a case of *elephantiasis*, in which the man's leg at the knee was twenty-seven inches in circumference. It was hard and rough like that of an elephant—hence the name.

Chinese names, and indeed all other words in their language, are monosyllabic. To accommodate themselves to this peculiarity, most of the missionaries use but one syllable of their proper surnames, as it is more convenient both in speaking and writing, and is less strange to the people. Accordingly my Chinese name is *Tay*, to which they add the words *seen-sang*, by way of respect, as among themselves. In their usual acceptation, these words signify "teacher," "Mr.," "Sir," or "Esq." but rendered literally, *earlier born*, or elder.

Here are three letters written to me by one of my patients:

"Respectfully imploring of *Tay seen-sang's* genii-like pills, one dose. *Yoh-Yeu's* body is sick. His face is red and puffed out. There is all the time much expectoration and cough, with difficulty of breathing. The entrance into his stomach is not open (i. e., cannot eat). His four limbs are also puffed out. The bones in his side, when he coughs, are painful. He cannot lie down long at a time, and is very much confused. He prays you to bestow your spiritual (i. e., your efficacious) medicine, for which, when swallowed, and he is perfectly recovered, it will be his duty to worship and thank you.

"The later born, *Yoh*, entreats."

Later born, i. e., younger, is tantamount to "Your obedient servant."

"Stooping and praying *Tay seen-sang* that he will yet again bestow of his genii-like medicines, one dose. For in my sickness my breath is very short, and my four limbs are much swollen. My stomach's entrance is not open. I pray and implore some of your spiritual medicine, and then I shall be perfectly well. Your teacher can make all this as clear as lightning.

"1st moon, 23d day.

"The later born, *Yoh*, entreats."

"Stooping and entreating for *Tay seen-sang's* genii-like pills. *Yoh-Yeu's* sickness dosed with your pills, his disease will be perfectly cured, as if by divinely devised, mysterious medicine. To-day at 10 o'clock, wishing to return home, I most respectfully beg yon

again to bestow of your spiritual pills, several doses, so that I may be entirely well : and on the day that I come to Shanghai again, at your door will I worship and thank you not merely once.

"1st moon, 27th day.

"The later born, *Yoh*, entreats."

This poor fellow was a cabinet maker, from the neighboring port of Ningpo, and was in a truly pitiable condition when I first saw him. He went home, however, nearly well, taking some Christian books and tracts which I had given him. The gratuitous medical relief he had experienced, was also as I learned, a powerful argument to his mind in favor of the religious truths that had been pressed upon his attention ; and this we found to be universally the case.

I was once requested to visit a man in the city prison, who, for some comparatively trifling offence, had been most cruelly beaten with a flat bamboo, five feet long and three inches wide, upon the fleshy portions of one thigh and leg, until the life of the parts was entirely destroyed, and the whole mass bruised to a jelly. When I first saw him, the leg was swollen to twice its natural size, mortification had commenced, and it was too late to save his life : he died within thirty hours after. Culprits are frequently beaten on the cheek with a similar instrument of smaller size. In the same apartment with the unfortunate man above alluded to, were four others, confined together by a heavy chain attached to iron collars on their necks. Some had already suffered in the manner above described, though not so severely as to prevent

them standing and indulging in as much motion as five feet of chain would allow to each man. There was a poor old man sitting near them in the "*cangue*," which was four feet square, made of plank two inches in thickness, and had a hole in the middle large enough for the neck. It was so heavy that the wearer was compelled to hold his head and body inclined forward, to allow one corner of the cangue to rest on the bench on which he was sitting. He told me he was suffering this punishment because he could not pay his taxes. This may have been true or not. You may frequently see criminals wearing this instrument of torture, seated on the side of some crowded street, or in some place of public resort, having their names, residence and the nature of the crimes for which they are thus punished, written in large characters on paper, which is pasted on the sides of the cangue. While in this situation it is impossible for them to raise the hand to the head, and they can only eat as they are fed by another. The punishments in China often are most unjustly disproportionate to the offence, and are so cruel that the people are kept in subjection by the terror which these dreadful inflictions strike into their hearts. There is no doubt in my own mind, but this is one of the many reasons why so many millions of people are ruled with comparatively so small a force. If a crime is committed, the persons accused or most suspected, are arrested, and it matters very little to the authorities whether they are guilty or innocent, the punishment is inflicted unless the party be rich enough either to bribe the judges and escape, or to hire a substitute to undergo the suffering in his stead. The laws admit of this, and a case occurred in Canton

not long since, where a man actually consented, for the sum of five hundred dollars, to take the place of another condemned to die, and accordingly was executed. When asked why he did this, he replied that his family was poor, and as that sum invested would provide for them during their lives, he was willing to sacrifice his own to procure it for them.

The city prison has the appearance of a series of large cages—one side consisting of strong wooden bars, reaching from the eaves to the ground. They are often crammed with unfortunates, mostly incarcerated for petty offences. So neglected are they by the jailers, who often pocket the money given them by the magistrates to buy food for the prisoners, that they sometimes nearly starve, and perhaps would quite perish, did not their relatives or friends come and feed them.

Thus huddled together, they also become covered with vermin, and contract loathsome diseases. Nor is it an uncommon thing for the poor creatures to die there. I once procured the release of a man who had been working for me—but had been unjustly accused, arrested and imprisoned in this pest-house—by threatening the magistrate with the interposition and displeasure of the American Consul.

These villainous officers will frequently seize and drag to prison, for no cause whatever, persons whom they suspect of having money, simply to extort an offer of a sum for their release. This common practice is designated in the Canton-English jargon, as "*squeeze pidjin*"—the term "pidjin" being a singular corruption of the word "business."

I once saw a man who had been caught stealing at

a fire, confined in a wooden cage about four feet high, and three feet square, with his head protruding through a hole in the top, which fitted closely about his neck. Thus placed, he could neither stand upright nor sit down, but was kept in an exceedingly painful, half-stooping posture, till at the expiration of two days, as I was afterward informed, death came to his relief.

The mode of capital punishment in Canton, is, as we have seen, by decapitation. Here at Shanghai, it is by strangulation, after the following method: A post is set firmly in the ground, and a hole bored through it, just at the height of the neck of the culprit. He is placed with his back against it, and his hands are pinioned behind. A rope is then passed in a loop through the hole, over the head and around the neck of the victim. Two men, each taking an end of the rope, draw it tightly, till the poor wretch is strangled. I did not wish to witness the execution, but went afterward and looked at the post.

Hanging, drowning and poisoning, are resorted to for suicide, by those to whom life is no longer endurable; and strangely enough too, by those also who wish to take vengeance of an enemy. It is more dreaded by the object of such revenge, than almost any other, because it is believed that the spirit of an enemy thus set free, has the power to afflict and torment, in all conceivable ways, the surviving adversary through all his days. Cruel husbands fear a threat of this sort of retaliation, by an oppressed wife, more than any other, and often modify their treatment when they have reason to think it will be carried into effect. A woman once hung herself to a tree not far from my

residence, for this very purpose, and her unkind liege-lord was in a terrible state of alarm on account of the anticipated and fearful visitations of her enraged spirit.

Flaying alive, tearing with pincers, and hacking to pieces, are also among the punishments in their criminal code.

On one occasion I went, accompanied by Mrs. Taylor and a friend, in a covered native boat, to visit a walled town twenty miles distant from this place, by water, and two miles north of Woosung, the village at the mouth of the river on which Shanghai is situated—the Hwang-pn, at its junction with the Yang-tszi-Kiang, which is here twenty miles wide. As the country here is lower than the river, it is protected from inundation by an embankment or levee, twenty or thirty feet high, which extends, we were informed, for many miles into the interior. Landing at Woosung, we walked along on the top of this embankment for two miles, having the wide, level, highly-cultivated country, sprinkled with cottages and hamlets on our left, and the great river of China on our right, bounded by the horizon, in its course toward the sea. There is a very strong resemblance between this river and the adjacent country, protected by this embankment, and the Mississippi with the lands bordering on it, near New Orleans. This embankment, faced with heavy stone masonry on the side toward the water, for three miles in extent, was, during the Opium War, seven years before, surmounted with a battery of one hundred and thirty-four guns. Most of these cannon were of enormous size, and were still lying there, on their huge, immovable

frames, with their yawning mouths yet pointing toward the broad entrance to the river. Some that we saw were fifteen feet long, and would carry a ball nine inches in diameter. This point was the scene of one of the most hotly-contested engagements in the whole war. It was stated that the Chinese worked their guns with more skill and effect than had ever before been known. They also fought bravely hand to hand with the British, who had landed, but were at last forced to retire, leaving a hundred dead on the field. Among them was the General, Chin, who was deified by the Emperor for his bravery, and to whose image, sitting in his robes of state, in a temple erected to his memory, in Shanghai, divine honors are paid. It was announced after his death that he sent down word from heaven that he had been appointed second general-in-chief to the Board of Thunder, in which capacity he intended to exterminate the "red-haired devils," and so repay the imperial favor; for the emperor had given his family a thousand taels of silver, and advanced his son to the first literary degree, corresponding to "Bachelor of Arts."

When in London, five years after, I saw among the trophies in the Tower, a curious brass cannon that was among those captured in that battle on this very spot. Only those of iron were left in the places where they were found, and where we saw them.

A half hour's walk on this splendid embankment brought us to Pau-shan, for this is the name of the town. It is surrounded by a brick wall, about twenty feet high, has four gates like those of Shanghai, and contains a population of about five thousand. We

entered the eastern one, and were quite surprised at finding multitudes of people, but scarcely any shops. We soon learned, however, that the town was almost exclusively occupied by the families of those cultivating the fields without the walls, and that they lived in this manner within the city, for greater security against the pirates who formerly made frequent attacks upon the defenceless farmers. I distributed a large number of tracts and copies of the Ten Commandments to the people who crowded around us in the narrow streets; and while Mrs. T. and our friend went into the cool recess of a large temple to rest after their walk, I stood on the stone steps at the door without, and addressed the multitude that had assembled, for about an hour, on the first and second commandments. They listened attentively, said they understood me, and assented to the excellence of the doctrine, as they are generally ready to do, but, at the same time, they manifest an apathy that is most painful to the heart of the missionary. After a short time we returned to our boat, ate a cold dinner with a hearty relish, and, with the favorable tide, were on our way back to Shanghai.

## CHAPTER XII.

### PREPARATION OF TEA—AGRICULTURE—FUEL.

Modes of preparing "Green Tea" and "Black Tea"—Prussian Blue  
—Personal Observation—Signification of the different Names of Teas  
—Agricultural Implements—Two Varieties of Oxen—Culture of  
Rice—Mode of Manuring—Floating Gardens—Fuel—Wood—Coal  
—Hand and Foot Stoves—How Beds are warmed in Winter—  
The "Bamboo" or Cane—Its many Uses—Sedans—How made—  
Funeral Processions—Customs on such occasions.

As the tea-plant does not grow in the vicinity of Shanghai, but in the hilly portions of the country, we know little of its culture from personal observation. A few facts may be mentioned to correct some erroneous notions that are prevalent among our countrymen at home.

The same plant produces all the varieties. The different times of gathering, and modes of preparation, cause all the difference between those kinds known by so many distinct names—both of green and black. The leaves only are picked, and not the flowers: they are all rolled with the fingers. Those dried rapidly in iron basins over a fire become "*green tea*," while those thrown into very hot basins, then taken quickly out, exposed to the sun for a while, and afterward dried over a fire, become "*black tea*." These "*pans*," as some writers call them, but more

correctly, bowls or basins, for they are nearly semi-globular in shape, and about eighteen inches in diameter—are always of iron—never of copper. A mixture of prussian blue and gypsum is used in the preparation of some green teas; but the better qualities are generally perfectly pure.

The native building on the North Gate street in which we lived during the first year of our residence at Shanghai, was rented, after we left it, to a tea-merchant. On visiting it afterward, I found he had turned our former kitchen into a *tea-coloring* room. There were around the sides of the apartment, fourteen of these iron bowls, set in mortar on the top of as many brick furnaces, in which moderate fires were burning. Thirteen of the bowls were half-filled with tea-leaves, and a man stood at each, rapidly stirring them with his hand. The remaining bowl contained a quantity of this bluish-green coloring matter, which another was also stirring. To this, one the men from the others would come every few minutes, and, taking from it a small quantity of the contents, would return and stir it, each into his bowl of the leaves, till they had acquired the requisite hue. The exceedingly minute quantity of prussian blue that any person could imbibe, in drinking tea from leaves thus prepared, precludes, in my opinion, the possibility of injury resulting therefrom.

The significations of some of the names by which teas are known, are as follows—making due allowance for the changes and corruption they undergo, in form and sound, in being *Anglicized*. “*Hyson*” means “before the rains,” or “flourishing spring”—that is, early in the spring. Hence, it is often called

"Young Hyson." "Hyson skin" is composed of the refuse of the other kinds, the native term for which means "tea-skins." Refuse, of a still coarser description, containing many stems, is called "tea-bones." "Bohea" is the name of the hills in the region where it is collected. "Pekoe," or "Pecco," means "white hairs"—the down on the tender leaves. "Pouchong"—"folded plant." "Souchong"—"small plant." "Twan-kay" is the name of a stream in the province whence it is brought. "Congo" is from a term signifying "labor," from the care required in its preparation.

Agriculture is carried to a high degree of perfection among the Chinese. They can probably produce more from a piece of land of given size, than any other people on earth. Their implements are simple and primitive. The plough consists of a horizontal beam mortised into another, at an angle of about forty-five degrees. The latter is a little sharpened at the point, where it meets the ground, and the upper end is tapered and slightly curved into a single handle. This is held by one hand, and in the other is a cord attached to the nose of the ox that is geared to the plough by rope traces, and a single-tree. In the soft land about Shanghai no iron plough-share or blade is required; but such are doubtless used in other parts of the country, where the soil is more difficult to break up. The harrow and hoe are quite similar to ours.

There are two distinct varieties of cattle. One is a large, clumsy, ugly animal, and has almost as little hair as an elephant, which it also much resembles in color. Its horns are somewhat like those of the buffalo: hence it is called by foreign residents the

"Buffalo-ox." But its native name signifies "Water-ox," given from its exceeding fondness of the water; in which it will remain for hours entirely submerged, except its nose. It is a vicious animal, and can be held only by a strong cord passed through the dividing cartilage between the nostrils. The other variety—the "yellow ox," is much smaller, being not more than three and a half feet in height, while the other is four and a half. It is neatly and symmetrically formed, has slender, well shaped legs, and a cartilaginous protuberance, covered with long hair, on the top of the neck, about midway between the shoulders and horns; the latter are short and blunt, and bear the appearance of having been broken off—being but about four inches in length. It is generally bay, but sometimes of various colors, like the cattle of our own country, and its hair is short, thick, soft, and glossy. As there are no fences nor hedges between adjacent fields and farms, the cattle must always be tethered, when allowed to feed about the grave mounds, or by the public path-sides, which constitute their principal public grazing grounds. But very few of them are raised, because they are only needed for ploughing and harrowing; and as the amount of land owned by one family is at most but small—often not being more than an acre, and even less—one ox can do the work of a half dozen farmers, and they share his support among them. The mills also, for grinding cotton or other seed for oil, or the grains for flour, are turned mostly by these oxen, working singly, like a horse in a bark-mill in our own country. There is no water-power near Shanghai for these mills; but I saw one thus turned on a hill-side during a

trip to Nanking, about two hundred miles from the sea. The few cattle are fed during winter on cakes of ground cotton-seed from which the oil has been expressed.

In the cultivation of rice, a small patch, of perhaps forty or fifty feet square, is sown with the seed as thickly as it can possibly grow. When about six inches high it is pulled up in handfuls, which are tied by a wisp of grass or straw, into bundles. These are carried in large two-handled baskets to the field, which has been prepared, by being well broken up and overflowed with water, which remains upon it to the depth of five or six inches. The bunches of rice seedlings are then scattered all over the field; and from six to twelve men begin at one end of it, picking up the bunches as they come to them, and then detaching a single root at a time, transplant them one by one, six inches apart, till the whole field is stocked. Thus every stalk of rice in the empire passes through human fingers.

The mode of cultivating most other vegetables is so nearly similar to our own as not to require special description, except perhaps to say, that more care is used in the preparation of the soil, and that it is far more highly manured than among us. Guano has been brought from South America, and its extraordinary virtues have been set forth, in advertisements posted up in public places, and circulated among the people. The experiment is still in the bud, but it never can supersede such ordure as are now in universal use throughout the empire, though it may be introduced and extensively used. The present mode of manuring, and collecting manure, is disgusting and loathsome to the last degree. Every field

has its large open vat, or else an enormous jar of coarse earthenware, partly sunken in the ground, into which the large buckets of human filth, purchased from the owners of the public sinks in the city, are emptied. It is then diluted by the addition of water, and thrown over the field or garden with long-handled wooden dippers, filling the air with the most intolerable odors. The result, however, is seen in the amazing luxuriance of these fields and vegetable gardens, and the wonderful productiveness thus imparted.

You may occasionally see a raft or large shallow box of well fitted plank, some twelve or fifteen feet square, having sides about six inches high. It is filled with earth, and is afloat on the waters of the creek, river, canal or lake; and its contracted space is so carefully and economically cultivated that it well-nigh, if not entirely, supplies all the vegetables used by the family who own this *floating garden*, either attached to their *floating dwelling*—their boat, or moored near the shore.

Fuel is scarce and expensive. Wood is brought in bundles, each containing about an armful, down from the far interior on boats, and sold to wholesale dealers. These bundles are then divided into smaller ones, of various sizes, in the retail shops, where you can buy a pound, or a half pound, if you like. It is sold by weight. So also is coal, which is found here in both varieties—antracite and bituminous, brought from distant mines. Besides these, the natives collect, dry, and preserve for fuel, whatever will burn, if it be not more valuable for some other purpose. The tall weeds that grow abundantly on the banks of canals, rivers, and pools—those also that are found in

burial-grounds and along way-sides—bushes, vines, grass, and straw, all are carefully gathered in autumn, and laid away for cooking during the winter.

Certain preparations of mineral coal and charcoal, coarsely powdered, are mixed with water and some adhesive substance, then formed by the hand or molded into small balls, and dried, to be sold for burning in hand-stoves and foot-stoves. These are made of brass or copper, polished, and have covers wrought in fanciful open-work. They are half-filled with ashes. One of the combustible balls is then ignited by being placed in a fire for a few moments. It is then transferred to the copper foot-stool, and is covered with the ashes. It will there impart sufficient heat to keep the feet warm for a whole day, before it is entirely consumed. The small balls for the hand-stoves cost one coin—the larger ones, two. This is the only fuel I have ever seen used by the people generally, *expressly* for warming themselves. Of course, whenever a fire is required for cooking, or any other purpose, they also avail themselves of the opportunity; but so soon as the process is finished—cooking, for example—they instantly extinguish the fire. If it be in the winter season, they often transfer the glowing embers to an earthen pan, and place it under a crib made of straw, twisted and fastened, as we have seen bee-hives—the lower part being made close so as to retain the heat, which would communicate warmth to the infant in the upper. It has been stated to me that in the more northern parts of the country, where the winters are longer, and the cold intense, beds for adults as well as children are constructed over ovens, for this same purpose.

The bamboo forms beautiful groves for ornament and shade; the sprout, before it appears above the ground, is an excellent article of food. It always attains its full size in one year, for it grows with amazing rapidity. I measured one in my own yard, and found it had grown eighteen inches in twenty-four hours. It then supplies material for an immense variety of uses; for it grows much larger than the cane in our own country, with which it is identical—being often six inches in diameter, and then forming, with its natural joints, for the bottom, small buckets, cups, and boxes, without number. It furnishes handles for hoes, rakes, shovels, brooms, and poles for every purpose for which they can be required. Of it, chairs, tables, bedsteads, settees, baskets, pipes, musical instruments, and an innumerable variety of other articles are made. It is almost as indispensable to the Chinese as iron itself. In some parts of the country I have seen the entire frame of the cottages of the poor made of the bamboo, while, splintered, it is woven into mats and screens, and twisted into ropes.

The frame of the sedan, about two and a half feet square, by five in height, as well as the poles, fifteen feet long, attached to its sides, two feet from the bottom, and by which it is borne along, are made of this cheap, strong, and universal substitute for wood. The common sedan is covered with coarse blue cotton cloth; the finer ones, of blue or brown broadcloth, which is protected from the rain by an outer covering of oiled silk or cotton. They are lined with silk, and have a large pane of glass on every side, at a convenient height above the seat, to allow the person

riding to look out in all directions. They are provided with curtains, so that you may be entirely screened from the view of persons without if you desire it. There is a set of blinds belonging to it for use in summer, when the glass windows are taken out. Two is the ordinary number of bearers, and of course, the least that can be required; but an officer of a certain grade may have four, and so they may increase, according to rank, to eight, sixteen, and twenty-four; none but the emperor may be borne by thirty-two.

In funeral processions, many of the near relatives of the deceased, particularly the females, are borne in sedans, which have long wide strips of coarse white cotton cloth thrown over them, while narrower pieces of the same material are bound around the heads of the mourners. All the members of his immediate family are dressed entirely in white—the sons wearing long garments of coarse bagging—"sackcloth"—confined about the waist by a rope of twisted straw, and having the borders ravelled and torn. If the residence be within the walls of the city, the sons, proceeding in front of the coffin, must walk backward, with their faces toward it, till it has passed the gates. The females are expected to indulge in loud lamentations along the whole way, and at the grave; but the males must maintain a dignified composure of deportment throughout the entire ceremonies; it would be highly indecorous for them to weep. At the grave, the position for the coffin having been minutely pointed out by the geomancer, many small cups of wine and tea, and dishes containing various meats, vegetables, and fruits, are placed, three in a

row, at the head of the coffin ; wax candles, incense-sticks, and gilt paper are lighted—all as offerings to the spirit of the deceased. The relations then prostrate themselves, worshipping his spirit, the females loudly wailing, while a horrible din of musical instruments accompanies their dismal howlings.

## CHAPTER XIII.

### FEAST OF LANTERNS—FAMINE—FUNERAL RITES.

Tower of Lanterns—Fireworks—The “Dragon Lantern”—Origin of the Holiday—Superstitious Practices on that Day—Arrival of my Colleague at Shanghai—Famine—Extreme Suffering—Charity of Foreign Merchants—Worship of Ancestors—Rites for the Dead—Modes of burial—Ancient Tombs—“Mass for the Dead”—Change of Residence.

THE middle of the first moon of the Chinese year is always quite a holiday with that people, chiefly because the so-called “Feast of Lanterns” is celebrated on this day. But the term “feast” is rather a misnomer as applied to this occasion, and is apt to convey an erroneous impression of its character; for so far as eating and drinking are concerned, it differs nothing from ordinary days. Its distinguishing feature consists in the display of the common oiled-paper lanterns in great numbers, suspended in front of shops and dwellings along the streets, in the temples, and from poles erected for that purpose. Ornamental glass and paper lanterns are also used by those who can afford the expense. The *tower of lanterns* is the most showy object of the evening. This consists of a pole some forty or fifty feet in height, surrounded by a slender frame-work of cords and sticks of bamboo, so arranged as to form five, seven, nine, eleven, or thirteen stories, three or four feet apart—

always odd numbers, and seldom less than five or more than thirteen; though I have seen as many as seventeen. The bamboo sticks are tied together at the ends in pairs, three of which are stretched apart and placed across each other, so as to give a star-shaped hexagon. This frame forms one story of the tower or pagoda, and a lantern is suspended from each of its corners. Small red wax candles are put in the lanterns on the ground, and as all composing each successive story are lighted, it is drawn up by means of a pulley-like arrangement at the top until the whole is completed. High above all is a bamboo pole about ten feet long, suspended horizontally across the top, with from two to nine lanterns dangling from it. When all are lighted, the sight is a very pretty one, but the effect is greatly diminished by the fact that it is always at the time of full moon. These lantern towers are very numerous, and may be seen in every direction for several nights preceding and following the middle of the month.

There is always a plentiful display of the usual fireworks on the occasion, especially in the *Ching wong miau*—city guardian's temple—which is densely thronged. These consist of fire crackers, “double-headers,” “Roman candles,” squibs, rockets, “flower pots,” etc., all of which, excepting the two first named, are far inferior to the pyrotechnic displays in the United States. A “*dragon lantern*” is paraded about the streets on this and other occasions. It is composed of a number of cylinders of bamboo hoops covered with thin paper, with places for candles inside. The head is of the same material, and is shaped like that of an enormous dragon, with glaring

eyes, and its huge jaws widely distended, ready to seize a large round ball which is carried just before it, and is also a bamboo frame work covered with paper. Each cylinder, being about the size of a large barrel, forms a joint of the dragon's body, and is carried by a man on a stick a few feet above his head; so that when the candles are lighted, and the procession moves, it has the appearance of a hideous dragon pursuing the luminous ball. A flexible motion like that of a serpent, is communicated by the men waving the paper cylinders as they carry them along. It has been suggested that the idea had its origin in the Chinese theory of eclipses, which is, that a dragon is eating the sun or moon, and they frighten him away by the terrific noise of gongs, drums, horns, cymbals, etc. A plentiful supply of this music accompanies the procession, with a chorus of shouts from the men and boys composing it.

The Feast of Lanterns originated about A.D. 627, during the reign of Tait-sung, second emperor of the Tang dynasty. It seems that in the Imperial city, all persons were prohibited from perambulating the streets after a certain hour at night. But affairs being prosperous, and universal tranquillity pervading his dominions, this emperor directed the chief of the night police to withdraw the prohibition for this night—the 15th of the first month. Whereupon the people made it an occasion of great rejoicing, passing the whole night in going about with lanterns, and engaging in such amusements as they pleased. So it has been handed down through twelve hundred years to the present time.

The people have a number of silly superstitions

associated with this night, though in no way connected with the feast of lanterns.

Those living in the country set fire to the stubble of the grass left on the grave-mounds from last year's cutting of fuel, and allow it to spread in all directions, till it ceases of its own accord. This, they say, is to burn up any evil influences that may exist, and whoever sees the stubble burning will thereby insure themselves a wholesome condition of body for the year.

The country people also on this night eat bean curds, and vermicelli in its long unbroken state—the former typifying cotton, and the latter the cords used for binding together the large round baskets containing it. They do this that they may realize an abundant crop of cotton during the season.

They also eat round balls of rice flour, in the middle of which are small quantities of meat, vegetables and confections; believing that, having eaten these, should they chance during the year to swallow a bit of bristle while eating pork, it will not hurt them. It is to be observed they ascribe a certain disease among them to a pig's bristle lodged, as they imagine, in some corner of the intestines. These rice balls are also placed as propitiatory offerings before the *kitchen god*, which is supposed to descend from heaven on this day, and take his accustomed place over the cooking range—having been absent since the 23d of the last month, on his annual mission to his superior deity, to render up his account of the family during the year just closed.

Another superstitious notion is, that if a person crosses three bridges on this evening, he will, by so

doing, secure vigorous health for the year just commenced.

There is yet another practice equally absurd with the foregoing, observed by some, as follows: An individual goes out of his house about midnight, and the first sentence he may chance to hear uttered by any person passing, or one or two conversing as they walk along, he considers as indicative of his own fortune for the year. If he finds no one in the street, he goes from door to door of his neighbors' dwellings or shops, until he hears some one talking, and the first sentence that he catches in this way he regards as prophetic. Should it be one in which happiness, health, or prosperity of any kind are named or alluded to, he returns home with a glad heart, imagining these will be his lot. But if, on the contrary, misfortune, sickness, or death, are mentioned, he is filled with gloomy forebodings for the future.

My colleague, Rev. B. Jenkins, with his family, arrived at Shanghai in May, having been delayed at Hong Kong by the illness of his wife, and by adverse winds, for about nine months. During that time, they had made two attempts to come up the coast, but in both, had encountered terrible typhoons, and narrowly escaping shipwreck, were compelled to put back to Hong Kong.

My journal, under date of July 12, 1849, says: The present season has been a very remarkable one for the long continuance of heavy rains which threaten to cut off the rice crops in all this region for hundreds of miles around. Nothing of the like has been experienced for twenty-six years before, and the mandarins have proclaimed fasts, during which no

flesh is to be eaten, and the people are exhorted to repair to the temples and pray the gods to avert their anger, for they believe their deities are displeased, and they assign this as the cause of the great rains. Certain it is, a famine is threatened, and unless a change takes place soon, thousands must perish from starvation before the close of the year. Little can be done by human aid to prevent this, but there is a yet more alarming destitution of the bread of life, which it is within the province of human agency to relieve, since it has pleased the Great Head of the Church to use man as the instrument for the conversion of his fellow-man.

*Oct. 23d.*—The long spring rains did not cease till the middle of July. The consequence of these rains has been the total destruction of the rice and cotton crops in large portions of the country, and the production of distress among the population amounting to a famine in many places. The price of rice has doubled, and very heavy shipments of it are coming in from Manilla, Batavia, and Canton. It is said that in some parts of the country many of the inhabitants have been driven by necessity to eat the leaves and bark of trees, the chaff of rice, and such food as in ordinary times they give only to pigs and dogs. Notwithstanding this, great numbers have died of starvation—how many, it is impossible to compute. The wretchedness that we have been witnessing daily for the last two months is heart-sickening. Whether attracted by the wealth, or their opinion of the charitable feelings of foreigners, I know not, but thousands of the suffering poor from the neighboring cities, towns, villages, and surrounding country, have flocked

to Shanghai for relief. A subscription, amounting to several hundreds of dollars, was very promptly raised by the foreign community, and a number of large soup establishments were opened in different sections of the city, for the gratuitous supply of rice soup, or congee, to the poor, upon the presentation of tickets, which are numerously distributed every day. I have seen, on going out in the morning, as many as a hundred at my gate, begging most piteously for food.

The number of beggars who have died in the streets of Shanghai during the past year, is over four hundred. I have, on several occasions, seen three persons lying dead at one time, within a hundred yards of each other; and you can scarcely ever walk through the city without seeing one or more. Many of these wretched beings hasten their death by smoking opium, and I have known them to give what few cash they had begged during a whole day, for a pipe of this destructive article, when at the same moment they seemed to be actually starving for want of food—with such a deadly grasp does this pernicious habit hold its victims. The beggars, from their great numbers, find it exceedingly difficult to get a shelter of any kind from the rain, and some have been seen to crawl into graves that have been built of brick partly above ground, in a semi-cylindrical form, one end of the arch having fallen down; and there would they sleep, the living among the dead, after removing the bones of the original tenant to the further end of the vault. We hope, however, that this distress will soon have an end, for the spring vegetables are now appearing in great abundance, and the fields are teeming

with heavy crops of grain. This physical suffering does but faintly shadow forth the moral destitution of these millions of immortal souls perishing for lack of knowledge.

A feeling of impatience sometimes arises, that my ignorance of the language must delay me for so long a time in explaining fully and intelligibly to the thousands of degraded heathen at my very door, the only way of salvation through faith in a crucified Saviour. Yet it is a heartfelt satisfaction to be able to utter, even in broken accents, some plain and simple truths, and to find that my meaning is comprehended, when declaring the uselessness and absurdity of worshipping images of wood, and stone, and paper, and brass, and iron; and recommending the God of the Bible as the only Being deserving Divine honors.

The Chinese are even more strongly wedded to the worship of ancestors, than to that of idols. A few evenings since, as I was passing one of the streets near my residence, a confused din of what the natives call musical instruments, attracted my notice to the dwelling from which it proceeded. A youth had just burned a house of straw, about two feet square, and some gilt paper representing money, with the firm belief that his grandfather in the spirit land immediately received them in the form of a substantial habitation and real coin. Entering the place through a narrow passage, I met the present master of the family—a son of the deceased—who very politely invited me to be seated, having a chair at the same time placed for me, and offered me a tea cup of a beverage like hot sweetened water. I took and

sipped it, and in a few minutes he beckoned me to follow him, while he led the way into an inner room, where was a table, three feet square, spread with a great variety of Chinese dainties on small dishes. Behind the table was a white curtain extending across the room, which he lifted up, showing me two coffins of the peculiar construction common in this country, made of pieces of wood from four to six inches thick, very tightly fitted, and so fastened together with wooden pins as to form a thick, heavy plank. This gives the coffin a very clumsy appearance, but they are so cemented inside and out, that they are very durable, and so perfectly air-tight, that, although kept, containing the body of the deceased, in the very apartments occupied by the family, no unpleasant odor is ever perceived. The two before me were painted and varnished of a reddish brown—the usual color—and ornamented with gilt figures on the larger end, toward which the head is placed. If the individual dying and confined in this manner, leave a wife or husband, when the survivor dies, the two are carried out and buried in the same grave, which is dug about three feet, and walled up on the sides and ends in the most substantial way to the same height above ground, covered with a roof resembling that of a house, and plastered with excellent lime. Sometimes the mason-work is not continued much above the level of the earth, and the soil thrown over the whole, forming a mound from three to twelve feet high. The modes of burial are very different, according to the wealth and rank of the individual. Beggars, who die in the streets, are put into rudely made boxes of thin rough plank, and deposited at public expense, in a kind of

"Potter's Field," before described. Those who are a step or two above these in life, but do not beg for a livelihood, can place their dead, free of expense, in a public cemetery. They will suffer almost any inconvenience, however, rather than do this, for it is considered very disreputable, and a man would subject himself to the most galling reproaches from his friends and relatives, who thus disposed of his dead. They will rather keep the coffin with its tenant in the same apartments in which they eat, and drink, and sleep for years, until they can accumulate a sufficient amount to buy a piece of land large enough for a grave, or they will hire a spot on which to set the coffin for one or two hundred copper "cash"—ten or twelve cents—a year, until such time as they are able to purchase. Hence you will see great numbers of these receptacles for the dead all over the country, either entirely exposed, or bound about with straw and mats, to protect them from the effects of the weather. Many remain thus unburied till they fall to pieces from decay, leaving the skeleton wholly exposed to view. The bones are then put into an earthen jar by the relatives of the person, if there be any living, who become acquainted with the fact. Otherwise such relics are collected at the annual season for worshipping ancestors, by persons employed for that purpose by the native authorities, and placed in the public cemetery before mentioned. Such is the regard for the dead ; and taken in itself, apart from its idolatrous concomitants, it is really a beautiful and praiseworthy feature in their superstitions.

Tombs built of stone or brick in the horse-shoe form, so common further to the south, are not found

here, so far, at least, as I have seen. There are a few sepulchres of mandarins of high rank, that occupy nearly an acre of land. At one end of the space is an immense semi-circle of earth, thrown up to the height of fifteen or twenty feet, and just within this is a smaller one; then in the centre of all, a mound about four feet high, of conical shape, over the spot where the body was buried. In front of this, the ground is open and level, affording convenient access to the place; and some thirty or forty feet in advance of the extremities of the semi-circles, still in a line with them, stand two figures of men, twice the size of life, wearing the costume of the Ming dynasty, during which these tombs are said to have been erected, above two hundred years ago. These two personages constitute the guard of the grave and its occupant, and are assisted in their duty by two figures of lions, about thirty feet still further in front, then two horses, ready saddled and bridled, for the use of the departed spirit, about the same distance further still, and last of all, two rams, the signification of which I have not yet learned. These are all of hewn stone, and stand facing each other in pairs. In some instances they have fallen prostrate from their pedestals—the foundation having given way—and are often partly or quite imbedded in the earth.

There may also be seen in this vicinity, inclosures containing from a sixth of an acre to an acre of land, filled with cedars and other evergreens, forming a dense, delightful shade, and in the centre is a simple mound eight or ten feet high, having a plain, square well-hewn stone, placed upright in the earth at the bottom, like grave-stones in the United States, in-

scribed with the name and titles of the dead. Then a beautiful green hedge surrounds the whole. Nearly all the graves, especially those of a comparatively recent date—of the common, as well as of the wealthy classes,—are provided with these tomb-stones, the greater number of which are unhewn, having simply the names of the individuals carved upon them. Vast numbers of these graves are situated side by side as close to each other as possible, resembling a thickly peopled graveyard in our own country.

But all this is quite a digression from the incident I was relating. Adjoining the room where the feast was spread for the spirit of the departed, was a thick, square, brown cloth, smoothly placed upon the floor of large, square tiles, and on this cloth, rice was so strewn as to form various figures and flowers, all surrounding a small idol which twelve Tauist priests were worshipping, three on each side of the square, standing with their faces toward it, as it was seated in the centre. Eight of them had instruments with which they produced the discordant sounds which first drew my attention to the spot. Their heads were closely shaven, and they all were attired in long, loose robes, that might once have been white, the middle one of each trio having, in addition upon his back, a piece of black satin a foot square, richly embroidered with silk and gold. These four also wore small, square, black caps, and one of them who seemed to be chief, was repeating mummeries that as strongly resembled those of the Roman Catholics, as did the general appearance of the priests that of the Romish clergy officiating in their canonicals. The idol represented the god of the lower regions, and they were actually

praying the man's soul out of purgatory! The number of priests officiating, and the number of prayers offered, are proportioned to the amount paid for the purpose, just as in the Church of Rome. The scene I have described was nothing more nor less than a *mass for the dead*. Their supplications were suspended at short intervals, when they were very affable and communicative, and as I took the liberty of remonstrating against such absurdities, they laughed and said it was "*Song-hay kway-teu*."— "Shanghai custom."

This is but one manifestation of the multiform superstitions of this poor benighted people,—when will they learn the "more excellent way?"

My journal contains the following entries, made in October:

As soon as it could be procured, I purchased a plat of ground on the bank of the Yang-king-pang, near a narrow wooden bridge. It is from a quarter to a third of an acre in extent, and I have built a small temporary dwelling upon it, in which my little family can live a year or two, and even longer if necessary. This little domicil is now just finished, and we have moved into it. Contracted as it is, it will be more convenient and healthy than the Chinese house we have hitherto occupied.

Mrs. T. is pleased with the change. Our little boy also seems to breathe new life, and prattles Chinese with increased vivacity, as you would soon be convinced if you were sitting with me in my study at this moment and listening while the little fellow strives to repeat the sounds which his nurse is trying to teach him. She is highly delighted to find that

he understands and pronounces her native tongue with greater facility than ours, and diligently improves the advantage she has gained, by giving him lessons every day. She is remarkably fond of him, and her affection is so warmly reciprocated, that his mother pretends to be quite jealous, and often says the child loves his "sung-sung" (nurse) better than he does herself.

## CHAPTER XIV.

Passages from my Journal—Birds—An Old Grave—A Liberal Allowance—Life on Boats—A Drowned Boy—Death of our Babe—Rev. Dr. Medhurst—A Trip into the Country—Monumental Tablets—Preaching and Tract Distribution—Death of the Emperor Tau-Kwang—“Reason’s Glory”—Accession of Hien-Foong—Triad Society—Ceremonies—Ranks of Mandarins—Sam-qua—Death of Empress Dowager—Beautiful Sentiments.

ON this bright seventeenth day of October, a lovely month in China, as well as in my native land, I sit in my study with my old teacher by my side. The door is open toward the south, and the meridian sun is now beaming in upon the threshhold. Just in front of our humble dwelling, only fifteen yards off, stands a beautiful little grove of bamboos waving gracefully in the breeze. A loving pair of doves have their nest among the branches, and occasionally entertain us with their cooing, while numberless little sparrows, sporting in the dense foliage, enliven the passing hours with their sweet chirping. These pretty birds are precisely like those in the United States of the same names, and as we never molest them, they seem to have taken up their permanent abode on our premises, for a bamboo fence ten feet high protects them from molestation from without. Vines of two or three varieties are trailing luxuriantly on the fence, covering it in some places with their large green leaves. Within the inclosure are several mounds of

earth over tombs constructed in the most substantial manner, of bricks and lime, which have withstood the ravages of time for centuries. Having occasion to remove some of these we found a tablet in one or them, fourteen inches square, made of a large tile smoothly planed on one side, and marked off into square spaces in which were written characters denoting the name, age and several other particulars respecting the occupant, which could be but indistinctly made out as the characters were mostly obliterated. Those designating the time of the death and burial were perfectly legible, and showed it to have been during the Ming dynasty, above two hundred years ago. My teacher also deciphered others which stated that ninety-nine thousand nine hundred and ninety-nine pieces of paper money were burned on the occasion, for the use of the departed spirit. Each of these pieces represented a lump of sycee silver worth about eighteen dollars, which would amount in the aggregate to \$1,799,982;—quite a liberal appropriation, when you consider that in reality the whole cost of the paper money was only \$65, at the present prices. Why this particular number of pieces, a million, minus one, the old man was unable to inform me.

Our little house stands fronting toward the south, in a bend of the creek on which the lot is situated, and the water sweeping in a beautiful curve around the spot, presents, at high tide, quite a picturesque appearance. Its name, "*Yang-king-pang*," signifies "ocean flowing stream," whether because it flows toward the ocean, or its waters are supplied by the ocean I am unable to say. The banks of this stream

are lined with boats, while its channel is alive with others passing with the ebbing and flowing tides. These boats are for the most part the only dwellings of the families they contain, and in addition to this you will often see one end of the boat occupied as a workshop, while the family live in the other. I have seen mantua-making, basket-making and the manufactures of brass kettles and pans, and other trades, carried on this way. The central portion is the dormitory, between the shop and the kitchen. At meal-time, the men, women and children assemble around a large dish of boiled rice, near which stands a smaller one of greens, or fish, and occasionally some kind of meat. Each one is armed with a small bowl and a pair of chopsticks, and thus equipped, they commence a simultaneous attack upon the rice and greens, which is kept up with great vigor, till the heap of rice falls before the hungry assailants. The quantity of this article they can cram into one stomach is really astonishing. The repast is usually finished by drinking tea, which, among this class of people, is most frequently served up in a tea-pot passing from mouth to mouth. Sometimes, however, it is poured out into small cups or bowls. The women generally seem disposed to be cleanly in their apparel to a certain extent, and especially the neatness and care with which they always comb and put up their hair is very commendable. Frequently they display no little taste in arranging this part of their toilet, as they sit in their boats.

Last Friday we were attracted to the window by the wailing of a female, and on looking over to the opposite side of the creek, we saw a woman standing

on the bank in an agony of grief, as she pointed to the lifeless body of her child, a little boy about twelve years old, lying in the edge of the water. He had fallen from their boat the night before, and the ebbing tide discovered his stiffened corpse to his distracted mother, some hundred yards from the spot where he had fallen in. She bared her legs to the knees, waded down the muddy bank and pulling out the body of her son, carried it in her arms to her boat, uttering all along the most heart-rending lamentations. On the next day he was put into an unplaned pine coffin of the rudest possible construction, a few pieces of gilt paper were burned for him, and he was taken away to burial; or more likely to be placed on the surface of the ground without a handful of earth to cover his remains, as is the case in numerous instances. On this occasion, I have no doubt, the grief was deep and unfeigned; but I have as little, that in many others which I have witnessed, it was hollow and dissembled, while loud moanings were indulged in, merely because it is customary. But the loss of a son is always regarded as a great calamity; for on him devolves the duty of performing the funeral obsequies of his parents.

On the 24th of October, our own dear little babe, aged five weeks and one day, was transferred from the dark land of China to the bright paradise of God.

One morning, a few days ago (says my journal), the sun was shining with unwonted brightness, as if striving to counteract the effect of "shrill November's surly blast" that was howling around our little dwelling, and I had seated myself to my Chinese

studies with my amiable old teacher at my side, when in bustled three missionaries, warmly coated, capped and gloved. "Come, Taylor," said the foremost, a robust looking man of fifty, stoutly built, but well proportioned, and somewhat above the middle height, having expressive blue eyes, that looked through a pair of shell-rimmed spectacles—a full, high forehead, and a fine head altogether, thinly covered with hair, whose original light brown was rendered still lighter by the frosty touch of age—it was the Rev. Dr. Medhurst—"Come, Taylor," said he, in the familiar style common to the English missionaries when addressing each other, "put on your great coat and boots—we've come to press you into service—our boat is all ready here just at your door, and we want you to go into the country with us; we have provided everything, so you have nothing to do but just to come along." There was no resisting the hearty warmth of this off-hand invitation, so I ran to tell my wife, who of course yielded a cheerful acquiescence, and soon exchanging my morning gown and slippers for coat and boots, we set off together in his mission boat. The weather was a little cold, it is true, but then we were free from another annoyance, common in this low rice-field country—we had no mosquitoes; and of the two discomforts, for my own part, I prefer the former. The tide had reached its lowest point, and was just beginning to change in our favor, when our four boatmen—two at a large oar in the stern, universally in use among the Chinese as a "scull," and two in front, or to speak more nautically, "in the bow," with setting-poles, began to ply their task. Although so well manned, we made

but slow progress along the winding creek, whose banks were overgrown with tall, thick reeds; for the water was still so low that most of the time we were obliged to force our way through the mud. The great number of boats we were compelled to pass added to the difficulty, and several times, not only the boatmen, but all the rest of us, found our utmost physical strength in requisition, and we had a good share of it—to effect a passage by them. We experienced this kind of hinderance for about two miles, or until we were quite beyond the city, on the western side of which, a short distance without the wall, the creek has its course. The tide, too, by this time, was "setting in" rapidly in our favor, but the wind, which was blowing quite fresh and strong when we started, was "dead ahead," as the sailors say, and had so increased in violence, that we could scarcely advance against it. So we betook ourselves to the bank, along which is a well-beaten path—partly to keep warm by the exercise, and partly to examine the figures of priests and animals, sculptured in stone, which had been set up under a former dynasty to guard the tombs of persons of distinguished rank. This region abounds in these relics of an earlier age, many still standing erect, while some have fallen to the ground. Then again we would run across the fields, following Dr. Medhurst, who still possesses the vigor and activity of his youth—toward a monumental tablet, eight feet high, by two and a half square, inscribed with characters which commemorate the virtues and honors of some departed mandarin. The learned veteran missionary read them with as much fluency and ease as if they had been written

in his own native tongue. Some of these commemorative structures are in the form of grotesque gateways, of elaborately hewn and quaintly sculptured granite. They may be seen here and there, in the open fields, and among the crowded buildings in the city.

After proceeding in this way about six miles from Shanghai, by the creek, though not more than four in a right line, the boatmen were directed to stop and await our return, while we walked to a village two miles distant, where the Doctor was to preach. Accompanied by one of the men to carry a large bag of books and tracts, which were distributed to those we met on the way, but more especially to the numbers who crowded about us on our entrance into the place, and followed us through the principal street, till we reached the temple consecrated to the worship of the tutelar deity of the village. Here Dr. Medhurst took his stand just in front of the idol-shrine, and began preaching to the people whom curiosity had drawn together. A man who seemed to be a leading character among them, very civilly placed a bench for him to sit upon, at the same time saying he must be tired from having walked so far; then going away, he presently returned with large cups of tea for each of us, which we received and drank with the best grace we could, though it was far from being palatable. The services concluded, and the bag emptied, we returned to the boat. A fire was soon kindled in a small furnace, upon which the previously cooked dinner was warmed, and then placed upon the little table, where it received ample justice from our sharpened appetites. It was now five o'clock,

and the boat homeward bound, but the tide had left us; so leaving the boat in care of the men to bring on the next day, we again landed and returned on foot, reaching home a little after dark—another faithful testimony having been delivered to these poor idolaters, the word of life circulated among them, and our own physical strength, at least, renewed by the day's exercise.

On the 25th of February, Tau-Kwang—"Reason's Glory,"—the Emperor of China, whose portrait forms the frontispiece to this volume, died at the age sixty-nine years, and in the thirtieth of his reign. When speaking of his demise, only the rude and vulgar say he *died*. The literary and refined always say of the death of an emperor, "A Mountain has fallen." He was the sixth sovereign of the Ta-Tsing—"Great Pure,"—the Manchoo or Tartar dynasty, which usurped the throne a little more than 200 years ago. In his will he designated his fourth son, titled *Hien-foong*, as his successor, whose accession to the imperial seat has been, as far as we have learned, quite peaceful. It is said his elder brothers were very clamorous on the occasion, preferring their several claims on the ground of seniority. But the will of the father was law, and the chief ministers of State fulfilled it. Whether this preference was founded on the supposed possession of superior abilities by the younger son, or was the result of parental partiality, it is not in our power to determine. At every change of rulers, political disturbances are feared, partly from the intrigues of the disappointed expectants of royal honors, who sometimes by skillful manœuvring, enlist so strong an interest in their favor, on the part

of high officers of government, as to frustrate the expressed desire of the emperor concerning his successor; and partly from the efforts of the *Triad Society*—a secret association opposed to the reigning dynasty, whose object is to throw off the Tartar yoke and reinstate the old Chinese régime. Some open demonstration is apprehended from them at every change of the administration. But the severe enactments against the society, and the terrible penalties visited upon all who are known to be connected with it, tend to keep them comparatively few in number, and to hold them in check.

The document proclaiming the new emperor arrived at Shanghai on the 1st of April. I went in company with two other missionaries to witness the ceremony of its reception, and hear it read. It was a scroll about three feet long, in a case of yellow silk, tied at both ends with ribbon of the same color, and was brought into the temple in a richly carved and gilded sedan, borne by four coolies. This was followed by all the mandarins of Shanghai—some fifteen or eighteen in number—attired in their court dress, which in shape resembles old-fashioned great-coats I have seen in the United States, having a long skirt and small cape, but with sleeves much longer and larger. They are made of bluish-black satin, wadded with cotton, lined with silk or fur, and covered with the richest embroidery. Their hats were adorned with a profusion of long, beautiful red feathers, or very fine floss silk—I was not near enough to determine which—surmounted in the centre by the “button” or knob, of blue, red, or white precious stone, or of brass, according to the rank of the wearer.

The blue indicating the highest, and the brass the lowest. Of the former there was but one present, and he was also distinguished from the others by wearing a peacock's feather in his cap—a privilege granted to none of inferior grade. I have been informed that this individual did not attain his rank through the usual course of literary examinations, but purchased his "button" or rank for the snug sum of thirty thousand dollars. He was long known to our countrymen at Canton as an extensive and successful tea merchant, by the name of Sam-Qua. He is the highest officer in the department of Soong-Kiang, with the official title—Tau-tai. Shanghai is only a district in this department.

As the sedan containing the proclamation was set down in an open court of the temple, the mandarins all kneeled on cushions in four rows, with their faces toward it, while one of their number took the document from its place, and kneeling on the steps that led to the imperial shrine, carried and put it on two forked rests before a tablet, inscribed in gilt characters, with a sentence equivalent to "long live the Emperor." Literally translated, it reads, "Imperial Ruler, myriad years, myriad years, myriad, myriad years." Then, at the calling out of a herald, the mandarins slowly and reverently bowed their heads to the pavement nine times. They still remained on their knees, while the same one took the paper from its place at the shrine, where incense sticks had been all the time burning before it, and carrying it to a table elevated one step from the brick pavement, and a little to one side of the altar, read it aloud to the assembled multitude. When he had finished, he re-

placed it before the tablet, the mandarins again "knocked head"—as the native term signifies—nine times, as before, then rising from their knees retired, and the multitude dispersed.

The various badges and ceremonies of mourning, ordered upon the death of the empress dowager, and shortly after, of the emperor himself, were now laid aside. Besides the prohibition from shaving the head for a hundred days, the public officers had been daily to some of the temples, in long white robes, and made loud lamentations for the dead, and this they still continue once in seven days.

There is much beauty and tenderness in the communication of the former emperor to his cabinet, announcing the death of his step-mother. He says, "We have attended her majesty since we received the throne, and have cherished her for twenty-nine years. We have seen that in her declining days she had every comfort, and that she had passed the age of eighty, for which our heart was happy and calm, and we encouraged ourself that she would happily add one year to another, until she enjoyed the felicity of seeing a century. Lately, on the nineteenth day of the moon, she took an airing in the garden and returned to her palace. We daily went to inquire concerning her health, and then unexpectedly became aware that our beloved relative was not in her usual vigor. We thought that if she was nursed a few days with care, she would then recover her health. But contrary to all our anticipations, her ailments daily increased in violence, and on the twenty-fourth, in the middle of the afternoon, *she drove the fairy chariot, and went the long journey.* Our grief broke out in

loud lamentations, for we were greatly afflicted. . We humbly brought to mind that since the Holy Empress, 'Filial—Pure—Bright' (his own mother), left this world to take the upward journey, we have been greatly indebted to her Imperial Majesty, Ta-hing, for her abounding kindness, and overshadowing favor. We have been made happy while attending to her behests, as men are rejoiced by the sun which prolongs their lives; but now we can never again look upon her affectionate countenance. Our grief cannot easily be assuaged."

## CHAPTER XV.

### EXTRACTS FROM JOURNAL.

Building our Houses—Chapels—Schools—Birds—Tracts—Catechism  
—Medical Practice—Book Distribution—Conversation with an Idolater—  
A Sunday's Work—A Day in my Chapel—Synopsis of a Tract  
—Another Sunday—An Accident and Death—Removal of a Tumor  
from a Man's Nose—The "Tea-Gardens"—A Trip into the Country  
—A Crooked Stream—Mode of Planting Cotton—Preaching—  
A Wheelbarrow Ride.

*April 1, 1850.*—For some months past, our houses have necessarily occupied the greater part of our time. For, as the native workmen are unacquainted with our mode of building, they require supervision and direction at every step. We did not design, in coming to China, to become architects, carpenters and masons, but the circumstances into which we have been thrown, have compelled us to act as such for the last few months—little as we know of these handicrafts. Our chief dependence for plans has been the recollection of the manner of building, and the general appearance of dwelling-houses in the United States. Such knowledge was at best but very scanty, yet our success has exceeded our expectations, and we have two commodious mission-houses nearly completed. Early in the year I purchased a small lot adjoining my former purchase, for fifty

dollars, and upon this built a chapel which will seat a hundred and fifty Chinese. A congregation of this number is the largest that we could reasonably expect ever to obtain at my residence outside the city, as it is on one of the many paths leading to the north gate. It therefore seemed wiser to adapt my chapel to the probable size of my largest congregation, than to build a large house and never see it half filled. It might, perhaps, more properly be called an *oratory*, where I can go and hold a service at any hour of the day. The second story piazza of my house commands a view of the path for a quarter of a mile, and when I see a goodly number approaching, I go down, and opening the door of my little chapel, invite them to come in for a few minutes and listen to the "Jesus doctrines." Thus do I spread my net and fish for men. It is now three months since my first exercise in it, and I have had some very interesting services. In the absence of a large chapel within the city, I preach every Sunday in some of the other churches, either to supply the place of some of our missionary brethren who may be ill, or taking part in their services when they are present, and also frequently address large crowds at places of public resort in the open air. On all these occasions a good deal of interest is manifest in many countenances, though in estimating the amount of real interest on the subject, much allowance must be made for what is mere curiosity.

The two schools established last year are in a prosperous condition, though the attendance of the children has been more or less interrupted by sickness—principally smallpox. They are making very en-

couraging progress in the acquisition of religious truth. Both teachers and scholars assemble every Sunday in my chapel, when I catechise them, and explain to them the meaning and importance of the truths they learn. Quite a number of them can repeat, with great readiness, the Ten Commandments, the Lord's Prayer, the Creed, and a simple Catechism which I prepared for them in the local dialect.

*April 18.*—After several days of mist, and rain, and clouds, the sun shines upon us again with all his wonted splendor, and we are enjoying one of the brightest of the many bright mornings in this sunny, yet dark, dark land. The glittering rain-drops still linger on the leaves of the willows and bamboos around us, and we hear the merry chirping of the sparrows, and the scratching of their tiny claws on the roof over our heads, as they build their nests beneath the tiles. I don't know how much, but we certainly owe something to these sweet birds, whose blithe warbling so often cheers our hearts. We pay them in daily installments of crumbs and rice, and whether or not they deem the remuneration sufficient, they seem content to abide with us, and go on with their singing. When they come about the door, our little boy jumps up and down, clapping his hands and screaming with delight. I often wonder that his boisterous demonstrations don't frighten them away altogether, but perhaps they recognize a kindred spirit in his innocent glee. Thanks to our Heavenly Father for the little birds. They are not beneath his notice, and they should not be beneath ours.

A man who has been importuning me for a long time to go and look at a building site for a chapel within the city walls, called again this morning on the same errand. I went with him and examined two locations, both of which are quite eligible, being in very populous streets. Carried a handful of tracts with me and distributed to such as I found, by inquiry, were able to read. Bread cast upon the waters. May the Eye that never sleeps watch it and gather it after many days. The tracts contain the Ten Commandments, the Apostle's Creed, the Lord's Prayer, a long metre doxology, embodying the doctrine of the Trinity, and a calendar showing the Sundays for the present year, according to Chinese time. I have just published an edition of six thousand of them. Each tract has on the cover, directions to my chapel, which I have named, "*Foh-ying Dong*" "Good-Tidings Hall," or, in another phrase, "Gospel Hall."

April 19.—Have been engaged to-day in preparing a more complete catechism in the Shanghai dialect, for the use of the children in my schools, and have also had five or six applications for medical relief. This is about the average number of new cases daily. The great majority for several months past, have been of intermittent fever, and the form of an application for medicine generally runs thus: "Taylor, teacher, thanks, thanks to you, may I trouble your heart, I wish a little fever and ague medicine." I sometimes ask them, "Why do you wish my medicine? have you not remedies here?" "Yes, but your medicine is *exceedingly* good; compared with our native medicines, it is far better." "How

did you know I have medicines?" "My neighbor was sick and came and ate your medicine, and is now well; so I will trouble your heart to give me a little."

*April 20.*—Went into the city this afternoon, accompanied by my teacher, Loo Seen-Sang, taking a number of tracts with me. Soon disposed of them, and regretted I had not taken many more. The crowd we meet is so great that it is neither practicable nor prudent to give a tract to every one, for the probability is, that not more than one in ten can read, so we must exercise what little skill in physiognomy we possess, and confine our favors to those whose countenances bespeak sufficient intelligence to appreciate them. They are generally received with a respectful bow and many thanks, while the face beams with smiles of gratification. Here comes a man of wealth, borne in a sedan by two coolies. I put a tract in his hand as he passes, and he takes it with tokens of evident pleasure. A little further on, and we meet one of the very opposite condition in life, resting himself by his burden, which lies on the ground near him, and he extends his hands eagerly for a book. "Can you read?" "No, but there is a neighbor of mine who can, and I will get him to read it for me." "By all means you shall have one." We still pass on, and enter the principal temple in the city; see an intelligent-looking, well-dressed man standing near, and give him a tract. He receives it with cool civility, and we walk on toward the large idol, and guardian divinity of Shanghai. Presently this man comes along and kneels before the gilded image, bowing his head several times very reverently.

As he rises to go away, I observe to him, "It is very wrong to worship that stupid block of wood." "No, it is right; it is very good to worship it." "But look at it; it cannot see with its eyes, nor hear with its ears, nor speak with its mouth; it cannot move its hands, nor can it walk with its feet." "Oh, it is a very great god, and can understand, and do many things." "No, you are mistaken; it is just as senseless as this wooden post, and was perhaps made of the same tree, one man taking the best part to make the pillars of this temple, and another the root that was good for nothing else, and carving out that ugly idol. You ought to worship the only living and true God, that made the world."

The conversation proceeded something after this manner, as well as we could understand each other (for he was a man from the Fok-hien province, where the dialect is very different from that spoken here), until at last he said: "But you foreigners bring opium here, that is destroying our people, and how can you be good men; how can your doctrines be good, when you who believe them bring this dreadful poison here to kill us, for the sake of gain?" This reproach is cast in our teeth daily, and we feel it keenly; but when we unite with them in strong disapproval of the introduction and use of this ruinous drug, and assure them that we are engaged in no traffic of any kind, but left our homes, far away in the "Flower Flag Country"—the name they have given to America, from the gay appearance of the stars and stripes—for the sole purpose of making known to them the true God, and the way of salvation through Jesus Christ, they soon learn to draw a line of dis-

tinction between us and other foreigners. This was the case in the present instance, and the man, from seeming highly offended with me at first for decrying his gods, took my hand most cordially in both his own, inquired my name, age, and residence, and promised to call and talk these doctrines over with me more at length, as I had begged him to do. After once more urging him to read and carefully consider the contents of the tract, we parted. This was a case of unusual interest to me, and I felt more encouraged concerning him, from the very fact of his so strenuously defending his religion, than I do of scores whom I meet every day who will admit everything said to them, without raising a single objection. He was so honest and earnest in his disbelief, that if he could be fully enlightened on the subject of Christianity, I doubt not he would see the folly of his own superstitious creed, and become equally zealous and sincere in espousing the doctrines of the Gospel.

*April 21, Sunday.*—At half-past nine this morning, we attended the regular weekly service in English, conducted by the six missionaries of the London Missionary Society. They have desired us, together with our Baptist brethren, to take our turns in preaching with themselves, in the alphabetical order of our names, on a list of eleven. This service concluded, Dr. Medhurst preached in Chinese on the resurrection of Christ, and administered the sacrament of the Lord's Supper to four native church members. After this, I went to the large new church, recently built by the Missionaries of the Southern Baptist Board, and heard the Rev. J. L. Shuck, also in the native dialect; I acted at the same time as "door-keeper in

the house of the Lord," and found it "better than to dwell in the tents of wickedness." A door-keeper is often necessary for the purpose of inviting the passers-by to come in, and to persuade them to remain, when once inside, till the conclusion of the sermon. I then returned home, took an early dinner, and opened the door of my little chapel for service. Both my schools with their two teachers, *Wong* and *Tsang*, soon came in, and many of the neighbors assembled, so that with them and the casual passers-by, the place was well filled. My first exercise was the examination of the children in the presence of the congregation. I then addressed the assembly, and concluded with prayer, after which, turned my steps toward the city again, to the London Mission chapel, and was invited to preach by the missionary of that society, whose duty it was to hold the service. When I had finished, I listened to another sermon by him, which was my only design in going to the place, for I find this the very best means of learning myself how to preach in the language of the natives. Then proceeding a second time to the Baptist Mission chapel, for the same end, and heard Mr. Shuck again, while I endeavored to make myself useful in the same honorable capacity in which I had acted in the morning. From this, went to the first chapel opened by the brethren of this Board, where they continue to hold regular services, and heard a sermon from the Rev. M. T. Yates, after which I returned home, opened the door of my own little chapel once more, and preached to a house full. Among them were two Buddhist priests and one Buddhist nun, all having their heads entirely shorn, and wearing apparel alike. The folly

and wickedness of idolatry formed a part of my discourse, as usual, and at the conclusion, one of the priests told me that what I had been saying was true, and that it was useless to worship idols. I then exhorted him to abandon them and believe in Jesus, who only could save his soul. Oh will he do it? Or will the words of truth be heard, and the little tract I gave him rise up in the day of judgment and condemn him?

Thus ended the labors of one of my Sabbaths in Shanghai, and it is a fair specimen of the whole Glorious privilege! Happy, thrice happy is my lot,

— “if with my latest breath,  
I may but gasp his name,  
Preach Him to all, and cry in death,  
Behold! behold the Lamb !”

*April 24.*—Have transferred my study to my chapel for the last two or three days. A table stands before the pulpit, and I am seated at it with my teacher. The door is open on the path passing along in front, and only three feet distant from it, so that many who pass along step in from curiosity. Thus is an opportunity found to say a word to them, and present a tract to all who can read. Sometimes one after another comes in and sits down near the table, until a dozen or so have assembled, and then I step up into the pulpit and preach to them. This occurred to-day, and the number increased to twenty or more before I finished. All listened attentively, and some with much apparent interest. This plan subjects me to more interruption in my studies, than I experienced in the quiet little room in our dwelling, but I am per-

suaded that it also affords me a tenfold greater opportunity for disseminating the truths of the Gospel, and as this is the great object for which I was sent here, I am willing to submit to the inconvenience, for the sake of immediate usefulness. I may here speak a word in season to many souls whom I might never meet again, should I shut myself up in my study till I acquire a competent knowledge of the written character. But as an indemnity for what I may lose in the study of the written, this constant intercourse with the people, affords increased advantages for the acquisition of the spoken language. And this with me, takes the precedence in point of present relative importance.

April 26.—The incessant heavy rain has given me a whole day for uninterrupted study, and I occupied it in preparing another tract for publication, on the way to save the soul. It is entitled, "*Yau le, pih toh*,"—“*Important doctrines—By all means read.*” The value of the soul is first asserted, and the consequent importance of attending to its interests. Then follows a brief account of the creation, fall of our first parents, involving the whole human family in sin, and temporal and eternal death. The compassion of God for our race is next brought to view, as displayed in the gift of his only begotten Son Jesus Christ, to suffer and die in our stead. Then follow the circumstances of his life, death, resurrection and ascension. He is represented as ever living at the right hand of God as our intercessor and advocate. The utter destitution of merit on the part of man, is then stated, and yet the perfect willingness of God to pardon and save all who repent of their sins, and

rely alone on the merit of Jesus for salvation. The final blessedness of the righteous and the eternal misery of the unbelieving, follow next, together with an exposition of the folly and sinfulness of idolatry and the insufficiency of the system of Confucius. It closes with a direct appeal to the reader, and a form of prayer for his use, supposing him penitent and desiring to come to a knowledge of the truth. I have breathed many a prayer for the guidance of the Holy Spirit during the preparation of this little tract, and trust it will go forth with the divine blessing.

*April 28.*—Another Sabbath of hard and happy work. Have heard three sermons from others, and preached three myself. The last service in my chapel late in the afternoon, was unusually interesting. It reminded me forcibly of meetings I have often held in my native land, especially among the negroes. All eyes were intent upon me, and in several, I thought I saw a glistening tear. If this was not the case, an absorbing interest gave them at least an unusual brightness. From some women near the pulpit I could hear suppressed groans, while from other persons in the congregation expressions signifying—"Yes,"—"It is so"—"It is true"—"Every particle correct"—"Good"—"Excellent"—and many were constantly nodding assent to what I was saying. What was the cause of it? Was it indeed interest in the truth, or was it the result of mere curiosity excited by the strangeness of new doctrines. I would fain persuade myself of the former, but it may have been only the latter. I never before have had such freedom of utterance in declaring the Gospel to these benighted heathen in

their own native language. Of one thing I am certain—they heard some of the most prominent truths of the Bible, and gave evidence that they understood them. It only remains for me to commend them in earnest prayer to the Holy Spirit, that he may bring to maturity the seed thus sown.

*April 29.*—Last Saturday, a poor man who had fallen from the bridge into the creek, which passes my house, and had been rescued from drowning by some boatmen, found his way to within a few feet of my chapel door, whether by himself or some assistance, I cannot tell, but there he lay shivering and exhausted. I at first had him placed where the sun could shine upon him, for it was a warm, bright day, and not long after, having procured a change of dry clothing for him, brought him within my inclosure, gave him some warm tea, and rice boiled to congee, after which, in a few minutes, he seemed quite comfortable. He slept that night under a shelter where some of the men who are at work upon my house are in the habit of sleeping. The next morning he seemed still stronger, and during the day lay about the yard wherever he could find a sunny place. He was well fed too, said he thought he should be quite well to-day, and went to sleep where he had done the night before, in company with one of the workmen. But this morning he was stiff and cold in death. He is now in his coffin, ready to be carried away to-morrow.

A man whom I observed in the congregation yesterday, having a tumor upon his nose, which sadly disfigured his face, came to me this morning, upon my promise to try and relieve him. He came, and

it was successfully removed with the knife. He is a man in easy circumstances, and resides at Soong-Kiang, a large city about forty miles west from Shanghai. He came here on a visit to a relative, and strayed into the house of God, where his singular appearance attracted my notice. He is highly pleased with the improvement his face has undergone. The number and variety of other applications for medical aid, has been so great to-day as to afford me scarce a moment's time for study. Oh that they were as eager to be rid of the deformities of sin and the diseases of the soul!

*May 5.*—On yesterday (Sunday), at half-past nine, I preached in English, and administered the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper in the chapel of the London Missionary Society. Afterward, had four public exercises in Chinese. One of the latter was in the court of the large temple of the "city's guardian"—the idol to whom the greatest amount of blind adoration is offered by the deluded people living in Shanghai. This locality is called by foreigners the "Tea-Gardens." It covers several acres, and is filled with pools, zig-zag bridges, artificial rock-work, grotesque buildings and fancy shops. There were a dozen gambling tables in different parts of this open court, thronged with persons of all ages, bent on improving their slender fortunes by throwing dice. Besides these, were several other catchpenny contrivances, jugglers, showmen, quack-doctors, fortunetellers, and the like, calling out lustily to those passing to and fro, and extolling the advantages certainly accruing to all who would venture a few copper cash for a trial. I mounted a stone railing two feet high,

near the large entrance to the main building, and commenced preaching. The crowds at the gambling tables soon flocked around the more novel spectacle of a foreigner addressing them in their own dialect—the tables in the immediate vicinity were entirely deserted, and their business was broken up for the time, though it was probably soon resumed after the stranger had finished his harangue and departed. I had a large and attentive audience, and continued preaching to them till I became so hoarse that it was with difficulty those a little distance off could hear me, and then ceased.

*May 9th.*—Accompanied Dr. Medhurst and the Rev. Wm. Muirhead on a short trip in their mission boat to a small town, called *Kiang Wan*, about five miles distant from Shanghai. The day was fine, and taking the tide as it began to "set in" in our favor, we passed down the Hwang-poo River, in front of the foreign mercantile establishments, and entered a small creek just at the residence of Bishop Boone. Our general course was northerly, but in "making" it, as the sailors say, we steered to every point of the compass—so winding was the stream. It was quite like many of the rivers in the low country of the southern States, where you may pole a boat or a raft the whole day, and then go on shore and camp around the still burning pine-knots of the last night's fire, when you have actually travelled by water twenty or thirty miles. The whole face of the country, as far as the eye can reach, presents a waving sea of wheat and rye fields. These crops are this year very abundant, and they are now just beginning to exchange their green for a golden hue. Occasionally we see small

portions of ground that have already yielded a bountiful supply of spring vegetables, again prepared and planted with cotton. The mode of sowing the seed of this plant differs from that adopted in those sections of the United States where I have seen it growing. Instead of a ridge, the Chinese throw up a bed about six feet wide. They do not "drill" at all, but sow broadcast. Nor do they cover the seed as we do; but tramp over every inch of the beds with their bare feet. This is done with such regularity, that their tracks give the surface of the ground the appearance of a piece of knitting on a large scale, wrought with the "herring-bone stitch." I have never yet seen the stalk here more than two feet high, and the bolls are small in proportion. They "thin it out" after it comes up, by hoeing out the sprouts where they are found growing too thickly to thrive, and they weed it in the same way. Nothing we see reminds us so strongly of home, as the men, women and children picking cotton in the fall. But all this is quite a digression; setting out in a boat, I have unexpectedly landed in a cotton field; let me get back to the boat again.

We were propelled by two men "sculling" with a large oar in the stern, while a third handled his setting-pole no less dexterously on the bow. But even thus well manned, we can only navigate in the water, not in mud. So, as the creek has become shallow, and the boat is aground, we will jump into a smaller one that is just passing our own. Two of the men accompanying us, take charge of a large bag of tracts and books, and we leave one in charge of the boat. We soon reach Kiang-Wan, on the north

bank of the creek, and after paying a few copper cash, for the last mile or two of our trip in the small boat, go on shore, and proceed toward one of the temples, distributing tracts and books to those who begin to crowd around us, both natives of the place, and persons from the surrounding country, who have come in to burn incense-sticks, wax candles, and gilt paper before the idols, in honor of the *wife* of the guardian deity of the town. This, they say, is her birth-day, and they assemble annually to celebrate it, on the twenty-eighth day of the third month.

Having arrived at the temple, Dr. Medhurst borrowed a small wooden bench of a gambler sitting near, mounted upon it, and addressed the people. Mr. Muirhead followed him, and then we went toward a temple in another direction. The crowd had by this time become so numerous, that it was with difficulty we could get along in the narrow streets, and so eager were they for books, that they often seized them in our hands, and it required some exercise of strength to prevent their taking whole handfuls from us at a time. We soon came to the largest temple in the place. Here was a gilt image of Buddha, twelve or fourteen feet high, in a sitting posture, occupying the centre of the building, while many others, representing his attendants, stood around the sides. These were all heavily gilt, something larger than the human figure, and mostly had fierce countenances, while the face of Buddha himself always wears a placid expression of imperturbable composure. Standing in the portico of this temple, about three feet higher than the open space in front, which was crowded with people, Dr. Medhurst and

Mr. Muirhead again preached, and I followed them—the multitude all the time listening attentively, without appearing in the least fatigued. Going out into the streets again, which were nearly impassable, from the immense numbers thronging them, we distributed the remainder of our tracts, and coming to the outskirts of the town, tried to get a boat to return to our own. Failing in this, Dr. M. thought it imprudent to walk so far under a scorching sun at midday, and sent for two men with wheelbarrows.

The Chinese wheelbarrow is a strong frame six feet long, a foot and a half wide at the smaller extremity, and three feet and a half at the handles. The wheel is about three feet in diameter, is placed nearly in the centre of the frame, above which it projects a foot, and is covered by a higher frame-work which prevents the lading from contact with it. This useful article presents an odd appearance to the eye of a foreigner, but it has two prominent advantages over the wheelbarrows in America. First, the position of the wheel being nearly in the centre of gravity, enables a man to transport a much heavier load with a far less expenditure of strength; and secondly, the large size of the wheel facilitates his progress. Now just fancy you see Dr. Medhurst and myself seated on one of these vehicles; him on the right and me on the left, of the wheel, with one arm resting on the frame over it, and holding an umbrella between us. Our companion had the other entirely to himself. On we trundle, making ourselves very merry at the singular figure we should present in England or America. The path is, for the most part, smooth, but occasionally is so far the reverse that we give a

fair personification of persons in an ague-fit. We also now and then speculate on the probable consequences to ourselves, in case the wheel should run off a single, long, narrow stone which forms the bridge over a ditch we are crossing. Notwithstanding all, we soon reach our boat in safety, give the men their well-earned cash, and are now "homeward bound." The shaking and jolting we have had, has given our appetites a keen edge for a cold lunch of roast beef and bread. This is scarcely finished before we find ourselves aground again, for the tide has left us, and we have no other resort but to make the best of our way on foot back to Shanghai. As we are all accustomed to this primitive mode of travelling, it is no hardship to us. Soon the masts of the foreign shipping appear above the trees, and in a little time longer we reach our homes in safety, just before sunset.

## CHAPTER XVI.

### CHINESE LANGUAGE—SCHOOLS—INVENTIONS—ODDITIES.

Character of the Language—Number of Characters—Radicals—Illustration—Native Dictionaries—"Four Books" of Confucius—Other Classics and Writers—Literature—Spoken Dialects—"Pidjin-English"—Schools—Singular Mode of Studying and Reciting—School Text-Books—Manner of Writing—Of Book-Making—Printing—Gunpowder—Mariners' Compass—Chinese History—Their Ideas of other Countries—A Native "Map of the World"—Amusing Absurdities—Arithmetic—Book-Keeping—Literary Degrees—Corruption—Filial Respect—Seat of Intelligence—"Peking Gazette"—Postal Arrangement—Mode of Reckoning Time—"Time-Sticks."

THE language of China is no less unique than almost everything else pertaining to that country. There is no other like it among the languages of earth. The nearest approach to it is the hieroglyphical of the ancient Egyptians, to which some learned and curious philologists have traced in the Chinese certain singular resemblances, as well as between these two nations in some other particulars, so as to lead them to the conclusion that at some period in remote antiquity the two were one people!

The Chinese language consists of 44,000 different characters, each one being a complete word, and having its own separate name and signification, and yet it is sadly deficient in the terms necessary to define the doctrines of the Bible. It has no alphabet. There are,

however, 214 radicals, or key-characters, some one, at least, of which forms a part of every other character, in the whole number. They are all so well arranged under these radicals, by the native lexicographers, that any word in the language can be found in a few minutes in their dictionaries, with its name and full meaning. I do not know that any clearer conception can be imparted than to imagine our alphabet to be increased to forty thousand characters, each one having not only its own sound, but also conveying a distinct idea. Suppose, then, for example, that A means *house*, that B means *fire*, that C means *table*, D, *chair*—E, *wood*—F, *truth*, and so on through all the thousands. Herein consists the immense difficulty in the acquisition of the Chinese *written* language. It makes such a tremendous demand upon the memory to commit and retain a sufficient number of these characters to enable you to read the native books. Confucius employed in his writings, comprised in the “Four Books,” less than five thousand; and as these are the standard school-books throughout the empire, those five thousand are more generally known than any of the rest. Still there are other classics, in which others occur, which must also be learned by the pupil, if he wishes to pursue his reading beyond the ordinary schoolboy limit. For here let me state, that it is surpassed in the abundance of its literature by no language in the world. It has historians, philosophers, poets, essayists, naturalists, novelists, and dramatists, without number. A knowledge of an additional five thousand characters will enable you to read many of these. The translation of the Holy Scriptures in that language contains about this

number, 10,000. The Imperial Catalogue alone, of these productions, is in itself a work of one hundred and twelve octavo volumes, each containing about three hundred pages.

There is no Chinese scholar living who knows *all* the characters in his own language. The most learned will sometimes—especially if he be reading an uncommon book—meet with a character the name of which he can no more tell than you can; but he sees which one of the two hundred and fourteen radicals enters into its composition; he then resorts to the list of words arranged under that radical in his dictionary—the order being according to the number of strokes of the pencil required to form them—from one, besides the radical, up to above twenty. There he finds both the name of the character indicated—by means of others with which he is familiar—and the definition.

The *spoken* language is different, and much more easily acquired. It is divided into very numerous local dialects—some of them so diverse that a man from one province is often as utterly unable to understand one from another, as an American is a Frenchman whose language he has never learned; while, at the same time, they both can read the same books, and communicate with perfect ease by writing. The court dialect, however, or mandarin, as it is called by foreigners—being the official language of the realm—is spoken by all the officers, and many others, throughout the empire.

At Canton an abominable jargon has sprung up from the efforts of some of the natives to learn our language. It is called "pidjin English"—"pidjin"

being their pronunciation of the word "business." It is in general use at all the ports; but so uncouth and barbarous is it, that to learn to use it readily is almost as difficult as to acquire the true dialect itself. To give a few examples: On our arrival at Hong-Kong, having occasion to call at the residence of one of our countrymen, I asked the native servant who came to the door if Mr. —— was at home. "Yes, sir, top side have got." Not comprehending his reply, I repeated the question. "Yes, sir—yes, sir," said he, "top side have got;" at the same time pointing upward. I then understood that he meant upstairs. Nearly all the native boats and junks have large eyes painted on their bows. I inquired of one who professed to speak English what was the design. Said he: "S'pose no have catchee eye, how fashion can see, wanchee walkee water?" That is, suppose it has no eyes, how can it see to walk on the water? On asking one when a certain ship would sail, he said: "I tink two tree piece day dat ship can walkee." When he would tell you that he does not understand any particular matter or business, it will be, "Me no savvee dat pidjin." One came to his employer on a certain occasion to ask permission to go and perform the funeral rites for his father, who had just died. The request ran in this wise: "My one piece olo fader have makee catchee die; my wanchee go do dat coffin pidjin all proper." They are remarkably fond of having articles in pairs. Seeing one wearing two watches, one in each breast pocket, on the outside of his coat, with the chains dangling, I asked why he wore more than one. His answer was: "S'posee one piece catchee sickee, no can talkee, dat

udder piece can talkee." One, announcing the birth of a female infant, and not knowing the proper term in English, said: "My one piece wife have catchee one piece number one pretty cow-chilo."

Schools are numerous, mostly private. A man either hires a room, or appropriates one in his own house for the purpose. He then goes out and solicits his neighbors to send their boys. Girls are rarely taught to read, though if the teacher himself have daughters, you may occasionally see them in this schoolroom learning with the boys, simply because it is convenient and costs him nothing. There seems to be no special objection to it, except the expense; but it is not regarded as at all important. In the families of the wealthy, who generally employ a private teacher, the girls are often allowed to study with the boys.

The schoolroom is furnished with narrow tables around the sides, placed with one end to the wall, like those often seen in eating-houses in this country. Two boys sit on stools at each side, facing each other, with their books lying open before them on the table. At the further end of the apartment, is the table of the teacher, on which is a tablet inscribed with the name of Confucius, and over it, against the wall, hangs a picture representing the god of literature, before which the pupils, individually, bow as they come into the school, in the morning. They all study aloud—at the very top of the voice, and accompanied by an incessant and violent swaying of the body to and fro, creating such a confusion of sounds as one would think, must effectually preclude the possibility of learning; but such is the force of habit,

that they can acquire their lessons far more easily in this manner, than if required to study silently. When a boy is ready to recite, the teacher calls him up and asks, "can you back the book?" This expression is the equivalent of "can you repeat your lesson?" Then the pupil turns his back to the teacher and rattles off, with the greatest rapidity of utterance and swing of body, the words or characters he has committed to memory, often without knowing their signification. When he has thus learned a thousand or more, the meaning is explained by the teacher. The whole system of education is little else than an exercise of the memory. Many school-boys of fifteen or sixteen can repeat the whole "four books" of Confucius besides several minor works, such as the "Hundred family names," the "Three character classic" and the "Thousand character classic." Writing is also taught—the pupil beginning soon after his first attempt in committing the names of the characters. The former process indeed, greatly facilitates the latter. The effort to trace the characters with the pencil assisting to fix them in the mind. The pen or pencil, is a delicately pointed brush, of fine hairs, which is held in a vertical position. The ink, is that so well known as "India ink," and is there prepared for writing, exactly as it is here for painting—by grinding or rubbing it with a little water on a smooth stone. In their books the leaves are folded double, the fold being on the outer edge, not designed to be cut, as they are printed only on one side. They are never bound, but only stitched in thin paper covers like our pamphlets. Works comprising several volumes are carried in cases of

thick pasteboard covered with cloth. You begin at what would be to us, the end of the book, and read from right to left in perpendicular columns.

Printing is an exceedingly simple process, performed entirely without machinery. One of these double pages of characters is neatly written on thin paper which is then so applied to a perfectly smooth piece of fine-grained wood, as to leave in ink, a distinct impression of the characters on its surface. These characters are then carefully followed by the letter cutter, who removes to a sufficient depth, with his sharp and minute chisels and gouges—all the wood not covered with the ink. This then becomes a wooden stereotype plate, which is inked on its letter surface by means of a ball of cotton covered with cloth or leather. A sheet of moistened paper is taken from a pile, and when laid upon the plate, is pressed by a brush or a piece of cloth being passed lightly over it with the hand. The sheet is then taken off and the operation finished.

The three great inventions that have exerted a stronger influence than any other in the civilization of mankind—the art of Printing, Gunpowder and the Mariner's Compass—all claimed by Europe, and as comparatively of modern date, besides many other useful arts—were known and in universal use by the Chinese, while nearly all Europe was as yet a wilderness of savage barbarians.

Paper was invented in China, in the year of our Lord 95. The mariner's compass was first mentioned A.D. 121. Printing was invented, A.D. 950. The date of the invention of gunpowder is not known, but there is abundant reason to believe it was eqnally

ancient. As Marco Polo, the Italian traveller, visited China A.D. 1274, there is but little doubt that he took the knowledge of the magnetic needle back with him to Europe, and the invention was claimed, not long after by Italy.

Chinese history contains an account of the flood, differing somewhat in its details, as might be expected, from the Mosaic narrative of that event; but in time, not more than fifty years from our received chronology of the deluge.

The ridiculous self-conceit of the Chinese, in regarding themselves as the only civilized people on earth and occupying the "Central Flowery Land," while all others are designated as "outside barbarians," has suppressed all desire to learn anything of the history or geography of other countries. These subjects, consequently form no part of their school-instruction. Maps of "The World" are met with, in five separate scrolls, to be hung side by side, forming when thus placed together, a surface of about five feet square. It is almost entirely filled up with the "Middle Kingdom" while a few insignificant islands in the corners, are severally called America, England, France, Germany, Russia, Italy, Spain, Africa, and so on. Peking is, in their estimation, the centre of the universe, and they have a chart which represents mankind as not only being less and less civilized, in proportion to their distance from that capital, but also as actually found lacking or changed in some of the natural features of a human being, taking their own type as the standard. I saw on this chart a specimen of a tribe, supposed to dwell some thousands of miles from Peking, portrayed as having but one eye,

and that in the middle of the forehead! Another, at a still longer distance, had a hole through the middle of his body, through which a pole was thrust, and instead of requiring a sedan, he was borne along by this means, on the shoulders of two others! My old teacher remarked that it must be a very convenient mode of locomotion, and gravely asked me if such a people existed! He told me that during the war with Great Britain in 1842, he himself read official proclamations that were posted up about the city of Shanghai, exhorting the people to a courageous resistance to the "red haired devils" *i.e.* the British, who had no joints at the knees, and who, when once they fell down, could not rise again to their feet, and would then become an easy prey! Therefore all possible obstructions must be placed in their path, so as to throw them down!

A system of arithmetic is taught by means of small wooden balls, sliding on small sticks or wires, in a quadrilateral frame. This is an abacus, or "counting board," and natives who are expert in its use can perform the most extensive and complicated calculations, with much greater rapidity and accuracy, than can be done by most of us with slate and pencil. You will see one of these on the counter of every shop or store. They also have a very perfect system of book-keeping—their books consisting of a blotter or day-book, cash-book, journal, ledger and such others as the peculiar nature of the business may require—kept with the utmost neatness and exactitude.

As literary merit constitutes the highest qualification for official station in the government, any youth whose circumstances will admit of it, may pursue his

studies under private tutors beyond the common school curriculum, and present himself before the appointed officers for examination for his first degree. If successful, he studies and exercises himself in composition, for three more years, when he may appear at the triennial examination for his second degree, corresponding to that of Master of Arts. If he pass this, he is eligible to office; but is seldom appointed to any, unless he have friends at court, or money with which to bribe the officers who should present his claim. If he have enough of it, the money will suffice without the prescribed examination. This, too, often procures for the stupid dolt, the use of the cultivated brains and elegant chirography—which is regarded as no less important than style—of some poor, but talented scholar, for the preparation of the essay, on which he floats into his degree, and then into office. There are, however, instances in which real merit has been recognized and rewarded. A poor boy has been known to raise himself, by the force of ability, industry and perseverance, to the position of prime minister.

When any one is promoted to a higher degree in letters—for he may go on to one corresponding to ours of LL.D.—or in office, his first duty is to go to the dwelling of his parents, however obscure they may be, if living, or to their graves if dead—and prostrating himself on the ground before them, worship them in the most reverential manner and provide for their comfort in every possible way. To such an extent do the Chinese carry their notions of filial obedience, which, indeed, is one of the most marked peculiarities in their national character.

The Chinese locate the intellect in the stomach! A common expression for a man of mental ability is that he is "very intelligent in his stomach." Where we would say of a man, that he is clear-headed, they say he is "exceedingly clear in his stomach." And so when we speak of a man putting the contents of a book into his head, they call it "eating the book and hiding it in his stomach;" and thus he acquires "a bellyful of learning."

The only newspaper in China is the "Peking Gazette," and that is merely a court journal, issued with no regularity. When there are many announcements of the imperial will, in edicts, proclamations, or reports of official documents to be made, it may appear daily for some time. Then again there may be none for several days. It also chronicles the movements of the emperor himself. While famine, pestilence or civil discord prevail in the empire, he assumes the blame to himself, and going with great display to the temples where he worships, prostrates himself humbly before his idols, or before "Heaven"—confesses his own unworthiness and implores deliverance for his subjects. I have known the people also to echo these sentiments and sometimes attribute any general distress to his derelictions.

- There is quite an efficient postal arrangement in most parts of the empire, but always by private enterprise, not governmental. Letters are transmitted by it with much certainty, and such dispatch as can be attained, by the couriers or mail-carriers, on foot or on horseback. Steam as a motive power is unknown among the Chinese, except as they have seen exhibitions of it in the vessels of foreigners. So also

are electricity and magnetism. Nor do they seem in the least disposed to introduce these agents into their country. A chicken feather sticking in one corner of an envelope, signifies the same as the words "with haste," written on it, among ourselves. If the feather be singed, it means "with all possible dispatch."

In reckoning time, the Chinese months are moons; but they regulate the length of the year by the sun—the new year always beginning with the first new moon after the sun enters Aquarius, which is between the 21st of January and the 20th of February. Their year, therefore, though generally consisting of twelve months, must sometimes have a thirteenth—an intercalary. They do not divide time into weeks, and have no Sabbath. The day is divided into twelve hours, instead of twenty-four. They have no clocks nor watches except as they have been introduced by foreigners. The native timepiece is a spiral coil of slowly combustible material, composed of clay and fine sawdust mixed with some adhesive substance and dried. It resembles a brown cord, three-eighths of an inch in diameter, suspended by one end from the roof or floor above and marked by bits of string tied around it, into lengths, each of which, from its known uniformity in burning, will be consumed in just one hour; it is called a *time-stick*, and is sometimes long enough to last a week.

## CHAPTER XVII.

### CHINESE MILITARY—"ALL SOULS' DAY."

A Military Review—Their Uniform—Martial Music—Archers—An Incident—Fire-Arms—Match-locks—Jinjals—A Chastisement—Small Arms—Shields—Gymnastics—Rewards—"All Soul's Day"—Its Origin—Procession of Idols—They take an Airing in Sedans—Burning Gilt Paper to provide the Dead with Money—Address to the Multitude.

*Sept. 12, 1850.*—A Chinese military review is not one of the least singular sights in this singular country. You have not now to be informed, for the first time, of the extremely awkward and ludicrous appearance of a Chinese soldier. To begin with his head—he wears upon it a cap or hat, whatever you please to call it, of conical shape, having a tuft of horse hair, dyed red, fastened on the top, and hanging down its sides. In full dress uniform, he wears a clumsy quilted garment, wadded with cotton. It extends below the knees, and on the back is a large round patch of white, which has inscribed upon it, in flaming red, the character signifying "bravery." This, of course, is best shown to the enemy by running, and they have seldom failed to display it by turning their backs in every engagement with foreign troops. If they argue from the maxim that "discretion is the better part of valor," they are right, for *run* bravely,

they certainly do. You would suppose, by the variety and amount of terrific noise they produce, that they relied upon the hideous din of their gongs and horns, to frighten their foes to death. A man who had a very delicate sense of the "concord of sweet sounds" would be likely to dread their music more than their bullets or projectiles.

I went this morning to see one of these martial displays ; carrying with me, however, a supply of messengers of peace, in the form of tracts. The parade ground is a large open space, without the city walls, on the south, about two miles from my residence. When I reached the spot, the archers—for one department of their military uses bows and arrows—had finished their exercise, and two of the three mandarins present, were exhibiting their strength and skill to the admiring crowd, by shooting at a target with bows and arrows of their own. Had you witnessed the dexterity of these officers on this occasion, you would agree with me in the opinion that the safest course for one to take who wished to avoid being hit, would be to go and stand by the mark. Just as one had discharged his three arrows, he discovered me among the multitude, by my foreign dress, and beckoning me toward him, took by the hand, and seated me by his side, near a small table. I was admiring the workmanship of a bow standing against the table, and the mandarin to whom it belonged requested me to try it. I begged him to excuse me, saying that I had never used one of that kind ; but as he still insisted, I took an arrow, placed it on the string, and sent it away whizzing toward the mark, which it missed of course, but went so far beyond it as to elicit a shout

of approbation from the people crowded around. They exclaimed, "The foreigner's strength is greater than the mandarin's"—for most of their arrows had fallen short of the mark. My courteous friend seemed a little mortified, and he hastened to unstring his bow, while the people said, "Let the foreigner shoot again—Let the foreigner shoot again." He did not seem to hear them, but hastily ordered a cup of tea for me, and taking his pipe, filled it with finely-cut tobacco, lighted it by drawing a puff or two himself, and then wiping the mouth-piece with his hand, gave it to me with a graceful bow. This was designed as a compliment, and not liking to be considered rude by declining it so publicly, I took the pipe and smoked it for a few seconds, but being too dull to appreciate the virtues of the "divine weed," unless it be the "divinity that stirs within us" to the unsettling of one's breakfast, I soon returned it to him, when he used it with as much gusto as do many excellent friends of mine, in my native land.

The place where we sat was a permanent platform, elevated two steps above the level of the ground, and covered with a roof. Our position commanded a view of the whole field, and the attendants of the mandarin kept the space immediately around us, open by whacking away at the eager multitude with large whips. The soldiers bearing fire-arms, were drawn up in readiness for an exercise, a few rods distant. Two large yellow flags, with serrated edges, were planted at either extremity of the line, and five small ones of the same description, at equal distances apart, between the two larger ones and a little in the rear. Never having been initiated into the sublime mys-

teries of militia training, I am at a loss for the proper terms by which to describe the evolutions that were performed on the occasion; but at a given signal the gongs and horns and kettle-drums sent forth their deafening noise, the soldiers formed themselves into a variety of positions, and commenced firing—first all together, then in platoons, and finally, each man as fast as he could load his piece, retiring, as soon as he had discharged it, a few paces to the rear—thus keeping up an unbroken succession of shots, and yet without the least confusion. They certainly were well drilled. Each man seemed to know his precise position, and fell into it without interrupting his neighbor.

The match-locks bore some general resemblance to a musket, but were exceedingly clumsy. The barrel is very roughly made, and the muzzle flares out like an old-fashioned blunderbuss. It has nothing that can be called a lock, but instead, a piece of iron about fourteen inches long, fastened at the middle by a pin to the breech-piece half-way from the pan to the end. Working upon this pin or pivot, one part of the iron projects below and backward, while the other projects above and forward, having its end bent downward toward the pan. The end is forked so as to hold a piece of burning rope. The pan is filled with powder, and provided with a cover, which the soldier takes off when he wishes to discharge his gun. The lighted rope is about four inches above the powder, and is brought into contact with it by pressing up the lower end of the iron rod, which serves as a trigger. A spring keeps it in its place. From this imperfect description you can discover that a

Chinese gun is a miserably awkward affair. There are two sizes, but of similar construction. The larger which is called by foreigners a "jinjal," has a barrel of two inches in diameter, and requires two men to handle it—one at the muzzle, who loads and then places it on his shoulder, while the one at the breech primes, adjusts the match and discharges the piece. The place of cartridges is supplied by many small pieces of bamboo, each containing the quantity of powder necessary for a single load, and these are carried in a belt around the waist. The Chinese manufactured gunpowder several hundred years at least before it was discovered by Western nations, but from ignorance of the precise chemical properties, as well as of the proper admixture of the ingredients, they cannot graduate it to any given strength. The smaller sized matchlocks have a forked stick fastened to the stock near the muzzle as a rest, to be used when the soldier fires, kneeling. One poor fellow accidentally discharged his piece before the word of command was given, and my friend, the reviewing officer, immediately dispatched an attendant to ascertain who it was. When the evolution was finished, he was led up before the mandarin by two men, and as he approached, fell on his knees, explaining the cause of the accident and begging for mercy. He was severely reproved and ordered to be punished. His cap and jacket were taken off and four men laid him on the ground at full length, on his face. They then bared his legs at the thighs, and a man with a wooden paddle, four feet long, gave him nine blows on the fleshy part of the thighs, with sufficient force to discolor the parts, but not to break

the skin. He groaned piteously during the infliction, and I was just about to intercede for him when he was released. He was then remanded to the ranks, and performed his part in the remainder of the exercise.

Following the review of the matchlock department, came that of soldiers using swords, spears and shields. The shields are round, about two feet in diameter, and made of ratan, having the face of a tiger painted on them so large as to cover the whole surface. The performance with these weapons was quite amusing. Those carrying the shields showed great dexterity in warding off the blows of their assailants. They would turn somersets, roll over on the ground, and cut all sorts of antics in dodging, while their antagonists exerted themselves so to strike as not to hit. They would sometimes so arrange themselves that their shields would form a pyramid of frightful tigers' faces, while no part of those holding them could be seen. Then, again, they would separate, and each man fall down upon the ground, completely covering his body with his shield.

When the whole was concluded, the reviewing officer distributed rewards for conspicuous activity and skill, as promptly as he had before inflicted punishment for remissness. To the man who turned the best somerset he gave two hundred copper cash, equal in value to thirteen cents.

On leaving, I gave tracts to each of the three mandarins, and disposed of all the rest in my possession, to the people who crowded around me, and to others whom I met on my way home.

Hearing a gong sounded along the streets one

morning, and inquiring the cause, I was told that on that day—the middle of the seventh month, by Chinese reckoning, every family was expected to contribute a quota of gilt paper, to be transformed into money by the action of fire, for the use of those spirits in the other world, who had no near relatives or friends living, to keep them in funds. It was an "All-souls" day. The origin of the custom I learned to be as follows: The first monarch of the Ming dynasty was born of very poor and obscure parents, but by means of his vigorous abilities overcame the untoward circumstances of birth and fortune, and finally reached the throne. His parents died during his childhood, and he was never able to ascertain the place of their burial, so upon his accession to power, being desirous to sacrifice to his ancestors, he commanded his officers throughout the empire to prepare offerings, and burn paper money in every place, so that he might be certain they would, at some place or other, wherever their shades might be, get a portion of what was designed for them, and thus not be left unprovided for in the spirit-land. This, it is said, occurred about five hundred years ago, and thus originated the practice of making offerings for the ghosts of all who die away from home, and whose friends never know the place of their sepulture. This custom is observed three times a year. The gilt paper collected during the day is strung on long bamboo poles, and at night is carried to the many burial-grounds in and around the city, and burned at every few rods all along the streets and paths, so as to give every forlorn spirit a share, wherever it may roam. Some carrying torches and lanterns, and

some playing on various kinds of musical instruments, give the procession quite an imposing appearance in the darkness of the night, as they wend their way among the solitary dwellings of the dead.

On the same days, but without any apparent connection between the ceremonies, five of the principal idols in the city are taken from the chief temple, placed in large sedan-chairs and carried about through the principal streets during the day, and at nightfall are brought to a small temple on the north bank of the Yang-king-pang, outside the north gate. Men dressed in the fantastic costumes of former ages, some carrying flags and red wooden tablets on poles, containing inscriptions in large gilt characters—some with gongs, others with long pieces of bamboo rattling along on the pavements, and others still, carrying large lanterns, follow in the train of these idols as their attendants. Besides these, are large numbers of persons of both sexes and all ages, with dishevelled hair, wearing red garments from head to foot, having iron chains around their necks, and handcuffed; the poorer walking, and those who can afford it, riding in sedans. These all are persons who, having been sick, have vowed to the idols that if they recovered, they would regard themselves as criminals, deserving to be punished, but spared through the compassion of the gods; and they follow in the procession in this attire, in fulfillment of their vows. Besides these, multitudes of people crowd the streets through which the procession passes, to witness the scene. The occasion is a general holiday throughout the city. Toward night, I went to the small temple above mentioned, and found the place thronged.

One idol had already been brought in. As the others approached one after another, at short intervals, the attendants who followed them, shouted and prostrated themselves on the ground. Then, as each idol was placed with its sedan in the position assigned to it, small tables filled with a variety of articles of choice kinds of food were set before them as offerings, with the belief that the god actually feasted upon what was set before him. If he did, he was satisfied with a marvellously small quantity, or else the same food was eaten twice, for it is certain that the *bonâ fide* flesh and blood attendants of his godship ate it afterward, doubtless without perceiving any diminution. The usual accompaniments of gilt paper, incense sticks and red wax candles, were burnt in profusion, while hundreds of these poor deluded heathen came and worshipped most devoutly before their senseless blocks. A mandarin with his train, who it seems was master of ceremonies, came in about sunset, and prostrated himself, bowing his head to the ground nine times, before each of the five idols separately, and just at this juncture, the many strings of gilt paper collected through the day, forming a pile eight or nine feet high, were set on fire outside the temple, a little to the eastward of the entrance. I experienced a feeling something akin to what Paul felt, when, at Athens, he saw the whole city given to idolatry—my spirit was stirred within me, and taking my position in the open space with the chief idol in front of me, and the other two on either hand, I distributed to the people crowding around me the tracts I had taken with me, and declared to them the absolute folly and wickedness of these superstitious practices,

the utter uselessness of their idols—that there is but one God who made all things, and that He only deserved their worship and service—that He so loved them as to give his Son Jesus to save them from eternal punishment. They listened attentively, and asked me many questions as I talked to them and with them till dark, and then turned my steps homeward with a burdened, sorrowful heart, praying as I went, that what few seeds of truth had been sown in weakness might be raised in power. But alas! sighed I, when, oh when will this multitudinous people become the people of the Lord—when will they be persuaded that there is no other way by which they can be saved but through Jesus Christ? Then again, I comforted myself with the reflection that the work was the work of the Lord, and that He had the power to bring it to a speedier fulfillment than the strongest aspirations of my slow faith dared hope for. But He will accomplish it in due time—it is a small thing with the Lord to save by many or by few—it is not by might nor by power, but by my Spirit, saith the Lord of Hosts. Therefore I thanked God and took courage.

extending through the thick, brick wall, so that it can be opened on either side. The mother brings her babe, with its name and age written on a bit of paper, attached to its dress, and depositing it in the drawer, shuts it and gives two or three loud raps on a piece of bamboo, placed there for the purpose, with a stick which hangs at its side. She then retires a few yards, and watching the drawer, presently sees it drawn through on the inside, and then departs. The infant is taken to the superintendent of the establishment, who has its name, age and time of reception carefully recorded. It is then thoroughly washed and comfortably dressed, if it be not so already—and handed over to a nurse. When I visited the hospital it was remarkably clean and orderly, everything being done in the most systematic manner. It was not a very large establishment, there being but about forty children there at that time. When they become old enough to be at all serviceable, they are apprenticed as servants to families who apply for them, and some are given to Buddhist nunneries. Many of them are diseased, and many die in infancy. This hospital is supported by the charity of the wealthy.

There are also one or two native dispensaries, to which the poor may resort on the first and fifteenth of each month, and receive medical aid gratuitously. They are sustained in the same manner, and on the appointed days are thronged with applicants.

Then there are, besides, charity schools, to which parents who are unable to pay tuition may send their sons free of charge. These all are redeeming features in this land of selfishness and idolatry; and show that even the Chinese are not entirely destitute of

humane impulses, nor altogether lacking in benevolent enterprises.

The three leading forms of Chinese idolatry are Confucianism, Tauism, and Buddhism. The first consists in the worship of their great philosopher, Confucius, or more correctly, Koong-foo-tsz, which the Jesuits latinized into "Confucius." (A facetious friend of ours—a noble and pious shipmaster, Captain Noah Webber, who frequently visited us on his voyages, persisted in still further *anglicizing* it—he called it, not inappropriately either, "Confuse-us.") So also did they the name of Mang-tsz—another noted philosopher who lived a hundred years later than the former—it is now known among foreigners as "Mencius." But the Chinese would never recognize either of them by these modern names. Confucius flourished about 500 years before the Christian era, and gave utterance to some very excellent moral precepts, to apply in the different relations between man and man, but nothing more. His whole system is a mere materialism. He studiously avoids reference to a spiritual or future life. His writings are still the standard of style and sentiment among the literati of the nation, by whom he is mostly worshipped. There is a temple to his memory in every city, and in many other places throughout the empire. They contain no image of the sage, but simply tablets inscribed with his name, and two other characters signifying "spiritual residence," before which offerings of slain animals are made, and worship is performed.

The second system, Tauism, was originally a combination of rationalism and mysticism. Its name, Tau, signifies Reason, and is taken from the only

work—Tan-teh-king—“Reason and Virtue Classic”—written by its founder, Lau-tsz, who was born B.C. 604, and was nearly contemporary with Confucius, who was born B.C. 550. His doctrine was, that Reason originated all things, itself being self-existent and eternal, and that all good beings will finally return to the bosom of Eternal Reason, while the bad will be doomed to successive births among men. He recommended, by precept and example, a life of retirement and seclusion, passed in subjugation of the passions, and in meditations upon Virtue. The Tauist temples in China are filled with idols, among which a trio, called the “Three Pure Ones,” always occupies the most conspicuous position. The Tauist priests profess to have constant intercourse with the invisible world, which they have peopled with spirits and demons. I once saw one of them violently cutting, slashing and thrusting the air with a sword, as if in actual combat with an unseen adversary. This was a part of the ceremony in exorcising evil spirits.

The third, and by far the most popular system, is Buddhism. The manner of its introduction was remarkable. In the year of our Lord 65, the Emperor Ming dreamed that a personage, whose face shone with the most dazzling brightness, and whose raiment gleamed with an unearthly splendor, appeared to him and directed him to send to the westward, where he would find a new religion, which he must introduce into his empire. In the morning, he immediately dispatched an embassy in search of the faith that had been indicated to him. The messengers travelled on westward, till they came to India, where, falling in with Buddhist priests, were persuaded by them, that theirs

was the system designated in the dream of the emperor. Accordingly, the embassy returned to China, accompanied by some of these priests, with their idols and sacred books, and thus it was introduced. One cannot help being filled with amazement, as well as regret, that these messengers were not allowed to proceed without this disastrous interruption; in which event, they would probably have reached Judea, and in that case, the religion of Jesus might soon, perhaps, have become even more universal in China, than did Buddhism. It was a wonderful coincidence, too, that the title of the emperor on the throne at the time of the advent of our Lord, was Ping, meaning Peace.

Among the leading tenets of Buddhism, with its multitudinous idols, are the transmigration of souls, and final absorption into Buddha, or in other words, annihilation. Some of its moral precepts are excellent, and like Tauism, it teaches to restrain the appetites and subdue the passions. Its followers believe that they can acquire merit by repeating the words "O-me-to-fuh"—the name of Buddha in Sanscrit, and several other sentences in the same language, not one word of which do any of them understand—and by self-mortification. At a monastery, about forty miles west from Shanghai, I saw a Buddhist priest in a room about ten feet square, which contained a small gilded image of his idol on a table, and a seat about two and a half feet square, on which he sat cross-legged for repose. The door was barred, locked, and sealed, by strips of red paper bearing the date of his entrance, and the signature of a high mandarin in the large neighboring city of Soong-kiang—pasted over

the locks and bars. I conversed with him through an opening in the wall about ten inches square, by the side of the door, through which also his wants were supplied by his brother priests. He had entered to pass five years in devotion. Three of these had expired, in all which time, he told me he had never once lain down, but had slept only in the sitting posture. On the top of his head were nine deep circular scars, about the size of a half dime, in rows of three in each, produced by allowing the *moxa*—a small cone of slowly combustible material, lighted at the apex, to burn down into the skin till it was entirely consumed. His seat was surrounded by a mosquito-curtain—mosquito bites being a description of torture not down on his programme. His object in going into this seclusion, was to acquire a degree of merit, that would recommend him to the favorable regard of the people, whom he intended to solicit for money, to enable him to repair a part of the temple, which had fallen into ruin.

They believe in a beautiful paradise for the good in the future world, where they will dwell until gradually absorbed into Buddha, who himself has become an ethereal nothing—this will be the consummation of bliss. Their description of the punishments of the wicked are sufficiently horrible. I have seen them represented both in paintings and in figures wrought in clay. The latter particularly, at a new and elaborately ornamented temple called the "Brilliant Happiness Monastery," within the north gate, in the city of Shanghai. The executioners are monstrous demons with horns and tails, and have knives, swords, spears, pitchforks, clubs, saws, and axes. The vic-

tims are thrown upon mountains covered with sharpened spikes; into caldrons of boiling pitch, and into flaming furnaces. They are sawn asunder, being bound, feet upward, between two upright iron pillars; others are strangled, have their tongues cut out, are exposed to the most intense cold, and then transferred to burning flames. Others are seen beginning to assume the forms of the animals in which they are doomed to appear again on earth, after the metempsychosis. There is even a huge mill into which some wretches are thrown, while a monster turns the crank, and thus they are ground over, coming out hogs, horses, goats, oxen, etc. Melted lead is poured down the throats of some; the flesh is torn off from others with pincers; and others still are roasted on spits and gridirons.

Many of their forms and ceremonies are so similar to those of popery, that one of the first Romish missionaries who came to China, wrote back to Italy that he believed Buddhism an invention of the devil as a caricature of the "true faith." The points of resemblance are many and striking. Common to both, are monasteries and nunneries; the worship of images and sacred relics; canonization of saints; the celibacy of the priesthood; the tonsure, or shaving of the head, and their singularity of dress; the use of incense, wax candles, holy water and bells, in their worship; numbering their prayers by counting the beads of a rosary; the ritual in an unknown language; "vain repetitions;" the doctrine of purgatory, from which souls may be delivered by the prayers of priests; charms and amulets; the pretension to miracles; works of merit and supererogation; pen-

ance; the imposing array of paraphernalia about their altars; the titles of their intercessors—the “Queen of Heaven,” “Goddess of mercy,” “Holy Mother,” and even worshipping the figure of a virgin, holding an infant in her arms.

Among the many idols in the native temples, there is one called the “god of thunder.” He is represented as causing thunder by beating on gigantic kettle-drums, while another, the “goddess of lightning,” stands holding in each hand a mirror, which, turned rapidly toward the sun, produces lightning.

There is in Shanghai a temple containing thirteen wooden idols, one for each month in the year, which the natives call the “Flower gods.” These, they believe, preside over the flowers, and they worship them by placing the choicest of their flowers before them on their birthdays.

There, too, among many others, is a large and costly temple of the “god of fire.” And then, there are numberless smaller ones, in the niches of walls along streets, and at bridges. There are gods of mountains, hills, valleys and plains; of seas, lakes, rivers, creeks and canals; of families, schools, shops and kitchens; but it is useless to attempt to enumerate them. It has been estimated that the Chinese worship at least 30,000! Among the numerous gilt-lettered signs that hang vertically from the eaves by the side of shop-doors, along the streets, may be seen, now and then, one inscribed “*gods made and sold here.*”

Octagonal towers or pagodas are built in certain localities to ward off evil influences, and to secure health and prosperity; they always contain idols.

There is a handsome structure of this description, about six miles from Shanghai, called Loong-hwa-tah—"Dragon-flower pagoda." It is seven stories high, and has suspended from the curved-up corners of its seven projecting roofs, bells which tinkle sweetly when moved by the wind.

Theatrical representations are given in honor of the gods. The stage is a platform ten or twelve feet high, directly over the entrance to the spacious court-yard of the open temple; consequently the exhibition is in front of the idols, and they are supposed to enjoy the scene. The two sides of the court are lined with two-story buildings, the lower being occupied as shops, and the upper as stalls, which are occupied, during the performance, by females, who are present to witness the play. The whole court, which is paved with well-hewn stone, is crowded with spectators, for there is never any charge for witnessing the performance. The entire expense is defrayed by some wealthy merchant, perhaps, who, on engaging in some speculation, came to this temple, and, worshipping the idols, made a vow that if he should be successful, he would give a theatrical exhibition in honor of these deities. Many of the plays are well written, but the performance is the veriest burlesque that can be conceived. There is no illusion whatever, and there are seldom, if ever, any curtains or painted scenes. All the actors are in full view of the audience throughout the entire play. When not taking part, they are standing aside, laughing and talking, drinking tea or smoking. In uttering the words of the piece, no natural tone of voice is ever heard—it is always a disagreeable, nasal whine. The same may be said of

the native singing, in which the whine becomes a high, falsetto squeal. There is much pantomime, and a vast amount is left to be supplied by the imagination of the spectator.

The Chinese are our antipodes not only in geographical position, but they do so many things in a manner directly the reverse of our own modes, that a most amusing chapter might be written on these points of difference. The following are some of the particulars: They shave the hair from the head instead of that on the face, after they reach full manhood. The lather brush looks like a tooth-brush, and they lather with warm water only, without soap. They not only always wash and bathe in hot water, but will also drink warm water in preference to cold. They begin at the end of a book to read, and read from the top to the bottom, beginning at the right hand, instead of across the page and beginning at the left. Explanatory notes are always at the top of the page instead of at the bottom. The title of a book is always on the outer margin instead of at the top. The leaves are all doubled and printed on one side instead of being single and printed on both. The pupils in schools study as loudly as they can scream, instead of silently, and in reciting stand with the back to the teacher, instead of the face. They locate the seat of intelligence in the stomach instead of in the head. In salutation, they each shake their own hands instead of the others. With them the magnetic needle is always said to point to the south, and in naming the four cardinal points they say east, south, west, north. Instead of southeast and northwest, they always say east-south and west-north. Matting is used for

mattresses instead of on floors, and they use hard pillows (sometimes a block of wood) instead of soft. Long nails are ornamental—if three or four inches, they are of quite an aristocratic length. They put the given name, or the title by which you are called, *after* the family name instead of before it. So it would be Smith Mr. instead of Mr. Smith. It is impolite to take off your hat in the house. They plaster and whitewash buildings on the outer side oftener than on the inner. It is a strong mark of filial regard for a son to buy a coffin as a present to his father, while yet living. On presenting it, he says, “may you live ten thousand years!” When a man becomes able, one of the first articles of furniture he buys for himself is his coffin! It is often used as a bench or table for years. When it becomes tenanted it is frequently kept in the house for many years longer, instead of being taken out and buried; and when thus taken out it is often placed on the surface of the ground instead of beneath it. The inscription is always on the end of the coffin instead of on the top. They wear white for mourning instead of black. At funerals, women must weep even if they are not grieved; men must not if they are. More lanterns are carried at the time of the full moon than at any other. They sell wood and fluids by weight instead of by measure. At a dinner, the dessert is always eaten first. The seat of honor is on the left hand instead of at the right. They eat with two sticks, both in one hand, instead of with a knife and fork, one in each. Their boots and shoes are higher at the toes than at the heels, and are mostly made of cloth instead of leather. They use whiting on them instead of blacking. In

laying floors they lay the plank with the smooth surface down on the timbers, while the upper is left rough and unplaned. In drinking tea, the sancer is placed on the top of the cup instead of at the bottom. They kill themselves to be revenged of an enemy. Men wear gowns, petticoats, beads, embroidery, and garters, and women wear pantaloons (not, however, "*the* pantaloons"). They always mount a horse on the wrong side, and women ride as the men. Military officers carry fans instead of pistols. The plume is on the back of the cap and hangs down, instead of being on the front and standing up. In battle they wait for a ship to sail into a line with the cannon, on a fortification, instead of moving the gun, and directing it to the position of the ship. In the dress of men, the drawers are large and loose at the bottom, and have no strings, while the pants are tight as possible and are tied around the ankles like drawers. In other words, it might be said, they wear their drawers outside of their pantaloons. Among us, young men and women choose for themselves and do their own courting, when they become grown (and sometimes before); in China this is all done for them by their parents while they are infants. With us, ladies have the preference; with them, gentlemen. We educate and honor our wives, sisters and daughters, and bring them forward in society; they degrade theirs, keep them in ignorance and out of sight. Women have their feet always bound—their waists, never. The circumference of their dress is greatest at the waist and least at the ankles. They wear their breast-pins on the forehead. The young lady goes to the residence of her betrothed to be married, and she

wails and weeps along the whole way to her wedding. They always have feasting and music at funerals. Green plums are preferred to ripe ones. They abominate milk, butter and cheese, but relish castor oil, snails, and many other articles that are to us horribly offensive. They shave off nearly the whole of the eye-brows, leaving a mere pencil of hair, while that on the opposite side of the head is allowed to grow till it reaches the ground. Although men do not exactly *set* on the eggs, they yet do most of the hatching, thus assuming the prerogative of the hens and depriving them of that pleasure and privilege.

## CHAPTER XIX.

### INCIDENTS.

A Foundling—Air-Castle Building—"Reckoning without the Host"—Disappointment—A Boat-Trip to Tsayn-so—Inundation—The City—Preaching and Tract Distribution—"Bread on the Waters."

ONE Sunday morning, as I was on my way to the chapel of the London Missionary Society, to hear Dr. Medhurst preach in Chinese, my attention was drawn to several persons looking toward the top of the high embankment forming the inner portion of the city wall. I stopped a moment and looked in the same direction, when presently I heard the faint cry of an infant, but saw nothing. Said I to a woman standing near me, "What is it?" She replied, "It is a little child, whose parents have thrown it away, and it is a *ten thousand times* fine looking child"—a common form of expression among the Chinese for the superlative. "But why did they throw it away?" "I don't know," said she "unless it was that they had no rice to give it to eat." Upon this I turned to go to the spot, and then a dozen followed, but until now, no one seemed disposed to go near it. Climbing up the steep bank, I discovered as I reached the top, a very pretty little child, entirely naked, and crying as if its heart was broken. It was sitting on the step of a back door of an old dilapidated temple,

which stands on the city wall. "Does any one here know its father and mother?" Nobody knew them. "Can any one tell how it came here?" No one could tell. "Do you think its parents put it here to die because they were too poor to buy food for it?" "Yes, that must be it?" "Well, suppose I take it to my house and give it rice and clothes, and bring it up?" "Oh," said several at once, "that is very good; that will be doing a very good act." "Then," said I to one of the women whom curiosity had attracted to the place, "will you take it into your house and put a dress on it, and give it some rice to eat, until to-morrow, when I will come and take it home with me and pay you for your trouble?" "Yes," said she, "I will do that." "Well, where do you live?" "Just down yonder, near the foot of the wall." So she went, and taking the naked little outcast by the hand, lifted it up, but after a step or two it sank down, unable to walk from weakness, the result of hunger. So the woman, who manifested some kindly feeling for the poor little friendless one, took it up in her arms and carried it down the bank to her house. The child ceased crying as soon as she found herself in the arms of one whom she could not distinguish from her *unnatural* mother, and I went on to the chapel. After service, on my way home, I called in at the house of the woman who had taken my little foundling, and the first object that met my eye, was the little creature herself, having on a thin garment—for the weather was quite warm—seated on the threshold of an inner door, playing with a string, and apparently as contented and happy as if she had never known any other home. To my inquiry if the

child had been fed, the kind old woman replied in the affirmative, and the appearance of the former gave pretty good evidence to the truth of her statement. Renewing my promise to come for the child on the morrow, I went home and told my wife of the occurrence. We both regarded the helpless little one as providentially thrown upon our hands, not only for deliverance, perhaps from death, but to be trained up for a blessing to her benighted countrywomen here, and a bright star in glory hereafter. What we might do for her, and how we should teach her, were subjects of frequent conversation through the day. We determined to call her *Annie*, since so much interest already existed in America, in behalf of the little girl of that name who was an inmate of our family for a few months. And we thought we might easily transfer this interest as well as the funds for her support, to our newly adopted charge. This is a Chinese name, and is sounded *An-ye*, but it is so much like that pretty *Annie*, so familiar to us at home, that we always so wrote and called it. This circumstance probably gave rise to the idea among our friends at home that when we took a Chinese child to support and educate we were at liberty to give it an English name, which you may do if you please, but it will never be used by the natives themselves.

The next day, as soon as the press of morning duties would permit, I went for my little *protégée*. What bright visions of the future presented themselves to my mind as I walked along. I fancied to myself the child growing up under our fostering care, her tender mind early imbued with the knowledge of the true God—her heart the subject of the gracious influences

of the Holy Spirit, and then the light she would become to her degraded countrymen. My thoughts were occupied with such anticipations as these when I reached the house where I had left her the day before. The woman's answer to my question, "Where is the child?" instantly dashed my hopes to the ground. Its mother had come and taken it away. "Its mother! why I thought its mother had thrown it out to die." "Well, we all thought so, too, but we were mistaken. It had strayed away from its home, and some beggars had stripped it of its clothes, and then left it to perish where we found it. But its mother came along in great distress, searching and inquiring for her child, and was overjoyed to find it here, so she took it home again." Of course I could not demur to the proceeding, though I must acknowledge my disappointment was by no means trifling. However, I consoled myself with the thought, that all the glowing anticipations which had a moment before filled my breast, might yet be realized in the person of some other little heathen child at some future day.

"Here, Ne-kway, take my pallet and blanket, and come with me to the boat at the mouth of the creek; for it is now near nine o'clock, and I have engaged to meet Mr. Edkins, of the London Missionary Society, there at ten. We are going to take a day's trip into the country on a missionary excursion." I led the way, and my Chinese servant, Ne-kway, followed me with the bundle along the winding stone-walk on the bank of the creek. This path for some part of the way becomes a narrow, crowded street, lined with shops on either side, and alive with human beings

bustling to and fro on the pavement, or making merry with companions over their cups in the tea-taverns. "Ne-kway, here is a candle shop, you had better get a candle and put it in your oiled-paper lantern, for the moon is not up yet, and it is quite dark." Now, then, we can see the way plainly. Presently we come to the mouth of the Yang-king-pang, where it empties into the broad Hwang-poo, on whose placid bosom some twenty sail of foreign vessels lay quietly moored. Their masts and rigging at first but dimly seen by star-light, soon became distinctly visible before the rising moon, and look like strong dark lines drawn against the sky. We find the boat at the place appointed, with three boatmen in waiting. Knowing that they must begin to ply the oar at midnight, when the tide will flow in our favor, they are taking a nap beforehand. After placing my sleeping apparatus on board, Ne-kway returns home. My friend has not yet come; but as our sleep will be sufficiently short and disturbed through the night, I will try to get a little now while the boat is still; so, spreading out my pallet on one of the broad benches, I betake myself to the same employment with the three good fellows "aft." Just as I begin to doze, here comes Edkins and spoils it all. He does not seem at all disposed to "turn in;" so, being effectually waked, I might as well "turn out" and keep him company. The boatmen pull up the anchor and scull across to the east side of the river, that they may be in a more favorable position for taking advantage of the flood tide. By this time the moon is riding the heavens in full beauty, and one might fancy she was making the Hwang-poo her

toilet-glass, so perfectly does it reflect her face. As we come near the opposite bank, rattle, rattle, rattle, goes the chain—down goes the anchor, and in a few minutes everything is quiet again, and we are all asleep, but one boatman, who keeps awake, or should, if he does not, to watch for the first turning of the tide. We are apprised of that fact after a short season of repose, by the moving about of our boatmen, pulling up the anchor once more; and soon we are on our way to Tsayn-so—the place of our destination.

The incessant creaking of the great oar, together with the rocking motion of the boat, which necessarily accompanies sculling, too plainly announce to me that I am to sleep no more to-night. Not so, however, with my fellow *voyageur*. He is an "old salt" at this kind of travelling—making a trip weekly—and so he sleeps away most provokingly sound. After alternately dozing and turning from side to side for several hours, daylight at length comes to my relief. Dress myself and hasten on deck, where, seated on a small bench, I breathe the fresh morning air with a keen relish. The fog is so dense, that one can scarcely see the banks of the canal; as it gradually clears away, we discover the poor peasantry plying their early tasks. They are now gathering their scanty crop of cotton, which the unfavorable season has reduced to nearly one half an average quantity. In some places, the late heavy rains have quite destroyed it. Many fields are still under water, and the canals in every part of this vast level region are filled to their banks, and in many places are overflowing them. As we pass along, we see the water occupying the door-ways and earth floors of many a poor

native tenement. Even this, however, does not quench the curiosity of the inmates to see the "outside country men;" so men, women and children, standing on pieces of wood, planks and stones, crowd the doors to get a glimpse of us—for my companion has just made his appearance. "Why Edkins, what a favorite you must be with the goddess of sleep; she shook her dewy wand over you, and you snored away as if you were sleeping for a wager—while I wooed her the night long in vain. It was really tantalizing; you should have been more considerate." The tea-kettle is soon set a-boiling over a charcoal fire in a small earthen furnace in the stern of the boat, and having opened our baskets and spread out our provisions on the little table, we make an excellent breakfast on cold beef and bread, with a good, hot cup of tea. We have but little more than finished our repast, when we arrive at a stone bridge, under which our boat cannot pass, from the quantity of water in the canal, and we are still four miles distant from Tsayn-so. After a few minutes' deliberation, we hail a fisherman, who is just paddling by in his frail canoe, and having stipulated with him for a passage, take a half-bushel bag of tracts in hand, and embark for the second time. The boat is so small that we must sit flat on the bottom to avoid upsetting. So seated *vis-à-vis* we open our umbrellas to shield us from the sun, and paddle on toward the town we design visiting. Some missionaries having been this way before, on the same errand with ourselves, many of the people living along the canal, seem to know our object, and eagerly ask for books, sometimes running a long distance on the banks for the sake of

getting them. We approach the shore at convenient places to gratify them, and are abundantly thanked in return. At noon we reach Tsayn-so. The high, strong brick wall, which surrounds the town, is much dilapidated in appearance; and the four wooden gates, looking to the four cardinal points of the compass—originally very thick and strong—are so decayed as to be useless. The necessity which gave origin both to the wall and the gates, viz.: the frequent attacks of pirates, seems to have passed entirely away. The people dwell securely without requiring these defences. Entering the western gate, we pass on through the principal street, followed by crowds of people, to whom we distribute books and tracts, until we come to the gate on the eastern side of the town. We here climb the wall, and strain our eyes to get a view of the sea, said to be visible in clear weather from this point; but we cannot see it. Descending, we retrace our steps to the largest temple in the place, inviting the people in the shops and streets as we pass along to come and hear us preach. This temple is situated near the gate at which we at first entered. Going in through a spacious, open court, we mounted a table four feet high, directly in front of the great idol whom the inhabitants regard as the protecting divinity of the city. Here my companion first, plainly and faithfully, proclaims to the assembled throng the vanity and guilt of their superstitious customs; and I followed him, exhorting them to forsake their false gods and deceiving priests; to repent of their wickedness, and earnestly pray to the only living and true God to pardon their sins solely on the merit of his son Jesus Christ, who came from

heaven to earth, and died for all mankind—for the “middle country people,” as well as for those who lived in the “outside country.” After enlarging in this manner upon the leading doctrines of the Bible, we left them, having disposed of all our tracts; and then returned to our little skiff; still followed by a number of men and boys to whom we have promised books on reaching the small boat, in which we had left the bag. We redeem this promise, wake up our boatman, who has been regaling himself with a nap in our absence, and in a little time have our faces toward Shanghai. The wind is blowing fresh, and in our favor, too; so making our umbrellas serve the double purpose of shade and sails, we get back to our own boat in less than half the time we consumed in passing over the same distance two hours before. It is now two o'clock, and our dinner is brought in requisition; while our boatmen labor at the oar with a good will, that shows they are right glad to turn their faces homeward. We put up our cold beef and bread, somewhat diminished in quantity you may be sure. Seating myself on the small deck in the front part of the boat, I take out my paper and pencil and prepare this sketch, while my friend is inside reading. I place a few tracts by my side, to give to persons on the boats which we are constantly meeting. They will always steer near enough to us, to enable them to reach the books as we hold them out. In several instances, they turn their boats entirely around, to pick up tracts which had accidentally fallen into the water, as I was trying to hand them across. In some few cases, the boats are passing too swiftly, and the wind is so high that they cannot return to get them,

so the tracts remain in the canal where they drop from our hands. But even these, we do not consider lost; for I thought possibly that beautiful promise, "Cast thy bread upon the waters, and thou shalt find it after many days," might have a literal fulfillment in regard to some of these messengers of truth—these silent, yet eloquent preachers—these Christian tracts: for, perhaps some one will pick up that book he sees floating in the water—read it to the salvation of his soul, and tell others to the salvation of theirs. Who can tell? Not thrown away—not lost—no, by no means. Would I could scatter millions of them on the waters, coursing throughout this vast empire!

Night at length comes on, and an hour after dark we reach home.

## CHAPTER XX.

### NEW YEAR'S AND OTHER CUSTOMS.

Chinese New Year again—Making Calls—Sending Presents—Fireworks—Kitchen gods—Visit from Schools—A benevolent Merchant—His Almoner—Spinning—An incident—Gratitude—Difficulties—Hope—Probable destiny of Shanghai—Drought—Procession of Rain Dragons—Chinese Theory of Rain—Proclamation—Solemnities—Crops.

THE Chinese new year, beginning with the first day of the first moon after the sun enters Aquarius, occurs this year on the 20th of February. It is the great holiday of the Chinese people, and so far as cessation from labor is concerned, may be called their annual Sabbath, for it is the only season in the whole year in which the shops are closed, and business of all kinds is universally suspended. It does, in fact, impress you strongly as a resemblance to a Sabbath in a Christian land, until you come to one of the numerous temples and shrines, when the illusion, if you were indulging it, is at once dispelled by the painful sight of multitudes prostrating themselves before hideous images of clay and wood, and burning incense sticks, wax candles and gilt or tin-foiled paper, to propitiate these imaginary deities.

Several of my Chinese friends called to pay their respects. Among them *Tsang*, the teacher of one of

my native schools, made his appearance, followed by his pupils—thirteen intelligent looking, fat, happy little boys, and two little girls. As soon as they saw me, they all clasped their hands, and, bowing respectfully, repeated the phrase common on such occasions—“*koong shee, koong shee*”—“congratulate, congratulate.” I distributed some oranges and dates among them, and gave each a pictorial tract or primer. Their bright eyes and rosy faces gleamed with delight, and they exclaimed: “*too zeah, Tay seen-sang, too zeah, Tay seen-sang*,” “many thanks, Taylor, teacher—many thanks, Taylor teacher,” and tripped away to the school room again in high glee.

The practice of making “new-year’s calls,” is carried on extensively throughout this empire, and can boast an antiquity of some thousands of years. It has, however, a different name. It is called “worshipping the year.” On this occasion, when a Chinaman meets a friend, either at his house or in the streets, each clasps his own hands, instead of the others, and bows his head almost to the ground, very slowly and ceremoniously, a number of times. As this operation must always be performed at this season with due precision and solemnity, wherever one chances to meet his friends, the narrow streets are sometimes quite obstructed, when two scrupulously polite personages fall in each other’s way on a public thoroughfare.

It is also a great occasion for sending presents—very often, I know from personal observation—for the express purpose of getting one of greater value in return. For instance, a Chinaman sends you a ham or a shoulder of mutton, a fowl or two, and some

vegetables and fruit. You may be sure he has his eye upon something of yours, and if you are at all slow in taking the hint, he begins to admire your watch, perchance, and intimates in no unequivocal terms, that it would be acceptable as a return for his present. This polite way of begging is, perhaps, more extensively practised in their intercourse with foreigners, than among themselves; though it is by no means certain that it does not prevail as widely in the native circles.

This season is also the "Fourth of July" or "Christmas" of Chinese boys, and for several days preceding and following the first day of the new year, the incessant popping of fire-crackers, "double headers," *et id genus omne*, would almost make one fancy himself in the Park at New York on the "Fourth," or in Charleston on Christmas-day, if he could only shut his eyes to the scenes around him. The nights, too, are illuminated by sky-rockets, Roman candles, miniature volcanoes, and the like; but all, far inferior to the displays of pyrotechny in the United States.

The twenty-third of the last month in the year is an important day among these idolaters. In every house there is placed over the cooking range a rude figure coarsely painted on a bit of paper. This is called the *kitchen-god*, and is set up at the beginning of each year, and is supposed to take cognizance of everything that passes in the family during the year. Then, at its close, the paper kitchen-god is taken down from his niche in the wall, and placed on a table, though more frequently allowed to remain in his customary place, and feasted upon small balls made of rice-flour, oranges, walnuts, and some other

products of the vegetable kingdom; but no animal food.

In addition to these, a very adhesive kind of candy is placed before his godship, made in the form of Spanish dollars and lumps of Sycee silver. The design of this shape is to promote the increase of wealth in the family, and the design of the *sticking* quality of the candy, is to seal the lips of the god when he is sent up to the chief of the Chinese celestial deities to report the conduct of the different members of the family during the past year; so that when he is questioned, he cannot open his lips to relate the deviations from rectitude he may have observed, but can only nod his head, which is taken as signifying that all have behaved well in the family where he presided. But how is he sent up to heaven? After having been duly feasted and worshipped, he is put into a kind of pan, with some incense sticks and gilt paper, and the whole is set on fire. When all is consumed, the kitchen-god is supposed to have ascended to the skies, to the presence of the "Supreme Ruler" to render in his account with tens of thousands of his comrades from the swarming families of this vast empire. Truly, a sad picture of heathen degradation and superstitious credulity.

Not many weeks since, a Christian gentleman in the mercantile community, sent me an order on the house with which he was connected, for twenty-five dollars, with a request that I would use it to procure "creature comforts" for some of the more needy among the Chinese, who might come under my observation. He feared he should be imposed upon, and bestow his charity upon unworthy objects, if he

attempted to distribute it himself, which would most likely have been the case, for the street beggars which throng Shanghai present a sufficiently pitiable aspect to move the hardest heart, while in reality they are the least deserving of the many poor in this populous country, and my benevolent friend would not probably have fallen in with those of any other description. I cheerfully consented to become his almoner, being acquainted with many to whom his aid would be most timely and acceptable. See, then, the writer—himself a comfortable-looking specimen of humanity—set out on his errand with some of the dollars in his pocket. He goes first to a poor widow among his neighbors, across the bridge from his house. He finds her spinning cotton thread to be woven into cloth. The Chinese spinning wheel is something like those we have in America for spinning yarn, except that it is much smaller, more like a "flax-wheel." It is worked by both feet, on a treadle, and has *three* spindles instead of one. It is exceedingly simple and primitive in its construction, and answers its purpose remarkably well. But you may depend upon it, it would puzzle our worthy *spinsters* at home to hold those three rolls in their fingers and work that treadle with their feet. The poor woman's face brightens with a smile as she sees her visitor, for he is an old acquaintance, and she salutes him civilly in one of the usual forms, *Tay seen-sang, haw lah vah?*—which is equivalent to *Mr. Taylor, are you well?*—and invites him to be seated. She has but one child, a plump, fat, rosy-faced little fellow, whom his mother tells to come to me and give me the same salutation. One of the very first things Chinese children are

taught, is to step boldly forward and address in this manner every visitor as soon as he enters the house. It would sometimes appear rude to us, but is a mark of civility with them. So, of course, we must receive it for what it is designed, as an evidence of good breeding; just as we do the opposite conduct of children in the United States, who do not put themselves forward to speak to a stranger until he first speaks to them. The Chinese, as you know, are our opposites in almost everything, some of which we noted in a former chapter. Well, the little chubby boy came and spoke to me, as his mother had directed, and we had a most friendly chat together, when a dollar was put into his hand, and he was told to take it to his mother. He did so; and it would be a difficult matter to decide which of the two faces looked brighter, the happy mother's or the happy child's. If you had been there, you would have said, which of the *three*—for you would have had that of their happy visitor to add to the group, and he probably the happiest of the trio. The poor widow expressed her gratitude in the strongest terms she could command, when the visitor seized the opportunity to impress upon her mind the fact that it was the love of Jesus that induced a benevolent gentleman to give me this money for her, and others in distress, and that she should thank the true God in heaven, who had put it into his heart to be so kind. She then began to exclaim, "thanks to the true God—thanks to the true God," for when the money was first put into her hands, she repeated the name of Buddha several times, using the common expression, "O-me-too-veh! O-me-too-veh!" as is the habit of these

miserable idolaters when they meet with any piece of good fortune. She was informed this was wrong, and directed to thank the only "Giver of every good and every perfect gift," which she was ready enough to do with her lips, from the joy of the moment, but without any satisfactory evidence of a real change in her views or feelings.

This is also the case in numberless instances where the natives tell us they believe the "Jesus doctrines;" for they are often quite willing to admit the reasonableness of the religion we preach, and its vast superiority over their own senseless superstitions. And yet so strong, so deeply-rooted are the latter in their minds and hearts—so interwoven with their very existence, that it is an exceedingly difficult thing to induce them, in any instance, to abandon those idolatrous notions, and embrace heartily and fully, the confessedly better system, and walk in the "more excellent way," which we point out to them. On one occasion a poor woman told me she wished to believe in Jesus. Said I, "why do you wish to become a believer in Jesus?" "Oh, because," she replied, "then I shall have rice to eat and clothes to wear." In her simplicity she could discover no impropriety in the motive she assigned. We have but too strong reasons to believe the motive is still the same in most cases, though the applicant usually has enough art to conceal it.

They take our books and tracts readily enough too, and often very eagerly; but one must not suppose from this that a longing desire exists for the truths of Christianity. There is no such thing. On the contrary, they care nothing about the new religion,

being perfectly satisfied with their own absurd fancies and fabulous traditions, that have the recommendation, which to the Chinese mind is superior to all others—that of antiquity. Is the question then asked, why then are they so desirous of Christian books, and such attentive and apparently interested listeners to the preaching of the Gospel? The answer is short and simple. They are attracted by their novelty, without being affected by their excellence and power. But we can and do, take advantage of this very feeling of mere curiosity to make them acquainted with the truth, and this is our hope. Truth—the mighty eternal truth of God, is becoming, every day that rolls over this multitudinous empire, more and more widely disseminated, known, and understood, and when the Holy Spirit shall descend, this accumulated mass of divine truth will be the agency through which it will reach their hearts, and so a nation may “be born in a day.” The prospect and certain arrival of this day is our encouragement to labor on, in striving to scatter the light of scripture truth far and wide among the darkened millions of this pagan land.

The predictions concerning the commercial importance of this port over all others in China, are fast receiving their fulfillment. It is destined to become the chief seat of foreign commerce in China, and the principal point of intercourse between the Pacific States and the Middle Kingdom. It does not require a prophet's ken, or the sagacity of a statesman, to predict the position for Shanghai. Occupying a position about midway on the eastern coast of this empire—being the point from which channels of com-

munication diverge to its chief cities, and being the port nearest and of most convenient access from the western coast of America, its destiny is manifest, and its march toward it rapid and sure. The amount of tonnage now in our harbor is greater by about five thousand tons than at any former period, and this will doubtless be greatly increased when the tea season is fairly opened. Many crops have been gathered, and are now on their way to Shanghai, but have been prevented reaching this place from the scarcity of water in the canals that intersect this vast level region for a hundred miles or more, about the mouth of the Yang-tsz-kiang.

This want of water is owing to a drought that still prevails throughout all this section of country. It has already been injurious, and it is feared will prove destructive, to the rice crop. There has been a rise in the price of this staple article of food, and the people have been so apprehensive of a famine that a few days ago hundreds from different parts of this district formed themselves into a procession, carrying twenty eight figures of dragons, with hideous heads, made of paper, painted, and with bodies of coarse cotton cloth stretched over hoops and frames of bamboo. The several lengths or points composing the serpentine body were about the size of a barrel, and of some odd number—five, seven, or nine. Each of these lengths is held horizontally about three feet above the head, by means of a stick, and carried in this position by a single individual. They all so move their sticks as to communicate an undulating motion to the whole, giving the appearance of a large serpent crawling over their heads.

These dragons were designed to represent the dragons which the Chinese believe dwell in the skies, but descend into seas and oceans, and carrying thence water up to the clouds, spout it forth again, thus causing rain. What say our philosophers and storm-kings to this Chinese theory of rain? I venture to say it will possess to some of them a recommendation which, though questionable, is yet the only one that many other theories are found to have—that of novelty.

Carrying these twenty-eight personifications of the rain monsters, the procession went to the office of the district magistrate of Shanghai, beating gongs and cymbals, and calling vehemently for him to come and give an account for his remissness in duty, inquiring at the same time if he was not aware of the drought prevailing through the bounds of his jurisdiction. The Chinese invariably attribute drought, pestilence, famine, and similar calamities, to some misconduct of the emperor, the rulers, or the people themselves, at which heaven is angry, and visits them with punishments.

The mandarin, or mayor of this district, replied that he had been apprised of the fact, and had prayed to heaven to send rain. They then informed him that they had come a distance of several miles, and were hungry, whereupon he ordered refreshments of tea and cakes for them, and presented to them a string of 1,000 "cash," for each of the twenty-eight dragons, to be distributed among the men carrying them. The crowd then dispersed, and the magistrates forthwith issued a proclamation, according to the usual custom, prohibiting the slaying of animals for

food, for the space of three days, during which time all the mandarins in the city were to repair to the temples, worship the idols, and pray for rain—on the first day once, on the second twice, and on the third thrice. Subsequently, the time was extended indefinitely, till rain fell.

Fishermen are also forbidden to ply their avocation, during these days of abstinence and humiliation; but they are provided with rice, for food, out of the public treasury. Up to the time of this drought the year has been a remarkably abundant one—the wheat, barley, and rye crops having been full, and well harvested. The cotton plants, so far, continue healthy—not requiring much rain at this stage of their growth.

## CHAPTER XXI.

### A TRIP TO SU-CHAU—"THE PARIS OF CHINA."

Taking boat—Disguise—The "Gem Hill City"—"Pheasant Mound"—Variety of Junks and Boats—Grain Junks—Timber—Canals—Bridges—Temples—Pagodas—"Great Lake"—"Lion Hills"—"Hill Pools"—"Tiger Den Hill"—"Thousand Men Rock"—Beautiful Shops and Streets—Return to Shanghai.

ONE Monday night in November, 1850, two foreigners and one native Chinese, might have been seen wending their way along a well beaten path leading to bridge across the Wu-sung-kiang. This stream is more familiarly known to the foreign community at Shanghai as the "Su-chau Creek," and is about sixty yards wide. It comes in from the west, and unites with the Hwang-pu a half a mile north of the city. The Hwang-pu, it will be remembered, is quite a river, having a northerly direction, and empties into the great Yang-tsz-kiang about twelve miles, in a right line, north from Shanghai, but eighteen miles by the river itself. It is navigable for vessels of the largest class up to the city, which is situated on its western bank.

A walk of two miles brought us to our boat at the bridge. We had provisioned ourselves for a week's absence, intending to visit the far-famed city of Su-chau. This place is regarded by the Chinese as the

terrestrial paradise. They have a proverb which says, "above is heaven ; on earth, Su-chau and Hang-chau." And another—"to be happy on earth, one must be born in Su-chau, live in Canton, and die at Liau-chau,"—the first being remarkable for the personal beauty of its inhabitants ; the second for the richness and variety of its luxuries ; and the third for the excellence of its coffins.

I had been invited by my companion on the last excursion, Rev. J. Edkins, to accompany him on a visit of observation to this celebrated city. This could only be done in disguise ; and accordingly, we had furnished ourselves with the various articles of Chinese dress—tail and all.

About midnight, taking the tide at flood, our boat was unmoored, and following the serpentine windings of the creek for some seventeen miles in a westerly direction, came to a small town called Wong-du, the "Ferry of the Wong family."

This is about the extent of tide water, and from this place onward into the interior, you find the canals uniformly full. The water, too, becomes quite clear, presenting a very grateful appearance to eyes accustomed to the daily ebb and flow of the muddy contents of the Yang-tsz-kiang. Fifty-three miles from Shanghai, you reach Kwung-san—the "Gem Hill"—a walled town, deriving its name from an abrupt hill at its northern extremity, but within the wall.

This wall incloses a large space of ground, not more than half of which is occupied by buildings. Entering one of the two gates on the bank of the canal you pass through very dirty, narrow streets for

two miles to the hill. As the place is seldom visited by foreigners, your presence is the signal for a galaday for the town, and crowds of men and boys follow you, and obstruct your path unless you walk fast enough to keep in advance of the motley multitude, which you will find very convenient, and not at all difficult to do. We found opportunity at the same time, to distribute hundreds of tracts, both to people in the streets, and in the shops, as we passed along.

On arriving at the hill, there is a continuous flight of steps to the top, on which stands an old temple, and near it a much dilapidated pagoda, seven stories high. This hill and another small elevation, the Yah-ke-tung, the "Wild Chicken" (or "Pheasant"), Mound"—are the only variations to relieve the unbroken level from Shanghai to Su-chau.

From the manner of its construction, you cannot ascend the pagoda; but from the second floor of the temple, which has four windows opening toward the four points of the compass, you have a fine view of the surrounding country for many miles. On a clear day, "The Hills" to the southeast, thirty miles west of Shanghai, and those beyond Su-chau, far away to the westward, are distinctly visible. After feasting our eyes upon this beautiful prospect, we descended the hill, and both of us preached in a temple at its foot, to a large and attentive throng. Then returning to our boat, we resumed our journey.

A few miles from Kwung-san, the canal, hitherto so winding in its course, becomes nearly a straight line for about twenty miles up to the very gates of Su-chau. One can form but an inadequate idea of the amount of intercourse daily carried on between

Shanghai and Su-chau, without passing along this great thoroughfare himself. You would have a peculiarly favorable opportunity for observing this, should there be a fair wind, and your boat, as ours was, without a sail. For, besides the hundreds you meet, you would have the pleasure of seeing them in equal numbers, pass by you continually, going in the same direction as yourself, and presently they are out of sight without moving an oar, while your own boat, with three or four stout, lusty fellows, sculling away with all their might, "drags its slow length along."

Leaving Shanghai several hours later than ourselves, with a fair wind and favorable tide, they probably reached Su-chau the same evening. We did not arrive until noon the next day (Wednesday), our boatmen having worked nearly all night; on the morning of this day we disguised ourselves in the native costume, and passed on to the city. The canal is lined with shops and *hongs* on either side, for a mile before you come to the wall, which is about thirty-five feet high, and three feet thick at the top. It is built of very large, slate-colored brick, has a strong embankment of earth thrown up against its inner surface, and is surrounded by a moat from one to three hundred feet wide.

In the vicinity of each gate, this moat or canal is filled with boats of every description, from the imperial "grain-junks" down to small fishing boats. The size and number of the former are very great, and most of them are never removed from Su-chau. These are enormous, clumsy, flat-bottomed vessels of great capacity, stationed to the number of "ten thousand" throughout the empire, for the purpose of receiving

a certain proportion of the rice raised in the several provinces, to be sent annually to Peking as tribute to the emperor. We saw hundreds that had decayed and sunk near the banks of the moat, nearly lining it all around the city. The waste of the imperial revenue is more manifest in these tribute-junks, than in anything else we have yet observed in China. Built at an expense of several thousands of dollars each, they are abandoned in three or four years as useless, and are suffered to go to pieces. We were told the emperor has directed them to be given to the poor for firewood, in years of scarcity. The mandarins, however, and their numerous underlings, take good care to punish any one who dares avail himself of the royal bounty; but sell them, and pocket the proceeds.

On the north side of the city, two-thirds of the width of the moat are occupied, for a mile or two, with vast quantities of timber for building, mostly long, slender, round sticks, made into rafts, and on the banks opposite are the wood hongs. With this timber on one side, and the grain-junks lying along the bank close under the wall on the other, there is left but a narrow channel for the passage of boats.

The wall of Su-chau is ten or twelve English miles in circumference, and has six gates at equal distances apart, which gives a space of two miles from any one of them to the next.

We directed our boatmen to take us to the one looking toward the north—the *Tze-mung*—“*Even gate*,” as we learned from our guide that the principal objects of interest to strangers, were more easily accessible from this, than from the one toward the east, which is the first, as you approach from Shang-

hai. Here we stopped, and sending for sedans, soon found ourselves passing through the triple gate, eighteen or twenty feet high, into the city.

We were borne rapidly through streets of about the same width and general appearance as those of Shanghai, before described, with two exceptions—they were better paved, and far more cleanly. The city is intersected in every direction by numerous canals of clear water, alive with boats passing to and fro. The streets are continued across these canals by means of handsome arched bridges of well-hewn granite, thirty or forty feet high. Generally they consist of a single splendid arch, which spans the canal at one sweep.

We were first carried to the *Yeu-miau-kwan*—the largest temple in Su-chau. The name signifies “*abstruse contemplation*,” and it belongs to the Tauist sect. We went through it, above and below, saw its hundreds of gilded images standing around its walls, and conversed with its numerous priests, to some of whom we gave tracts. It has three stories, is not far from a hundred feet high, and about two hundred long at the base. A wide, open court, separates it from a smaller one, through which you enter. It is said to contain more than five hundred idols. The approach to it is through a spacious bazaar, covered with roofs supported by wooden posts, and open on all sides. Here are exposed for sale a great variety of wares, the chief of which, at the time we passed, were china-ware, pictures and toys.

We next visited the *Ching-huang-miau*—the “*City Guardian’s Temple*”—a large edifice, but much smaller than the one we had just left. It may

be a hundred feet by fifty on the ground, and fifty feet high. Its roof, which is very steep, occupied in height one half of the entire building, and has its four corners projecting and curved upward, with small bells hanging from them, as you have often seen represented in pictures. The interior is but one apartment, having the "Three Precious Buddhas"—three large, richly carved, and gilt idols in a sitting posture, occupying the middle, while some forty others, a little larger than the human form, stood around the sides.

Thence we were carried to the *Po-sz-tah*—the "*North Temple Pagoda*"—the tallest of the four or five pagodas within the walls of the city. It has nine stories, and is nearly two hundred feet high. We ascended to the top which commands a fine panoramic view of the country for thirty or forty miles around. Just below you, on every side, is a sea of tiled roofs, so closely crowded together and so uniform in height, that they actually resemble the waves of the sea. Here and there a temple or a pagoda rising above them, are the only objects that break the monotony of their appearance. You may trace the wall threading its course among them, bounding the extent of the city in some places, but in others the buildings extend far beyond it. We were told that half of Su-chau was outside the wall, and our own observation seemed to justify the remark.

Off to the southeast, the beautiful lake *Ta-oo*—"Great Lake"—lay spread out before you, and on the west, a noble range of hills or mountains stretches far away toward the setting sun. By far the greater part of the landscape, however, is a highly cultivated

level plain, divided by innumerable streams, running in all directions, like lines of silver gleaming in the sunlight, and threading their way throughout the wide-spread scene, till lost in the distant horizon.

We took a reluctant leave of this magnificent view, and next went to the *Sz-tsz-ling*—*The "Lion Hills"*—so called from the resemblance said to exist between the form of the rocks and this animal; but it requires a stronger imagination than mine to discover the likeness. It is a garden, containing a few trees, a small temple, a pool crossed in several places by bridges, and huge piles of artificial rock-work, threaded in every possible direction by the most intricate and puzzling paths, which led you winding about among grottoes and caverns, and formed a perfect labyrinth.

From this we returned to our boat and went along the *San-dong*—“*Hill pools*”—a noted canal, densely crowded on both sides with shops. In the western suburbs is a hill call *Hu-keu-san*—“*Tiger den hill*”—which is surmounted by a temple and a pagoda seven stories high. Turning out of the canal into one less frequented, we stopped at the foot of the hill and walked up its steep, solitary path. Entering through a narrow, arched gateway between two buildings, we were suddenly ushered into a large, open court, exceeding in wild, romantic beauty, anything we have before seen in China.

The immense rock forming the irregular floor of the area has successfully resisted the attempts of the artisans whose sacrilegious hands would reduce to a dull plane this noble piece of nature's workmanship. One part of it rises perpendicularly two or three feet

above the surrounding portion, and is called *Chen-ning-sah*—“*Thousand men rock*,” because it is said a thousand men can stand at one time upon its surface. In another part are natural basins filled with limpid water, and in others still, are enormous trees of rare and richly varied foliage, growing from large crevices in the rock. A long flight of wide steps of hewn stone, conducts you to the main temple.

Passing through this into a second court, paved with brick, and turning to the left you enter another temple, directly in the rear of which stands the pagoda. It is in quite a decayed state, still you can reach the top by means of a time-worn staircase, which, in one place, is entirely gone; but its absence is supplied by a ladder, and the prospect from the summit will amply repay your efforts in reaching it. You have the same grand panoramic view as from the pagoda within the city, but from a different point of observation. Seeing it by moonlight, strongly tempts one to be sentimental; but we must leave the imagination of the reader to supply our deficiency in this respect, according to his own taste and fancy, while we betake ourselves to the more necessary and sensible employment of sleep.

On Thursday morning, after a second visit to the temple and pagoda on the hill, we returned in our boat to the *Tsang-mung*—the principal gate on the west side of the city. Within this gate you will find the finest shops and streets. Here, the buildings are two stories high, and their projecting eaves nearly meet, as in all other Chinese towns, the streets being only about eight feet wide.

The shops, generally, are very narrow in front, but

very deep, and the greatest possible number crowded together. The elegantly lettered and gilded shop signs, the display of embroidery, far exceeding in richness and splendor any we had ever seen; together with paintings, lacquered ware, lanterns, clothing, and the various other articles of Chinese manufacture, give the streets, crowded with human beings, a very gay and animated appearance.

We went into several shops, made two or three insignificant purchases, and returned to our boat highly gratified with the result of our visit, and soon were on our way back to Shanghai, making the circuit of the wall on our return.

We laid aside our disguise and put on our own dress while yet within sight of the gates of Su-chau, and were, as might be expected, objects of no little curiosity to the multitudes in the houses and shops, on both sides of the canal, for a mile, as we stood on the deck of our boat. We were the first Protestant Missionaries who ever visited this celebrated city, and were probably the first foreigners the natives had ever seen in foreign attire.

Not the slightest disposition to molest us was manifested, nor do we think there would have been had we entered the city undisguised; but the multitudes collecting around us for curiosity, would have effectually impeded our progress at the very outset, and thus defeated the objects of our visit. As it was, our disguise was far from being complete, for, not liking to submit to the inconvenience of having our heads shaved, we attached our queues and concealed our hair as well as might be without it. Several times as we passed along the streets and into the temples,

we heard persons say, "they are foreigners—they are foreigners;" then others would reply, "no, they are not foreigners—they have queues—foreigners have no queues!" So, although strongly suspected, we met with no interruption. Su-chau is about eighty miles distant from Shanghai, and it covers an area three or four times greater in extent. We have no means of ascertaining the amount of the population. Various estimates have been given, from one to five millions. We are inclined to agree with those who suppose it not far from two millions, including those living in the suburbs and in boats.

We stopped at a small village on the canal, six miles from Su-chau, and distributed tracts to the eager and astonished natives. On the next day, Friday, we made a second halt at another and larger one, called *Loh-kia-pang*, the "*Loh family's creek*"—where we gave away many more tracts, and both of us preached again to one of the most attentive crowds we ever addressed. By giving the boatmen a few hundred cash extra to work all night, we got within three miles of Shanghai early on Saturday morning, and walked home to a breakfast, which received ample justice at our hands.

## CHAPTER XXII.

### SINGULAR CUSTOMS.

Worship of Ancestors—Paper Money—Offerings to the Dead—A Wailing Widow—Shallow Grief—The “God of Wealth”—Offerings to it—Its Temple—“Man’s Birthday”—The “Five Grains”—“Fuel”—“Rice”—“Mandarin’s Day”—Influx of Paupers—“Opening the Seals”—Modes of asserting Innocence and Detecting Guilt—Forms of Oaths—Gods lose their Reputation—Practice of Weighing annually on the first day of Summer—Departure of Family for the United States.

*April 10, 1851.*—We are in the midst of the annual season for making offerings to ancestors. For several days, pieces of thin yellow paper, cut so as to resemble the form of the common coin of China—copper cash—but joined at the edges, have been fluttering in the wind, from the tops of the thousands of grave-stones and graves in every direction, far and near. A path three feet wide separates our premises from a more thickly tenanted grave-field than you ever saw in America, and more than you ever can see in any other country but China. Roughly hewn pieces of light colored granite, ten inches wide, two feet high above the ground, and rudely carved with characters signifying the name, age, and native province of the deceased, together with the name of the emperor reigning at the time of the demise—stones of this description stand at the head of nearly every grave.

The field of *death*, in the midst of which we *live*, belongs to a tribe or clan, from a province far southward from this place, called *Foh-kien*. They are a more active, intelligent, energetic race of men than the people of the northern provinces, and withal more fierce and warlike. Most of the native commerce of Shanghai is carried on by Foh-kien merchants, whom you cannot distinguish by anything in their costumes from other Chinese in affluent or easy circumstances all over the empire. But the Foh-kien sailors wear an unmistakable badge of distinction. It is a heavy turban of black cotton cloth. Here comes one now, with quite a large basket in his hand, followed by a companion with a straw basket made something like a straw bee-hive, in shape and size. It is filled with gilt paper. He puts it down near the head of a grave, and sets the whole on fire, with the belief that when it is consumed, his friend in the spirit-world immediately receives it, transformed into an earthen jar of corresponding dimensions, and filled with money. Now he takes the cover from the basket on his arm, which contains a half dozen or more tea-cups and plates—the former he fills with wine and sets them in a row before the headstone, then he places the plates in a second row behind them. The latter contain boiled rice, pork, fish, vegetables, fruits, preserves, etcetera, differing in quality and variety, according to the ability of the individual providing them. When his offering is thus arranged, he steps a pace or two backward, and bows lowly and reverently toward the stone, praying the ghost of his departed friend or relative, to give him a prosperous voyage back to his native province. After allowing

his dishes to remain a few minutes, he replaces them in his basket, and carries them away to regale himself with the substance of the food, believing that the spirit of the dead has feasted to satiety on the fumes. Perhaps the poor fellow was not able to purchase the articles used on the occasion, and has borrowed them for the purpose, at a premium of a few cash. If this be the case, he returns them to their rightful owner—the proprietor of an eating-house—when he has finished his devotions.

The smoke of these idolatrous offerings is seen rising from numberless mounds and graves, all over the face of this level country, as far as the eye can reach. The sounds of lamentation, too, fall upon your ear, wherever you go. See! there is a woman with two or three little children, just come to that mound to have her customary annual wailing. She has burnt her straw jar of paper money, and now stands near and begins her mourning. She has brought a female companion along with her to hold her from falling, while she indulges her excessive grief. Her cries are piercing enough to reach the heart of the most unfeeling, did you not know they were "gotten up" expressly for the occasion. But it is about the driest crying you ever saw. She wipes her eyes and face, but there are no tears. She struggles and tries to fall, because she knows she cannot, while her friend holds her by the arm. Should her attendant let her go, and allow her to fall, you would see an animated exhibition of a passion somewhat different from grief. But her lament has ceased, and they all walk coolly away, talking and laughing as merrily as you can well imagine.

Ancestral worship has a stronger hold upon the minds and hearts of this singular people than the worship of idols, and we shall doubtless find it one of the last strongholds of Satan to be given up. Divided into three numerous sects (Buddhists, Taoists, and Confucianists), they are all united in this one practice of paying divine honors to their deceased ancestors. I have made it the subject of my public teaching for some days; but while nearly all admit the force of my reasoning, they will cleave as tenaciously as ever to their delusion. We find one encouragement, however, to persevere, in the assurances of the word of God, that the days of heathen superstition are numbered, and sooner or later it must fall, before the onward coming of the all-victorious Immanuel.

You need not come to China to learn that there is such a divinity as MONEY, but perhaps you are not aware that the fifth day of the first month in the Chinese calendar is celebrated by the natives as the *birth-day of the god of wealth*. The devotees of this deity spend the night preceding his birth-day, in burning red wax-candles, incense sticks, and gilt paper before his image, which is set up in their dwellings. A deafening din of those instruments so delightfully musical in Chinese estimation—gongs, drums, trumpets, cymbals, horns, and many others—forms a part of the homage paid to this idol, and is supposed to be particularly acceptable to him. They also place before it a variety of eatables, differing in quantity and value, according to the extent to which they have been blessed with the favors of this widely worshipped divinity. A pig's head, a sheep's head,

and a live fish, together with certain fruits, are the offerings usually presented to him. Sometimes a whole pig and a whole sheep, killed and dressed, are placed before his shrine. The fish that one may see carried about the streets for sale in large wooden buckets of water, on the third and fourth days of this month, are designed expressly for this purpose. They are from eight inches to a foot and a half in length, and have a bit of thread passed through the fin on the back by which they are lifted out.

The object of these ceremonies is to induce the potent deity to come to their abodes and take up his residence with them for the coming year. The people believing, that if they can persuade him to comply with the invitation thus extended, they will assuredly succeed in their various enterprises for making money. The meats offered to the god on his natal day, are cooked by the family on the morrow, and guests are invited to the feast. Occasionally, the live fish is put into the river again and allowed to go scot-free.

The temple of the god of wealth is situated on the first street leading eastward, after you enter the North Gate of the city. It was built by the money-brokers, and during the past year they have repaired and repainted the front part where plays are performed. The ceremonies at this temple are similar to those in private houses, only on a larger scale; and plays are acted here on various occasions during the year in honor of this idol.

The seventh day of the first month is called "*man's birth-day*," but the idea is not, as one would be led to suppose from the expression, the anniversary of

the day on which the first man came into existence; but is the day which is believed by the Chinese to determine the physical condition of the people during the whole year. They say, if the weather be fine on this day, there will be little sickness throughout the year; but if otherwise, disease will be prevalent, and the mortality great. Judging from this criterion, the natives say the year will be six or seven parts favorable out of ten, inasmuch as a portion of the day was foul. In other words, that about three out of ten in the population will be afflicted with disease or death.

The same is predicted of the "five grains" on the eighth day, that is of men on the seventh. If the day be fair, a year of plenty is looked for; and if the contrary, a year of scarcity in the productions of the soil. Unfortunately for their prospects, the day was a very rainy and stormy one. When such is the case, the people console themselves with the more rational reflection that the year does not always take its gauge from the eighth day of the first month.

The same superstitious ideas are extended to the *ninth* day also, with reference to fuel; that if the weather be fine, this article will be abundant and cheap, and *vice versa*. So with regard to the rice crop in particular, on the *tenth*.

Rice, though included in the "five kinds of grain," is of such preëminent importance in the sustenance of the people, that they have a day for it separately, and form their anticipations concerning the supply of the ensuing year from the atmospherical character of this day, the tenth of the first month. It was a very delightful one, the air being mild and pleasant and

the sun shining brightly, after several days of cold, cloudy, and stormy weather. So, we suppose, the natives will have their hopes sufficiently elated concerning their rice crops, to counterbalance any depression they may have suffered on the eighth, the day of a heavy snow storm, which was regarded by them, as you noticed above, the birth-day of the five kinds of grain. They group these four birth-days together and say, *the seventh, man; the eighth, grain; the ninth, fuel; the tenth, rice.*

The twelfth of the first month is called *Mandarin's day*. From the kind of weather on this day, the mandarins augur the probability and facility of their promotion to a higher rank; and the literati, their prospects of success in obtaining degrees during the year. The twelfth of the first month, or the "*first twelfth*" being the day which terminates the fortunes of the mandarins and literary men; the twelfth of the second month, or the "*second twelfth*" does the same for men engaged in trade; and the twelfth of the third month, or the "*third twelfth*" for husbandmen.

Alas for the prospects of the scholars and officials, the day was a very rainy and disagreeable one.

*March 8.*—Several hundreds, some say nine hundred, Chinese men, women, and children, from the districts adjacent to the Yellow River, having left their homes in consequence of the destruction of their crop by the late inundation, came on Friday last, and encamped in three divisions near some temples outside the Great South Gate. The mandarins hearing of this new and formidable reinforcement to the ranks of the beggar army of Shanghai, proceeded to

the spot on Sunday and hired them to leave, at the rate of about one hundred cash per head. So on Monday morning they took up a line of march through the city, and came out at the North Gate. The line, as it passed along toward the Su-chau bridge, must have been a mile or more in length. The men, carrying each his two baskets of cooking utensils, scanty mats and rags, for bedding and clothing, and a bundle or two of straw for fuel, all slung from a stick across his shoulder; and in many instances, smiling infants were seen among the contents of the baskets.

On the twentieth day of the first month, according to long established usage, the public offices were open for the transaction of business, having been closed since the twentieth of the last month of the old year. The native term for the event signifies "opening the seals." The people have a superstitious belief that all the affairs of the unseen world are suspended on the one and resumed on the other of these same days; and the priests advertise the fact by proclamation to that effect, on long, narrow strips of red paper, pasted on the sides of the entrance to the temples of the deities presiding over matters in the infernal regions.

A native adage for this day runs as follows:

"If it rains on the twentieth of the first month  
Cotton will not yield one *tan*\* to the *mau*†  
But if the sun gleams out but once,  
Each *mau* will produce several *tan*."

\* A *tan*, or as foreigners call it, a *picul*, is 100 Chinese "kin" or "catties," or about 133 pounds avoirdupois.

† A *mau* is one-sixth of an English acre. The word is pro-

The sun appeared for a short time among the clouds, and this, according to the above quoted saying, is quite a sufficient guaranty for an abundant crop.

A few days ago, five men were seen for several mornings in succession, walking along some of the most frequented streets of Shanghai, in single file and bareheaded, kneeling and bowing their heads to the pavement, at every three steps. Each man carried a bunch of lighted incense sticks in one hand, and the foremost had on his back a large, square piece of yellow cotton cloth, on which characters were inscribed, indicating their names, and setting forth that an individual, whose name was also given, had charged them with stealing a sum of money.

These prostrations were performed by way of calling heaven and earth to witness that they were innocent of the crime alleged against them. On inquiry, I learned that they went to the six gates of the city, going through the same ceremonies all the way, in order to give the greatest possible publicity to their protestations of innocence. The Chinese call this act *Kau yin chwang*, which implies making a statement of the facts in the case to the authorities of the invisible world, and imploring their interposition and aid. They have a superstitious belief that if the persons making this public and solemn avowal are, notwithstanding, guilty of the crime laid to their charge they will soon die, or be visited with some other signal punishment as a mark of the displeasure of Heaven.

It is also quite common to hear them taking anounced to rhyme with *how*. So are all other Chinese syllables represented in this book by the letters *au*.

oath in a form too often heard among us. For instance: "If I have done this, may Heaven strike me dead." "Heaven knows I have not done this." Or, "If I am guilty of this crime may I disappear with the sun," i. e., may I die when the sun goes down. Another form is, "May the gods take me away to the infernal regions."

The sun is sometimes worshipped and invoked under similar circumstances, and with a similar intent. This is because he is supposed to see and know all that passes on earth. Often, too, heaven and the sun are both included in the same acts of worship and invocation.

The same ceremony, in substance and design, is often performed before the idols in temples. The accuser and accused present themselves before the images, and go through the usual forms of devotion to these imaginary deities—burning incense sticks, red wax candles and gilt paper, at the same time reverently kneeling and "knocking head." It is currently believed by the mass of the people, that in such cases also, the guilty will be punished with death, sickness, or some other dire calamity, while the innocent will remain unharmed.

But it often occurs, as might be expected, that neither of the parties suffers any injury whatever, and *vice versa*, that some misfortune happens to both; or, that trouble comes upon the one conscious of innocence, while the other, who knows he is the offender, not only escapes, but prospers. One might reasonably suppose that the frequency of such a result would destroy the faith of the people in the value of this method of establishing innocence and

detecting and punishing guilt. But it does not. And how do you think they account for these failures in the administration of justice? They say of heaven, if the appeal was made to it, that it either has no eyes or was not observing at the time. And with reference to the idols, that they are inefficient, or stupid, or lazy, or indifferent about the matter, and unwilling to interfere; or else, that the intelligent spirit of the idol was absent, having passed out through the hole in the back, which is made on purpose to allow ingress and egress at pleasure! So that sometimes it is a god and sometimes it is not. How forcibly this reminds us of the keen irony of Elijah to the prophets of Baal, when "he mocked them, and said, cry aloud; for he is a god: either he is talking, or he is pursuing, or he is on a journey, or peradventure he sleepeth, and must be awaked." Surely, "they that make them are like unto them, so is every one that trusteth in them." If the "intelligent heart" is absent too often, which is inferred from successive unfavorable results of cases presented to him—the idol loses his reputation, his shrine is neglected, and his temple falls into decay, until a lucky issue of some cases brought before him restores him to popular favor once more. Then he gets a new nose if the old one has dropped off; or a new hand or foot, and his hideous form receives a fresh coat of paint or gilding. His altar is once more crowded, and the incense of a blind adoration smokes before him day and night—fearfully emblematical of the smoke of the future torment of his deluded worshippers. How long, O Lord! how long shall these things be?

*Weighing Day.*—The first day of summer, according to Chinese reckoning, fell this year on the sixth of May. It is a prevailing custom of the people to have themselves weighed on this day. They have a very silly superstition connected with this practice. Many profess to believe, that unless they get weighed on the first day of summer, they will lose flesh as the season advances, from illness or some other cause; but, that being weighed on this day, will be a preventive of such a misfortune. It is quite surprising how they can really credit this idle fancy, for they must have thousands of testimonies to its falsity every year, in the fact, that many who have been weighed do, nevertheless, fall off in weight from various causes; while, on the other hand, many who do not get weighed, increase in flesh. But, as in the case of the superstition before described, innumerable demonstrations of its utter futility, are not sufficient to induce the deluded people to renounce it. Long established custom, let it involve whatever absurdities it may, evidently has far greater authority than the most palpable truth. The antiquity of any practice, if this be its only recommendation, is always a sufficient one to the Chinese, however opposed to the plainest dictates of reason, common sense, and matter-of-fact.

The day is also regarded as a sort of holiday, and there may be many, who, without any very strong confidence in the act, as an insurance-policy against becoming lighter, still get weighed from the desire so common among ourselves, to know one's own weight. They often indulge in no little merriment on the occasion, by supposing themselves pigs—a supposi-

tion, by the way, quite consistent with truth, in many instances—and estimating their value as such, at the market price of pork.

The health of Mrs. Taylor having entirely failed, it was thought, on consultation, that the only prospect of restoration lay in a long sea voyage. She, however, was unwilling to resort to this expedient, if it would take me also from the field. Finally, an opportunity offering to return to the United States, by a vessel in which Dr. and Mrs. Bridgman, and Mrs. Boone were to be passengers—also in quest of health; and finding she could go with them, thus obviating the necessity of my leaving my work to accompany her, she consented to a prospective absence of a year, hoping, by the expiration of that time, to be again in China. She, therefore, together with the gentleman and ladies above named, sailed for New York on the 5th of February, 1852, in the ship "Adelaide," commanded by Captain Jacob Cobb, whose kind attentions to my wife and two children on that voyage will ever be gratefully remembered. They reached America in safety, after a voyage of one hundred and thirty-five days, with the Chinese woman who accompanied them as a nurse.

## CHAPTER XXIII.

### JOURNEY TO NAN-KING, THE ANCIENT CAPITAL OF CHINA.

Signification of the Name—My Chinese Costume—Su-chau—Grand Canal—Custom House—Bridges—Boats—City of Vu-sih—Hills—Novel mode of Fishing—Fishing Cormorants—Grain-junks—City of Chang-chau—City of Tan-yang—Adventure with a Barber—Wheelbarrow ride—Face of Country—City of Chinkiang-fu—Kin-shan, or Golden Island—Cast iron Pagoda.

THE name Nan-king means Southern Capital, or Court; and Peh-king—called by foreigners “Pekin”—Northern Capital.

The usual route to this famous city leads you through Su-chau, which was described in a former chapter; and as the reader may, from that sketch, be sufficiently familiar with the portion of it leading to that city—which ordinarily requires two days' travel—we need not delay for any further description.

I had before learned to eat with the chopsticks, and on this occasion I donned the native costume throughout—had my head shaved, except the back part, on which the hair was left for the purpose of attaching to it an artificial queue—procured a pair of dark-brown, goggle-eyed spectacles, the glasses being of smoky quartz, and about the size and shape of a Spanish dollar. My clothing was of the better sort. A cap of bluish-black satin, with a close-fitting

crown—wide, turned-up rim of black velvet over thick pasteboard, and a heavy tassel of red silk, falling from a round, brass knob on the apex, around the sides of the crown. A long, blue gown of figured silk, reaching to the feet—a pair of tightly-fitting pantaloons, the legs of which were not at all joined at the top, but each was drawn on by itself, and tied about the ankles with long silken strings; and a blue broadcloth sack or coat, large enough to envelop two such men, while one might almost crawl into the sleeves. My shoes were of drab cloth, on which figures cut out of black velvet were pasted; the broad toes were turned up, and the soles, of felt, were an inch and a half in thickness. I had hired a native of Nan-king as a guide, and a boat, with three boatmen, for a conveyance.

Leaving the walls of Su-chau, your boat passes on westward through the densely populated suburbs, some two miles in extent. You are now on the Grand canal leading from Hang-chau to Peking. It is 700 miles long, and 170,000 men were employed in its construction 2,000 years ago. It is here about 150 feet in width, and is filled with boats of every description plying to and fro, from the unwieldy grain-junk to the miserable shell of the beggar. Seven miles from Su-chau you come to a populous village, at which is a Custom-house. Here, your boat must undergo an examination, in order to which it passes under a bridge from the main canal into a small one on the left. A custom-house officer comes on board, examines every part of the boat, looks into your basket and trunks, but finding nothing except the ordinary travelling appurtenances of a Chinese he

departs, after receiving his customary fee of fourteen cash—the only contraband article in the boat not having arrested his attention, although sitting directly before his eyes—a live foreigner! Having passed this ordeal, your boat makes a circuitous route of half a mile to get back again into the main canal. Large boats and junks do not leave it at all, but are inspected at a point between the two extremities of the small side canal.

If, on seeing some of the finely arched bridges, not many miles from Shanghai, which are evidently quite ancient, you have ever entertained a doubt that they are beyond the skill of native artificers of the present time, that doubt will be dispelled, when you here see a new one, of light granite, equal to any you have before passed, and bearing an inscription which informs you it was built but ten years ago.

Notwithstanding the width of the canal, so dense is the crowd of boats at this place that you find it quite difficult to make your way among them. But finally succeeding, you have fair sailing, with no scarcity of company for the rest of the day. A noble range of hills lies in full view off to the South, but the banks of the canal are so high as to preclude the sight of nearer objects.

About twenty-seven miles from Su-chan is the populous city of Vu-sib. On approaching it you will see quantities of rice-straw, in numerous stacks, for burning bricks and earthen-ware in the large circular kilns near by. When your boat comes up to the walls, it turns abruptly into the moat on the left, and passes around the southern side of the city. Here you have a beautiful view of the Sih-shan rising up

before you—a high hill, from which the city takes its name. At its foot, toward you, is another hill, but much smaller, crowned with a seven-storied pagoda. With the walls on your right, you have some slightly elevated grounds on the left, filled with grassy, grave mounds, and covered with a pretty shrubbery of stunted pines. The same swarming population, both on land and water, meets your eye here that you find almost everywhere else in China. Your boat stops at the west gate, while the boatmen go to purchase provisions for the journey. After some little exercise of your patience they return, and you are soon on your way again, proceeding in a northwesterly course, having another chain of hills still on the south, in a line parallel with the canal.

You may here chance to see a mode of fishing that is quite novel to you. The net—if it may be called a net—is like a truncated cone of basket-work, open at both ends, about three feet high, one and a half in diameter at the top and four at the bottom. A man gets into this and wades into the water with it—the larger opening being downward. He lifts it up a few inches from the bottom of the canal, and walks slowly about till he comes to a place where he supposes there are fish—perhaps previously baited—or until he feels them about his feet. After standing perfectly still for a few minutes, with his basket-net lifted up to his arm-pits, he suddenly thrusts it down and then feels about carefully with his feet till he ascertains whether or not he has a fish inclosed. If he has succeeded in entrapping any, he soon secures his prey with his hands and tosses him on the shore.

You will also frequently see small boats having

several sticks a foot and a half long, projecting horizontally from the sides or "gunwales," and on these are perched from a dozen to twenty tame cormorants trained for fishing. A bit of cord, and sometimes a ring of wire, is fastened around the neck to prevent the bird swallowing the fish when captured. The fisherman has a small bamboo pole six or eight feet long, which has a bit of cord ten inches long, having a knot in the end, fastened to one extremity. With this pole he drives the cormorants from the perch into the water, and then assists them into the boat again by dexterously catching the knot into a small hook that is attached to the foot of the bird for the purpose. The bird dives, and if successful in seizing a fish, brings it up to its master, who pulls it into the boat with its prey, removes the string from its neck and gives it a handful of "bean-curd" as a reward for its toil. These singular birds may be seen in great numbers in the vicinity of "The Hills" thirty miles west from Shanghai. We have seen one of them bring up a fish a foot and a half in length and of several pounds weight. The fisherman animates them to dive, by a peculiar shout, and it is quite surprising to observe the *esprit du corps* that is manifested by these cormorants themselves when a hundred or more are fishing together, urged on by the well-known voices of their several owners, in four or five boats, like hunters encouraging their hounds. This mode of fishing always presents a most novel, exciting, and interesting scene.

Many hundreds of huge, unwieldy grain-junks will be met with all along your route; some lying moored near the towns and cities, and others moving

slowly along the canal, by means of their enormous fan-shaped mat sails, if the wind be fair; or, if it be adverse, towed with long ropes by fifteen or twenty men walking on the bank.

As the canal is not infested with pirates in this region, your boatmen at their own choice, ply the oar all night, and soon after daylight you reach the city of Chang-chau, about thirty miles from Vu-sih. This is also a large walled city, with its moat filled with boats and grain-junks. Every few miles you pass villages on the banks, and you have distant hill scenery in view most of the time, but the country in the immediate vicinity of the canal is quite level and presents no striking points of difference from that near Shanghai.

Toward the close of the day, a pagoda in the distance indicates that you are approaching Tan-yang—another walled city, large and populous, bearing the same general features with the two just named. It is some thirty miles westward from Chang-chau, and is a city of much trade, having the canal around its walls filled with boats and junks. Here as my head was needing another application of the razor, and no man can shave his own head, my guide was dispatched to procure a barber. After some time he returned with one, who, after arranging his implements, approached me with as much hesitation and evident misgiving as you may imagine the man to have done the lion which held up his paw to have the thorn extracted. He could not have failed to discover that whoever else I might be, I was no countryman of his. But he said nothing. Cautiously and silently he performed the operation—was paid double the usual

price, and looked as if he was particularly glad of an opportunity to leave. I have no doubt but as soon as he got safely out of that boat he drew several extra-long inspirations of fresh air, by way of self-indemnification for the short ones to which he had restricted himself while shaving, what he supposed to be, the head of a lunatic! For such, as I afterward learned, had my guide, who was more shrewd than truthful, represented me at several points along the route, in order to screen me from such familiar approaches as might result in my detection as a foreigner. When he told me this after our return to Shanghai, it explained to me why, on several other occasions, the natives had looked at me very inquiringly and curiously, but had kept at quite a respectful distance. Leaving Tan-yang the next morning at daybreak, your course is nearly north toward the next city on the route—Chin-kiang-fu.

The face of the country now becomes quite uneven and hilly. The banks of the canal are from fifty to a hundred feet high, and the soil is of a red clayey character. In the sides of the banks are seen numerous little springs, which are probably strongly impregnated with iron, as you will infer from the discoloration of the soil; over which the water trickles; for the quantity from any one spring is not sufficient to form even a rill. You encounter a continuous line of grain-junks extending many miles, and the heavy measured tramp of the junkmen on their decks, as they pole their clumsy craft, or warp them along by a line attached to the windlass—accompanied by singing, somewhat after the manner of sailors on foreign vessels—forms the music by which your ears

are regaled all day long, with the beating of a gong occasionally, as an interlude. You have much difficulty in navigating the canal along here, while the junks are in motion, for it is narrower than you have before seen it, and the water seems lower than usual. But you succeed in reaching a small village half way from Tan-yang to Chin-kiang-fu. Here, however, you are completely blocked up, and find it necessary to send your guide for a wheelbarrow in order to proceed, after having inquired in vain for horses or sedans. The wheelbarrow is precisely like the one before described, except that it has two handles in front, as well as behind, so that one man pulls while another pushes. With a part of your Chinese bedding for a cushion, the ride is not so uncomfortable as one would suppose. Among others riding in this manner, we met a well-dressed man sitting astride on the top of a large load on his barrow, while a woman was pulling in the shafts before, and a man pushing in those behind. It is really delightful to breathe the fresh air of heaven, and to have a wide prospect spread out on every side, after having been confined to the compass of eight or ten feet square in a native boat, with your view limited for the most part, to the banks of the canal, for five days. What a gloriously beautiful country ! The hills skirting the Yang-tsz-kiang, stretching far away on the north-east, and others rising abruptly from the vast, undulating plain in various directions. The fields, green with the spring wheat and rye, are separated from each other by ridges of earth three or four feet high and about the same width. How healthy and ruddy the complexion of the people—the men and women

working in the fields, and the children playing in the dirt, about the houses, which are built of large bricks set up edgewise so as to form hollow walls, which thus require fewer brick in their construction. The dwellings have a dark, gloomy aspect, not being plastered and whitewashed like those about Shanghai, and frequently you will see them with walls built partly of rude, brick-shaped lumps of clay merely dried in the sun.

Occasionally, you dismount from your wheelbarrow to allow the good fellows who trundle it to rest; and you will find it no less refreshing to yourself to walk a few rods; for the jolting of that vehicle is not so particularly agreeable, as to prevent the desire for a change now and then. Having accomplished half your afternoon's ride, you stop at a tea-tavern and content yourself with a cup of that beverage, while the rest of your party take the same, with the addition of some native cakes, which they devour with as keen a relish as you also might, perhaps, could you but persuade yourself they were clean. But you must overcome this fastidiousness, when you travel in China, or you will starve. On you trundle again, over the pleasing undulations of this delightful region, till you approach the nine-storied pagoda near Chin-kiang-fu—a large city of sad celebrity, as having been the scene of the most sanguinary conflict during the war of 1841-2. Your path here is quite winding, and leads you across the hills forming the southern barrier of the city. Passing through the thronged streets of a long and thickly peopled suburb, you enter, on the south side, the ponderous gates, swinging in their massive, arched gateways of finely-

hewn granite, which are about forty feet high by fifteen or twenty wide, and two hundred or more in length.

Your one-wheeled carriage rattles along over the stone pavement, and you are borne through the principal street into the heart of the city, for a mile or two northward, when you turn to the left, and after passing over about the same distance you make your egress at the west gate; and then traversing another long, busy suburb, finally come to a halt at a native inn. This is a dark, gloomy, dirty establishment, but you are glad of a resting-place anywhere, and your appetite, too, has so fair gained the victory over your squeamishness, that you make a hearty supper on à-la-mode pork, "bean-curd," and greens. You are sufficiently fatigued, also, to sleep on a hard pallet of straw, with your Chinese quilt, *alias* you wheelbarrow cushion—for a covering. This kind of fare is, with little variation, to be continued for the remainder of your journey.

The city of Chin-kiang-fu is beautifully situated directly on the south bank of the Yang-tsz-kiang, and is environed by hills on all other sides. It is a place of much trade, but the general features of the city itself—the streets, shops, dwellings, temples, etc., differ but little from those of Shanghai, and indeed of every other Chinese city we have yet seen. The much greater size of the gates has already been mentioned, and we may here add, that they also are double, but the two are in a direct line with each other, and with the street, instead of being at right angles, as at Shanghai. They are also much further apart—apparently two or three hundred feet.

A high steep hill, ascended by a flight of stone steps, overhangs the city on the west, almost like a precipice, and you have the closely crowded roofs spread out beneath your feet far below. A small temple stands on the top of the hill, and the view from this point is the finest we have so far met with in the Celestial Empire. Looking eastward, you have the city below, with a beautiful chain of hills encircling it, and then stretching far away to the east, skirting the south banks of the Yang-tsz-kiang till they are lost in the distance. On your right toward the south is an extensive scene, diversified with hills, undulations, and plains; dotted with clusters of cottages, and chequered with fields of wheat, rice, cotton, and vegetables, giving a landscape of varied hues, according to the season of the year. To the westward you see a mountainous range of hills, still south of the river, and pointing out its course. Then turning your face toward the north you will have before you this magnificent river—"Ocean's child"—rolling along its muddy waters, while here and there rocks and islands rise from its turbid bosom. These islands are little else than barren, precipitous rocks, having sometimes a few trees and some shrubbery growing from the crevices, or where sufficient soil may have become deposited to afford them sustenance. There is one, a half-mile northwest from the city, near the south bank of the river, with which it is connected at low water. This is the famous Kin-shan ("Golden Island,") celebrated in Chinese writings throughout the empire. It is but a few hundred yards in circumference, and is covered with temples on all sides. A seven-storied pagoda, together with three

imperial pavilions going to decay, crown the summit. Its temples are like those seen elsewhere, and indeed there is a new one within the north gate at Shanghai, the Kwong-foh-sz—which is a *fac-simile* of the largest and handsomest one on the Kin-shan, and being new, is the more beautiful of the two. There are several large, polished, marble tablets, in various parts of the premises, with inscriptions cut upon them. These are shown to visitors as having been presented to the establishment (for it is a Buddhist monastery) by different emperors, Kanghi, Kienlung, and others. There is also said to be a famous library here, but we saw nothing of it, though conducted by a young priest, whose business seemed to be to show the curiosities of the place to strangers, and for which he receives a fee of a few hundred cash. This island is equal to Niagara for fees and charges. You will see scores of priests in long yellow robes, going in single file from one temple to another, and forming themselves into platoons with military precision, and paying their devotions to the different idols. At each shrine you are solicited for “incense cash”—which, of course, you decline giving—to purchase sticks of incense, which are kept constantly burning before these deities.

A mile or two lower down the river, still on the south bank, and nearly opposite the north gate of the city, which is a half-mile distant from the water—are two hills crowned with temples and connected together by a high, but narrow ridge, only three feet wide on the top, affording barely sufficient surface for the stone pathway. The outermost of these two hills projects a little into the river, three of its jagged

rocky sides being nearly perpendicular. It has on its top a very pretty, new, quadrangular pavilion, with its floor, and the four pillars supporting its high, gracefully curved roof, made of well-hewn granite. A few rods from this, on the same hill, is a nine-storied pagoda, some forty or fifty feet in height, built entirely of cast iron. Each octagonal piece forming the walls of an entire story is a single casting; so, also, are the eight-cornered, slightly concave plates forming the roofs of the several stories. The whole of this curious structure, including the base and the spire, was cast in about twenty pieces. Originally perpendicular, it now has an inclination of two or three degrees toward the south. It is about eight feet in diameter at the base, each side of the octagon being nearly three feet; and its interior is entirely filled up with brick masonry, so that it is impossible to ascend it. It is evidently of great antiquity, but bore no inscription from which its age could be determined.

This, and the adjoining hill or bluff, were the points occupied by Major-General Schoedde's brigade at the battle of Chin-kiang-fu, on the 21st of July, 1842, and just opposite is the point at which he ascended the northern wall of the city. The recent repairs show the part that was demolished on that occasion. Looking down the precipitous sides of this bluff eastward, a pretty plain lies spread out before you, and almost directly under your feet, is a native battery of twenty-four guns immediately on the bank of the river.

The grand canal passes through the western suburbs of the city, and enters the river nearly opposite Kin-shan.

## CHAPTER XXIV.

### JOURNEY TO NAN-KING CONTINUED.

Another Wheelbarrow Ride—Clear Water—A Night's Lodging—Summer Palace of a former Emperor—Stone Road—Modes of Conveyance—Approach to Nan-king—Tomb of an Emperor—Ancient City—Gates—Tartar City—Streets—Ox-cart—Site of Imperial Palace—Public Offices—The celebrated “Porcelain Tower”—A native description of it—A Donkey-ride—Face of Country—Terracing Hills—Modes of Irrigation.

WE took passage in a boat for Nan-king, up the Yang-tszi-kiang, but being detained by adverse winds for two days, with no prospect of a change in our favor, we left it and resolved to try the land route. Sent our guide to hire donkeys; but being unsuccessful in his attempt to procure them, we dispatched him in search of a wheelbarrow. After some time he returned with one, and we set out for the second time, with this mode of conveyance, having a two days' journey of fifty or sixty English miles before us.

Our route lay along the foot of the range of hills, on the south side of the river, which was a mile or two distant all the way, and most of the time out of sight. A low, level, fertile plain occupied the intervening space, which is overflowed during seasons of very high water. This plain on the right, and the high, steep hills on the left, form a contrast that affords an agreeable scenery throughout most of the

draws by this thrown over his shoulders, while his companion propels by the handles from behind. The road is not so smooth as the one travelled yesterday, and your native guide describes the jolting, by terms not unlike in sound, to the sensation produced—*hwung lung tung, hwung lung tung*. Nor does the path follow so closely the course of the river, which seems to sweep off to the northward. Leaving it, therefore, some twenty-five miles before you reach Nan-king, your road crosses hills and valleys in almost unbroken succession, during the remainder of the way.

In one of these valleys is the ruin of a summer palace, built by the emperor Kien-lung. It consists of a number of one-story buildings, with spacious courts between, and flanked by smaller buildings on the sides. Enough still remains to show that the workmanship was of the most elaborate and unique character. One would easily imagine that the spot may once have been exceedingly beautiful under cultivation, but now there is nothing particularly attractive in its appearance.

The same emperor had a road constructed of hewn stone, varying from four to six feet in width, from this summer palace to the capital—a distance of about twenty miles. But it is now in such bad repair, that it is far inferior to the ordinary foot-paths. The jolting over the stones is so uncomfortable that you are glad to dismount from your wheelbarrow and walk, most of the time.

Owing to the uneven surface of the country in all this region, canals are impracticable, and the transportation of produce and merchandise is effected by

means of horses, mules and donkeys. These useful animals are constantly met with, in great numbers, and it is astonishing to see the immense burdens they are made to bear. The large proportion of those carrying pairs of wooden tubs, like panniers, filled with whisky, will convince you that strong drink is as marketable an article here, as in many other parts of the world. Wheelbarrows are also extensively used. You will see many people travelling by all these modes of conveyance, and occasionally in sedans. Women riding on donkeys sit in the same position as men.

While yet some ten miles distant from Nan-king, you get a view of the far-famed "PORCELAIN TOWER," from the top of one of the barren hills on the road, and you have it in sight, now and then, till you reach the city. Villages now occur at shorter intervals, the population is greater, and more business activity is manifest. Monumental tablets and gateways are frequently met with, spanning the streets. The paved pathway now widens into a spacious road of some fifty feet, for a mile or so, up to the *Chau-yang-mun*, one of the gates on the eastern side of the city. From a hill over which this road passes, you will see on your right hand, toward the north, perhaps a mile distant, a wall, inclosing several large buildings resembling temples. This is the spot styled in books of travellers the "Tombs of the Kings." But it is, according to the best information we could gather, the mausoleum of only one emperor, the first of the Ming dynasty, *Tai-tsu*, who flourished about five hundred years ago. A semicircular avenue leads to it, winding around the base of a small hill. At the

further end of this avenue a pair of colossal, stone elephants, stand facing each other on the opposite sides. Then, as you proceed toward the cemetery, there are other figures in stone, of lions, dogs, horses, long-robed gate-keepers, and Tartar soldiers, similarly placed, in successive pairs, and at regular intervals. All these figures, except the first and last named, may be seen, though on a much smaller scale, in the vicinity of Shanghai. The wall is about fourteen feet high, and incloses a space of several acres in extent, which is occupied by three large buildings, separated by spacious courts, three or four hundred feet square. The first of these seems to have been designed as the hall of entrance; the second, the grand Imperial hall, in the centre of which is a square apartment of light, fanciful wood-work, which contains the tablet of the deceased emperor. This building is two hundred feet long by one hundred in width. Its roof, which is of yellow glazed tiles on its outer surface, and of very minute and elaborate painting on the inner, is supported by thirty-six polished, wooden columns, about forty feet high, near three feet in diameter at the base, and something less at the top. Each of these pillars is a single stick of hard pine. The floor is of polished marble tiles, about two feet square, which reflect the light admitted through the oyster shell windows in front. The third of these structures is merely a piece of masonry of solid limestone, about a hundred and fifty feet square. It stands at the foot of a hill, on which, immediately in the rear, are three large, conical, artificial mounds. In one of these, the remains of the emperor are said to have been deposited. The ap-

proach to the mounds is by an ascending tunnel, finely arched, through the mason-work. This tunnel is about fifteen feet wide by twenty high. On its sides, incrustations of lime have been deposited, from the water trickling through the crevices, between the blocks of limestone of which it is built, and from its roof small stalactites have formed. This pile of masonry is ascended by means of stone steps in the rear, and at a distance of perhaps fifty or sixty feet from the ground, is a beautiful terrace covered with grass, from which arises a much smaller section of a stone wall, having three smaller arches passing through it, in a line parallel with the tunnel underneath, all opening toward the mounds in the rear, and the great imperial hall in front. These edifices are surrounded by triple terraces, paved with finely-hewn stone, each bordered by an elaborately wrought stone railing, and ascended by three flights of steps. Taken altogether, this mausoleum, though somewhat dilapidated, has an air of magnificence befitting the burial-place of a sovereign of so vast an empire. It is called *Hwang-lin*—“*Imperial forest*.”

The present city of Nan-king is surrounded by a wall about fifty feet high, and has thirteen gates. It is situated within the space formerly occupied by the ancient city, which had eighteen gates. The wall of the latter may still be traced in some places, though in others, not a vestige of it remains. It is far without the present city, and the intermediate space, where sufficiently level, is occupied by fields and vegetable gardens. The more hilly portions afford pasture ground for horses, mules, donkeys, cattle, sheep and goats.

The gates of the modern city differ somewhat from each other in their dimensions. Some of the finest are thirty or forty feet high by about twenty in width, and the arched gateways are a hundred or more feet in length. At the point of our entrance there were four of these gateways, all in a right line, and some two hundred feet apart. The ivy had crept up the walls and was hanging in beautiful festoons over the arches. The base of the walls at these gates was of marble, originally white, but now of a dingy, light yellow, sculptured in *bas-relief*. This quadruple gate is the Chau-yang-mun and leads directly into the Tartar portion of the city. Here are some fine streets nearly forty feet wide, having a space in the middle of about eight feet in width, flagged with well-hewn blocks of blue and white marble, and on each side of this, a brick pavement of some fifteen feet or more. You will here see two-wheeled carts as large as those used in our own country, and very much resembling them in general appearance, but of rude workmanship, heavy, clumsy wheels, and drawn by a single ox in shafts. They are sometimes laden with produce, and sometimes with women and children, going to and from market.

The site of the ancient imperial palace is pointed out to you, but scarce a vestige of it remains, and the spot is occupied by the ordinary one story, dark, dirty dwellings. And indeed, apart from the Porcelain Tower and the mausoleum of Tai-ts'u, there is hardly a building of any kind, be it temple, shop, or dwelling that has not its equal in Canton, Shanghai, and probably most other Chinese cities. Many of the streets are much wider than those at Shanghai, and

in the Manchu city, where there is little or no business carried on, and the population comparatively sparse—they are more cleanly. But in the busy, thickly inhabited parts of the city, Nan-king has little to boast of, on the score of cleanliness, over the cities before described.

The offices of public functionaries are probably more numerous here, than in any other city this side of Peking. They may be known by the two high poles with a square wooden frame-work near the top—by the wall opposite the entrance, with the figure of a huge dragon painted on it, and by the soldiers, police-runners, and other loungers about the gates.

But by far the most interesting and attractive object in Nan-king is the famous "Porcelain Tower," of world-wide celebrity. It was built about the year 1413, by Yung-loh, the third emperor of the Ming dynasty. Representations of it are found in nearly all the school-geographies of civilized nations; and well do many of us remember the school-boy idea we formed of its milky whiteness associated with the term *porcelain*; while in reality but a comparatively small portion of it is white. Green is the predominant color, from the fact that the curved tiles of its projecting roofs are all of this color, while the ornamental wood-work supporting these roofs, is of the most substantial character, in the peculiar style of Chinese architecture, curiously wrought and richly painted in various colors. The body or shaft of the edifice is built of large, well-burnt brick, and on the exterior surface they are red, yellow, green, and white. The bricks and tiles are of very fine clay and highly glazed; so that the tower presents a most gay

and beautiful appearance, which is greatly heightened when seen in the reflected sunlight. It has nine stories, and is 260 English feet high. At the base, it is over 300 feet in circumference, each side of the octagon being about forty feet. After the first or ground story, all the others are quadrangular on the inside, instead of conforming to the octagonal exterior. On each face is an arched opening in which one can stand, and look out upon the surrounding scenery; but a wooden grating prevents you from stepping out upon the balconies or galleries, which are not provided with balustrades. The inner walls of each story are formed of black, polished tiles, a foot square, on each of which an image of Buddha is molded in *bas-relief*, and richly gilt. There are, on an average, more than two hundred of these images in each story, giving, in all an aggregate of *nearly two thousand*. A steep staircase on one side of each square apartment, leads to the one above, and by this means you may reach the top, from which a magnificent panorama is seen spread out before you—the whole city of Nan-king toward the north, but as it were, at your feet—its fine amphitheatre of hills, yet not so high as to shut out a prospect beyond, in some directions, as far as the eye can reach—then three or four miles distant, northward, you see the noble Yang-tsz-kiang, from which a canal leads up to the city, and surrounds it, forming the moat.

A fine, spacious temple, covered with yellow, glazed tiles and filled with gilded idols, stands at the foot of this Pagoda, and in the same extensive inclosure. Here we purchased of a priest a native cut, representing the Tower, and containing some particulars

relative to its history. Of a portion of it the following is a translation, which I prepared with the aid of my teacher: "The emperor Yung-loh desiring to reward the kindness of his mother, began, in the tenth year of his reign, in the sixth month and fifteenth day, at mid-day to build this tower. It was completed in the sixth year of the emperor Sien-tuh, on the first day of the eighth month, having occupied nineteen years in its erection. The order of the emperor to one of his ministers, Wong-ti-tah of the Board of Public Works, was to build a tower according to a draft which he had prepared and put into his hands. It was to be nine stories high, the bricks and tiles to be glazed and of the 'five colors'; and it was to be superior to all others, in order to make widely known the virtues of his mother. Its height was to be 30 *chang*,\* 9 feet, 4 inches, and 9 tenths of an inch. The ball on its spire to be of yellow brass overlaid with gold, so that it might last forever, and never grow dim. From its eight hooks, as many iron chains extend to the eight corners of the highest roof; and from each chain, nine bells are suspended at equal distances apart. These, together with eight from the corners of each projecting roof, amounting to 144 bells. On the outer face of each story are sixteen lanterns, 128 in all, which, with twelve on the inside make 140. It requires sixty-four catties of oil to fill them. Their light shines through 'the thirty-three heavens' and even illuminates the hearts of all men, good and bad, eternally removing human misery. On

\* A *chang* is ten feet, Chinese measure, equal to nine feet English.

the top of the highest roof are two brazen vessels together weighing 900 catties, and one brazen bowl besides, weighing 450 catties. The grounds belonging to the pagoda, and occupied by temples and other buildings are 9 *lē*\* and 33 paces in circumference. Having been adorned by the emperor Yung-loh, its brilliancy will now endure to hundreds of generations—a monument of recompensing kindness to myriads of years. Therefore it is named Pau-gan-sz—‘*Recompensing Favor Pagoda*.’ An inscription on a tablet within, calls it ‘The First Pagoda.’ Its cost was 2,485,484 taels of silver. Encircling the spire are nine iron rings—the largest being sixty-three feet in circumference, and the smallest, twenty-four feet—all together weighing 3,600 catties. In the bowl on the top are deposited, one night-shining pearl—one water-averting pearl—one fire-averting pearl—one wind-averting pearl—one dust-averting pearl—a lump of gold weighing forty taels—a picul of tea leaves—1,000 taels of silver—one carnelian stone weighing 100 catties—one precious stone gem—1,000 strings of ‘cash’ bearing the stamp of the emperor Yung-loh—two pieces of yellow satin, and four copies of Buddhist classics.

“In the fifth year of the emperor Kia-king of the present dynasty, on the fifth month and fifteenth day, at daylight in the morning, the god of thunder drove poisonous reptiles to this pagoda and immediately three sides of it were injured. The strength of the god of thunder was very great, but Buddha’s resources were infinite, therefore the whole edifice was not destroyed. The two highest mandarins at Nan-king and Su-chau,

\* A *lē* is one third of an English mile.

the Tsung-toh and Fu-tai, therupon informed the emperor of the accident, and besought him to have it repaired. So in the seventh year of his reign on the second month and sixth day, the repairs were begun, and were finished on the second day of the sixth month in the same year, so that the building was as perfect as when new."

Such is the native account of this remarkable edifice, and when on turning a corner of one of the large temples in the spacious inclosure, we came suddenly in view of the whole structure at once, its beauty and grandeur far surpassed our most glowing anticipations. But by far the most interesting circumstance associated with the Porcelain Tower, is the fact that it is a monument of filial affection—a magnificent tribute of the gratitude of a son for his mother's love.

No other American had ever visited it, nor at that time, had ever seen Nan-king. If, as has been reported, it has been destroyed during the war of the Rebellion, the world has sustained a loss from among its specimens of wonderful architecture that can never be supplied.

On leaving my boat in the Imperial canal, where it was wedged in with other boats and junks, I had directed the boatmen to return to Tan-yang, and there await our return. We determined on a different and nearer route from the one by which we came, and having chartered a couple of donkeys, set out over the hills that environ Nan-king, leaving the Yang-tsze-kiang and Chin-kiang-fu off toward the north, on our left. Our donkey-driver walked, and with a heavy whip, belabored alternately the animals ridden by my guide and myself. The face of the country

was elevated and undulating, often hilly, but nowhere low and level like that about Shanghai. We saw some hills terraced for cultivation. The water was conveyed up from one plateau to another, from a pond or creek below, by means of such irrigating machines as are used at Shanghai for transferring the water from the creeks and canals to the fields on their banks. They are on the principle of chain-pumps—the square pieces of wood that force the water before them, moving about a foot apart—along a trough some ten inches square, extending—at whatever angle the height of the bank may require—from its top down into the water. It may be worked by an ox, with an arrangement of cog-wheels, on a similar plan with those for turning a cotton-gin in our Southern States, but on a much smaller scale. It is also often worked by men treading a foot-windlass, and keeping themselves in position by leaning on a horizontal pole which is placed breast-high, in a forked support at each end of the machine.

Our donkey-travel occupied two days—the intervening night having been passed at a lodging-place in a small town where the sleeping apartment might, with far more propriety, be called a stable than a bed-room—the earth forming its floor, and the only window being a square hole in a rough, stone wall, with two or three wooden bars in it. A kind of wide course bench with a little straw on it served as a bed, on which, wrapped in my Chinese quilt or “comfort,” I slept sweetly and soundly.

We found our boat at Tan-yang according to appointment, and entering it once more, returned home for the remainder of the journey, by the route over which we came.

## CHAPTER XXV.

### WHAT THEY THINK OF ECLIPSES AND EARTHQUAKES.

Native Astronomers—The Popular Theory—"Sun-Eating"—Worship of the Monster—Noises to frighten Him—An Earthquake—Its Effects—Native Theory—Ceremony of "Welcoming the Spring"—The "Spring Ox"—Presiding Deity of the Year"—A Procession—"Beating the Ox"—"Welcoming the God of Joy"—A Female Deity—Worship—Military Evolutions—Rewards.

THE 11th of December, 1852, at Shanghai, in China, was as clear and bright as could be desired for observing an eclipse. So, after breakfast, accompanied by my recently arrived and most estimable colleague, Rev. W. G. E. Cunningham, and two other friends, I sallied forth into the city, armed with fragments of smoked window-glass, for looking at this phenomenon. We knew that the Chinese had been some time previously notified of its occurrence, for there is an astronomical school at Peking, where eclipses are calculated with great certainty and a tolerable degree of accuracy—the native mathematicians missing the exact time of its commencement and termination in the present instance, by some fifteen or twenty minutes. The Chinese are indebted for their knowledge of astronomical science to the Jesuits, who introduced it, together with some other branches of useful knowledge, at the time of their

first entrance into this empire, over two hundred years ago. In consequence of their superiority in these respects, about that time they succeeded in acquiring great influence with the emperor and his court at Peking. But, being too ambitious of power, they lost what they had before gained, and were banished from the empire; while the Roman Catholic religion was proscribed by an imperial edict, and the subjects of this "Central Kingdom," as they call their country, were forbidden, under heavy penalties, receiving or practising its tenets. Though driven away themselves, the Jesuits could not take with them the learning they had brought. Some of this has been preserved and handed down by a succession of native scholars, who form a kind of scientific college, and compose a part of what might be termed the astronomical bureau at Peking.

Although eclipses are calculated and published at the capital, only the bare *fact* is announced, without any explanation of the *cause*; so that the universally received theory of an eclipse throughout the empire is, that a wild sun is trying to devour the tame or domestic sun. Some say a huge dragon is trying to eat the sun or moon. To whatever agent they may ascribe the act, the fact that the entire population, from the highest to the lowest, regard it as one of devouring, is evident from the circumstance, that in all books and proclamations, it is called "sun-eating" or "moon-eating." Hence, during the continuance of an eclipse, there is kept up an incessant din of gongs, drums, horns, and the like; and firing of cannon, matchlocks, and crackers at the temples and public offices, to frighten away the devourer. Tables

or shrines are also placed in the open air in front of the temples, public offices of the magistrates, and before the doors and in the courtyards of private dwellings, having red wax candles and incense sticks burning on them; while at the temples, the idols are brought out and seated with their faces toward the sun and opposite the shrines. At the government offices, the mandarins come out, and, kneeling down before the shrines, bow their heads to the earth nine times, worshipping the "*eater*," and praying him not to devour the sun. The idols, in the first-mentioned instance, are supposed to be doing the same; and in private dwellings, the various members of the families prostrate themselves, and worship in the same manner as the mandarins. In the course of our walk through the city on that morning, we saw a little girl teaching an infant, that could scarcely stand, to kneel and bow to the sun before a table on which the red wax candles and incense sticks were burning. When the eclipse is passing off, the people universally ascribe it to the influence of their noise in frightening, or their prayers in persuading, the intruder to desist from eating the sun.

The eclipse, on that occasion, was nearly total at Peking, and about five-sixths total at Shanghai. The idea of looking at it through a smoked glass seems never to have entered the minds of the Chinese, and they all thought it a most wonderful discovery. They have, however, a tolerable substitute for it, by so placing one of their common brass wash-basins half filled with water, that the reflection of the sun's disc may be seen in it quite distinctly. We had crowds about us wherever we went, all eager to look

through our bits of glass, and praising, as we were accustomed to hear them on other occasions, the superior ingenuity of foreigners. At the office of the highest dignitary in this region of country, one of our pieces of glass was carried in to him, through which he saw that the "eating" had commenced even before it began to grow dark, and his excellency immediately came out and performed his prostrations, while his cannons were discharged, and his various instruments of noise sent forth their "horrible discord."

I explained to several intelligent Chinese the true cause of eclipses in such a manner, that they seemed to comprehend it, and it apparently commended itself to their reason, so that they admitted at once the explanation as perfectly rational and true. Our native preacher, *Lieu*, repeated it in his sermon the next day, which was Sunday, to a large and attentive audience. Full explanations, also, with diagrams accompanying, had been previously printed and extensively circulated by the Protestant missionaries, so that there is little doubt but that the true theory of eclipses will hereafter be better understood by some, at least, of the people in that part of China. There was also an eclipse of the moon on the night of the 26th of the same month (December), just fifteen days later; but it was not visible, from the cloudiness of the sky, though readily perceived by the gradual diminishing and then increasing again of the light.

Early in November, in consequence of the long-continued and serious illness of Mrs. Jenkins, my other colleague, Rev. B. Jenkins, sailed with his family for the United States. She, however, died at sea, as mentioned in the first chapter.

On the night of December 16th, at about eight o'clock, while standing by a comfortable fire in one of the rooms of my house in Shanghai, then occupied by my colleague, Rev. W. G. E. Cunningham and his wife, we observed a shaking of the house like that caused by a person walking heavily across the floor of an adjoining room, but with no sound of footsteps. As it continued and increased in violence, rattling the doors and windows, the noise became like the rumbling of many enormous wagons, heavily laden, and crossing an immense bridge at the full speed of the horses. We looked at each other in consternation, and Mr. Cunningham said, "An earthquake!" a fact which was already but too strongly impressed on my own mind. The motion was rapidly undulating, so as to cause us to reel in attempting to walk—quite similar to that of a ship at sea. It produced, in my own case, a nausea precisely like seasickness, and the next day we heard of several persons who were similarly affected. We ran out of the house, fearing it might fall upon us, and the motion continued some seconds after we reached the ground. Its duration was about a minute, during which the whole population of this great city sent forth their voices in one terrific scream. It was most appalling to listen to these shrieks of terror, mingled as they were, with the howling of innumerable dogs. There were many fears that some buildings had fallen, but it was afterward ascertained that there were no such disasters, except in the case of a few very old and dilapidated structures.

The motion was from north to south, and many clocks facing either of these directions were stopped,

while those facing east or west were not affected. Fragments of plastering fell in some instances, and here and there a loose tile was detached from the roof of our house and dropped upon the ceiling overhead. Several chimneys on American or European houses fell, crashing roofs and ceiling down through into bed-chambers. A brick wall, about one hundred feet long, seven feet high, and a foot and a half in thickness, forming one side of an inclosure around a large American mercantile establishment, was thrown down.

Water standing in large stone jars was shaken over the top, two or three inches above its level. Hanging lamps were also set swinging, and continued to swing for some time after the motion of the earth ceased. This was supposed by some to have been the most severe shock of an earthquake experienced there for years, though others say—and intelligent foreigners among them—that the one in 1845 was much more violent. It is said these phenomena occur in this part of China two or three times every ten years, but never very violent, and sometimes so slight as to be scarcely perceptible. This was the character of one that was felt a few months after our arrival, in the autumn of 1848.

Dr. Macgowan, of Ningpo, a scientific American missionary there, ascribed them to electric action, for three reasons. First, they have all occurred, so far as known, during long droughts; second, during perfect calms; third, during a highly electrical state of the atmosphere.

But let us come to the Chinese theory of earthquakes. They say, that in the bowels of the earth

there is an enormous fish, on whose head the goddess of mercy, *Kwan-yin*, is always sitting, and that so long as the priests in any part of the empire are knocking on a kind of wooden drum—which is said to be shaped like the head of the fish—so long he remains perfectly quiet; but if a moment of interval occurs in which, throughout the whole country, some one is not tapping on one of these drums, in that moment the fish experiences an itching sensation, and instantly begins to wriggle, which produces the commotion called by the natives *te doong*—“earth moving”—which continues till the priests begin to beat their drums again. This is supposed to act on the fish as a soothing ointment to an itching surface, and such another drumming as then began is not often heard. Another sage theory is, that the earth suddenly takes a freak to slide off 36,000 miles into space, and the rapidity of the movement causes the “earth shake.” One very intelligent Chinaman gravely told me, that on that occasion the earth was shaken from its customary level into a slightly inclined position, and that on the following night, at precisely the same hour, it would shake back again to its original horizontality! I saw him on the day after, and asked him if he felt the rectifying shake. ‘No,’ he replied, ‘but it certainly did take place.’

The Chinese divide their time into cycles of sixty years each. Every one of these years has a particular name, and the name of each year is also applied to some one month of that year, to some one day of that month, and to some one hour of that day. The people say, that if an “earth shake” should occur at that particular hour, of that day, of that month, of

that year, the earth would be resolved into its original chaos! It did occur, they say, on *niung-tsz* day, of *niung-tsz* month, of *niung-tsz* year, but not on *niung-tsz* hour. So, thanks to that big fish, the celestial empire has not yet relapsed into a chaos of matter corresponding to its already existing chaos of mind.

The seasons do not begin among the Chinese, as with us, always on the same day of the month, nor even on the same month; the spring sometimes beginning on the twelfth month, and sometimes on the first, of the year. It began for the year 1853, on the twenty-sixth day of the twelfth month, which was the 3d of February. The time is calculated at Peking and published abroad throughout the empire. On the appointed day, five of the civil mandarins of Shanghai—as it appertains to this class only, the military mandarins taking no part in the ceremony—went forth to “welcome the spring.”

A very rude representation of an ox had been made of paper, pasted over a frame-work of bamboo, about five feet long and three feet high. The head, horns, feet and tail, were of black paper; the neck and belly were of blue; the legs, of white, and the back and sides, comprising the greater part of the surface of the body, were of yellow. These colors are arranged from year to year, according to the directions in the “Book of Ceremonies” issued at Peking. This paper ox is regarded as prognosticating the character of the coming year, by the relative quantity of each color employed in its construction. The amount of black indicates the proportion of sickness and death. That of blue, of winds; that of

white, of rains and floods; that of red, of fire; of which color there was none in this ox. The yellow denotes the products of the earth, and as this color predominated, the people expect a year of plenty.

This ox was made at the premises of the *Che-heen*, the district magistrate, or mayor, of Shanghai, and thence carried by two coolies, with the horizontal frame on which it stood, to the "Welcoming spring temple" a half mile south of the city, near the banks of the river Hwang-pu.

The idol called *Ta-sue*—the Great year—which is supposed to preside over the year, was also taken from its place in the *Ching-wong-miau*—the city guardian's temple—and carried by two bearers in a small common sedan, following the paper ox to the temple above mentioned. This idol is always in the form of a small boy, said to be the deified son of the emperor Chau-sin, who flourished about 2,000 years ago, and was the last of the Shang dynasty, as well as one of the most infamous and cruel in the annals of Chinese history. The image of *Ta-sue* is attired differently each year, to indicate the character of the year, which is to be interpreted just the opposite of what the dress seems to signify. On this occasion, the image being bareheaded, it is inferred that there will be much cold. Wearing a white robe, which would under other circumstances angur much rain, a dry year is looked for.

This idol and the "spring ox" were placed side by side, under a roof on the right of the open court within the entrance of the temple. A blank sheet of yellow paper, about three feet by two, pasted on an upright frame, at the left hand of the sedan contain-

ing Ta-sue, represented the reigning emperor, Hien-foong.

About noon, a procession consisting of the five civil mandarins, in their court attire, viz., the superintendent of the criminal department, the superintendent of the rivers and canals in this district, the assistant superintendent of the department of taxes, the literary chancellor, and the mayor of this district with their trains of attendants, came through the great South Gate to the temple, and performed the usual prostrations and "knock heads" before the image of Ta-sue, standing in its sedan, and before the emperor's representative—the sheet of yellow paper—while incense sticks and red wax candles were burning before both. Preceding the mandarins in the procession, were first, a small junk decked with flags, and borne by two men. This was designed to represent one of the emperor's tribute-grain junks. Next came a beggar, dressed like a mandarin, following on foot. He is called the "spring mandarin," and personifies an officer of very distinguished rank, who bore that title in ancient times. Then several coarsely dressed men, as tillers of the soil, and after them were eight fantastically attired fellows, much resembling with their painted faces the pictures we sometimes see of clowns or king's fools. These sustained the dignified characters of genii. Next were several square trays, the four corners of which supported small frames two or three feet high, and from these were suspended miniature sign boards, bearing the names of the various trades and handicrafts in the empire. These were called the "360 hongs." When the ceremony was concluded,

beginning to build, or entering upon any other new undertaking.

It is asserted in that book that the god of joy comes from certain points of the compass on certain days; but if any of these days happen to be among those named as unlucky, the mandarins do not go out to meet the happy divinity, but select a lucky day, and then look into the Book of Ceremonies, to ascertain from what quarter the "god of joy" will come on that day. The day above-mentioned having been fixed upon, it was found, upon inspection, that this deity would be met with toward the southeast. Consequently, on the forenoon of this day, the lieutenant-colonel, the major, and eight or ten captains and lieutenants, with about two hundred soldiers, marched in procession from the residence of the officer first named, through the great South Gate of the city to the parade-ground beyond. The officers were in what we may call their undress uniform, with the exception of two, who wore the full military equipments, consisting of coats of mail made of satin covered with brass nails, and unwieldy helmets of polished iron, which had for plumes heavy sticks nearly two feet long, with a little plush on the top and some red horse-hair about the middle.

In the centre of the parade-ground was a tent, under which stood a table, having incense sticks and red wax candles burning on it.

On arriving at the spot, the soldiers were formed into ranks on either side, while the lieutenant-colonel got out of his sedan, and all the other officers alighted from their ponies and walked through the temple, at one end of the ground, into a room, and there wor-

shipped the picture of a female who lived in ancient times and was distinguished for her bravery. She is said to have sacrificed her own life in rescuing her father, who was an officer of high grade, and with his men was surrounded and about to be captured by his enemies. The legend says she was killed by the explosion of a cannon which she discharged at the foe with her own hands. For this act of filial devotion she was deified with the title of *Ke-tuh-shin*—the “god of flags and banners.”

Having duly gone through with the customary acts of worship before this image, the mandarins all came out, and walking to the tent, prostrated themselves and worshipped before the table containing the incense sticks and candles. This was designed to honor the “god of joy,” which is never represented by an image of any kind. They perform these acts of adoration to secure the victory for themselves, should the necessity for fighting arise during the year.

After these ceremonies, the officers returned to the temple, the whole front of which is open, and its floor is elevated about two feet above the surrounding level. There the lieutenant-colonel sat behind a table, while the other officers stood on his left to witness the clumsy evolutions of the infantry in petticoats discharging their matchlocks, the sham valor of the swordsmen in single combat, and the dexterity of the archers in missing a target as large as a cart-wheel, thirty or forty yards distant.

Rewards in copper coins, tin badges, and gaudily embroidered tobacco pouches, were then distributed to those of the single combatants who were most supple in jumping and rolling over on the ground,

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## CHAPTER XXVI.

### THE GREAT REBELLION.

Place of Origin—Progress—Title of the Leader—Strange Doctrines—Knowledge of Old Testament—Anxiety of Foreigners—Arrival of Hon. Humphrey Marshall—Bayard Taylor—Attempt of the “Susquehannah”—Failure—Successful Trip of the “Hermes”—Sir George Bonham—Chin-kiang-fu—Grand Canal—Grain for Peking—Capt. Fishbourne—An Attack from the Insurgents—Arrival at Nanking—Interview with the Insurgents—Their Books—A Second Attack—Fire returned—Return of the “Hermes”—Set out myself—Trip up the Yang-tsz-kiang—Appearance of the Country—Foo-shan—Occurrences at a Village—Our Native Assistant—Kiang-Yin—Pirates—Dead bodies—Burnt Junks—Running a Blockade—“Silver Island”—Its Temples—Destruction of Idols—Forlorn Priests—Timidity of Boatmen—Return to Shanghai.

THE foreign residents in China had, for several years, been aware that a rebellion existed in Kwang-si—the “Western Kwang”—the province lying west from Kwang-tung, or Canton—the “Eastern Kwang.” It however attracted but little attention till early in the year 1853, when we were astounded by the intelligence that the insurgent army had made a series of rapid and triumphant marches northeastwardly, and having laid siege to the city of Nanking, they had carried it by storm. About the same time, copies of proclamations by the leader of the movement, who styled himself Tai-Ping-Wong—“Great Pacifying King”—reached us at Shanghai, and surprised us

even more by their contents, than had the unparalleled successes and victorious progress of his army. They contained accounts of the Creation, the Deluge, the captivity of the Israelites in Egypt, and their delivery under Moses; then, subsequently, of the incarnation and death of Jesus, the Son of God. Strong denunciations of idolatry then followed, and earnest exhortations to the people to abandon it and worship the "True God," and, at the same time, to throw off the yoke and exterminate the race of the Tartar usurpers, who had, besides other grievous acts of oppression that were enumerated, compelled the Chinese to submit to the degrading custom of shaving the head and wearing tails like monkeys! This was to be abolished, and all his followers wore their hair long, and confined upon the top of the head by a sort of turban. Hence they were designated in the imperialist official documents "long-haired rebels."

There was no intimation of their disposition or designs toward foreigners, and as their advances had been so rapid and hitherto irresistible as to afford reasonable ground for the probability that the government would soon fall into their hands, it was desirable to ascertain, as soon as possible, how they were affected, and what would be their policy toward us. It was rumored that they were hostile, and intended to drive us all from the country. This opinion was diligently fostered by the imperialist officials at Shanghai, in order to enlist the formidable arm of foreign intervention against the insurgents.

The United States steam frigate "Susquehanna" arrived about the last of March, bringing our newly-

supply for the capital was thus cut off. The only resource left the Imperialists was, to send the rice around by sea; but, besides being insufficient in quantity, it was much injured by salt-water, and great distress at Peking was the result.

When the *Hermes* came up the river opposite the walls of this city, the insurgents fired into her, supposing, as they had been informed, that the "Outer-country Fire-wheel-ship" had come to fight against them on the side of their enemies. The admiral in command of the imperialist fleet, taking advantage of the presence of the *Hermes*, followed on close in her "wake" and opened fire upon the city. This gave additional strength to the impression that the steamer was actually in the service of the emperor.

The river being two miles wide at this point, and the steamer keeping near the northern bank, was nearly out of reach of their cannon-shot, and passed on, having been struck several times but not seriously injured. With commendable forbearance her prudent commander, Capt. Fishbourne, did not return the fire, but kept on his way to Nan-king. Here, too, at first, a battery on the shore opened upon the *Hermes*, until five large Chinese characters, which the captain had now taken the precaution to have inscribed on the side of his vessel, signifying "we come to communicate, not to fight" were read by the assailants, when they desisted. Some of their petty officers then visited the steamer, and a boat containing the interpreter, and several officers, was sent ashore. The visit was returned by many of the insurgents, who disavowed any intention to interfere with foreigners in this warfare, and professed for them a friendly

regard; but would not allow them to see their chief, Tai-ping-wong, and manifested little disposition to conciliate—still less to secure foreign aid against the imperialists—appearing perfectly satisfied of their ability to take care of themselves and fight their own battles. Capt. Fishbourne informed them that he had been fired into by their forces in Chin-kiang-fu. They then assured him that they would immediately send word to the general in command of the division in that city, and that the act should not be repeated. They also presented their British visitors with copies of eight different pamphlets, or tracts, among which were found one containing the first twenty-seven chapters of the book of Genesis, from Dr. Gutzlaff's version; another containing the Ten Commandments, with a very sensibly written commentary on each, and including opium-smoking as prohibited in the seventh; a third contained forms of prayer and hymns for morning and evening worship, and for other occasions. But contrary to their promise, the steamer on her return trip, a few days after, was again fired upon when passing Chin-kiang-fu. This being so manifest a violation of good faith, Capt. Fishbourne felt called upon to respond after the same manner; accordingly he discharged fifty-three rounds of shell into the city. Those books, among others brought by the Hermes, on her return, which was on the 2d of May, filled the missionaries, especially, with great joy. But it was evident, that although these revolutionists had isolated fragments of the New Testament doctrines, yet they had none of its books entire. And as it then seemed highly probable that they would soon become masters of the empire, it

was exceedingly desirable that they should have the New Testament especially, from which to learn the doctrines of a pure and perfect Christianity. Then the question arose, How were they to obtain them? Here was a difficulty, for they were closely besieged on land and blockaded on the river by the numerous forces of the imperialists, cutting off all communication with them from without. I determined, however, to make the attempt to reach them; so hiring a native covered boat, for which an exorbitant price was required, because of the perilous character of the enterprise, taking a carpet-bag and another coarse bag, both filled with copies of the Gospels, and other tracts, together with a spy-glass, and a carnal weapon in the shape of an old United States musket, with which to frighten the river-pirates, I embarked on the second day of June, on the Hwang-pu, and with a favorable wind and tide, soon reached Woo-sung, where we passed near the United States sloop-of-war "Plymouth," which was on her way to join the squadron for Japan. There were many imperialist war-junks at anchor, but our unpretending little craft attracted no attention from those on board, for they little imagined either the contents or its destination; so we sailed close along under their guns, and soon were out on the broad and muddy bosom of the "Child of the Ocean," the great river Yang-tsze.

Some sixty miles from its mouth is an island, called *Tsung-Ming*, forming its delta. This is directly opposite the village of Woo-Sung, from which it is scarcely visible, being very low and flat, and some fifteen or twenty miles distant. After passing this island on your westward course, you seem to be at

sea, for as your little boat keeps near the southern shore, the one opposite is not in sight till you have advanced, perhaps thirty miles on your journey. The country on both sides of this river is perfectly level, and of amazing fertility, for more than a hundred miles from its mouth. Then you will see a small cluster of hills on the north, several miles inland. They are called *Long-Shan*, and the highest of them is surmounted by a pagoda. Nearly opposite these hills, on the south bank, is the little walled town of *Foo-Shan*, which is so called from a very diminutive hill of that name, near which it stands. *Shan* is the Chinese for hill or mountain. A most luxuriant growth of vegetation, of small trees and bamboo groves, skirts the river on both sides, and extends many miles into the interior. When it is remembered that I am writing of China, it is scarcely necessary to say all these lands are under the highest possible state of cultivation. Their fertility must be absolutely inexhaustible, or two thousand years of tillage would have produced some signs of wearing out. All along may be seen regularly laid-out fields and vegetable gardens, while numerous cottages—some of brick and some of mud and straw, some covered with tiles and some with thatch—diversify the scene. It must be borne in mind that this was not my first attempt to visit the insurgents. On the former occasion, three weeks before, I was accompanied by our native assistant, *Lieu-seen-sang*, and we spent our second night at this town. Our third was at the mouth of a creek, at a village called *Siau-sing-kiang*, only twenty miles from *Foo-Shan*, but on the north side of the river. Here—as we arrived before

sunset, not being able to reach the next stopping-place before dark, and it is unsafe to be on the river at night on account of pirates—the banks were soon filled with natives crowding one another and straining their eyes to see what they had never before seen—an “outer-country man.” We went on shore and walked through the village, followed by multitudes of men, women and children, staring with eager curiosity, for I was dressed in the costume of my native land. After a while we came to a bank about six feet high, and selecting it for a pulpit, Lieu ascended, and preached in mandarin, which they understood. They listened with the most absorbing interest, and not an individual seemed to move—scarcely to breathe. It looked like a mass of upturned human faces that had become petrified at a moment of intensely earnest gaze. Darkness came on, and yet they stood as if nailed to the spot. Lieu ceased, and then they clamored so vehemently for the foreigner to preach also, that I addressed them in the Shanghai dialect, with Lieu for an interpreter. He then prayed, and upon their urgent invitation we accompanied them to a neighboring tea-tavern and took some refreshment—the throng still pressing us and asking questions. One of the company said he had a book containing the doctrines we had preached. At my request he ran to his house and soon returning, produced a Christian tract, which he said had been given him at Ningpo, whither he had been some months before. We returned to our boats laden with their thanks, and at daybreak the next morning resumed our voyage. Beyond *Foo-Shan* some twenty miles, the country on the south side of the river is broken by

ranges of hills, which extend with little intermission to Nan-king, and probably beyond. But the northern shore continues level through all this distance. The river varies in width from one to five miles. It has many islands and shoals, which render its navigation difficult, especially as the channel is constantly changing. Native vessels of every description, from the skiff of the fisherman to the clumsy war-junk, are always plying on its waters. Forty miles from *Foo-Shan* you find, on the south bank, the walled city *Kiang-Yin*, a quiet place of some importance, very prettily situated at the foot of a range of hills. Here we had passed our fourth night on the former trip, in company with many other boats, which had hauled up at this city, for the purpose of mutual security against any attack of pirates during the night. We had made but twenty miles that day also, in consequence of the light winds and calms, and the time had been occupied in reading Chinese with my companion. Just without the city walls is a dilapidated pagoda, seven stories high, and on an adjacent hill is a Buddhist temple.

On the following morning we set out with a fair wind, but it died away about noon, leaving us to our oars. Night came on before we could reach the next mooring station, and it was not long before a suspicious looking craft that had been hovering about us during the day, began to approach near enough to convince me that he was a pirate. A discharge from my rusty old flint-lock, '76, together with the unmistakable report of foreign fire-arms, satisfied him that he was pursuing something unusual, so he put down his helm and turned off in another direction.

During that day we advanced thirty miles, having seen four dead bodies floating down the river, and heard heavy cannonading.

On the day following, we saw three more bodies of dead men and met many wrecks of burnt junks, which the people living along the river, were securing, wherever it was possible, and hauling up on shore for firewood. It was quite a harvest to them. I afterward learned that the insurgents had set on fire a number of these junks and rafts, laden with various combustibles, and then had set them floating down the river, in order to burn the imperialist fleet, which they came very near accomplishing. It was only by slipping their cables and floating down before them that the latter escaped. We also saw the mutilated trunk of a large gilt idol lying on the shore. We had passed a high promontory on the south side of the river, which swept around its base in a long curve and with great swiftness. Its summit was crowned with a temple and a pagoda. Sunset found us in sight of the imperialist fleet; but the wind had ceased and we anchored for the night, as we supposed, a short distance from the northern shore. We had taken our supper of boiled rice and greens with our chopsticks as usual, and composed ourselves to rest upon the broad plank seats of our boat. About nine o'clock, however, I discovered that the wind had sprung up from the east, fresh and favorable. Thereupon, I roused my reluctant boatmen, made them pull up the anchor and hoist the sail. A few minutes brought us within hailing distance of one of the war-junks, then another, and another, and another; for we were soon in the midst of the fleet. It was too dark for

them to see us ; but the splashing of our little boat as she dashed on through the water attracted their attention. We were hailed several times and threatened with being fired upon. I had enjoined perfect silence, but my boatmen, who were very much alarmed, wished to comply with the command to "come to," and go up alongside. I, however, positively forbade it, and said, "let them fire—they are poor marksmen at best, for it is seldom they can hit an object they can see in the daytime, and it is not likely they can hit us in this dark night." So with threats, promises and encouragements I prevailed with my men, and we finally, having thus run the gauntlet for two miles, left the fleet behind us, and then anchored a second time for the night, near the shore, at a point where it was overhung with a thicket of willows. I knew it would not do for us to be found there, so before daylight I wakened my companions, and we were proceeding as quietly and cautiously as possible, when we discovered there were yet two or three Portuguese lorchas to be passed. These are vessels resembling schooners, and there were twenty-four in this fleet, hired by the imperialists. In the dim grey light of breaking dawn I saw their armed sentinels pacing their decks to and fro ; but we were not observed by them, and in an hour more we were on the landing-steps of well-hewn granite, at a most beautiful island named Kiau-Shan, but called by foreigners "Silver Island," because it seems to be a twin with "Golden Island," which is but three miles further up the river, and was described in a former chapter, as I had visited it a year before. Here we were met by several forlorn-looking priests,

who approached us at first with great timidity; but on being addressed in their own language, and assured that we would do them no harm, their fears were gradually overcome, and they accompanied us in our survey of the beauties and ruins of the place.

Silver Island is a hill rising from the bed of the river, covered with a rank growth of trees and shrubbery, and overlooks the city of Chin-kiang-fu, which is only two miles distant. There are many temples on this island, some of them exceedingly beautiful and costly, but the insurgents have utterly demolished every idol. So gratifying a scene of devastation I certainly never before beheld. The priests told us that the "long-haired men" had been there and had destroyed their idols, telling them of a being whom they called the "True God," who created all things, and that they should worship Him only. Here were gilded and painted fragments of images strewn about in every direction, while the wood, clay and straw of which the larger idols had been made, covered the floors to the depth of one or two feet. The altars and tables, incense vases and candlesticks, Buddhist books, and all the paraphernalia of idolatrous worship, were broken, torn, and scattered here and there in irrecoverable ruin; and this, too, by the very ones who, not three years ago, were willing votaries at just such shrines. The images of stone were thrown down from their pedestals and had their heads knocked off. But I found one, about two feet high, in a sitting posture, richly gilt and very heavy, whose head had successfully resisted the hammers of the iconoclasts. It was lying with its face on the earth, and the enraged expression of its features seemed to

show a strong resentment at the indignity thus cast upon it. By the help of two of my boatmen, with a pole and rope, I brought away this chap, and he now sits in sullen silence near me, while I relate the story of his wrongs. I also brought away many pieces of wooden gilded idols—heads, hands, feet, thumbs, fingers, and the like. This was by the cheerful permission of the twelve or fifteen priests, who were all that remained on the island out of a hundred—the majority having fled in their boats to the main land, on the approach of the insurgents. To these poor, forlorn bonzes I gave many books and tracts, besides a small sum of money, for they seemed quite destitute—and with the aid of Lieu, the Christian native whom I had brought with me, exhorted them not to grieve over the destruction of these senseless blocks, and showed unto them “a more excellent way.” We had assembled them in an apartment of one of the temples for this purpose, and it was most interesting to observe the attention with which they seemed to drink in the good news of salvation through Jesus Christ. No time, place, or circumstance, could have been more opportune for the exhibition of Christian truth. For just as all their sandy foundations had been swept away, and the strongest possible evidence of the utter inability of their idols to save or help even themselves, lay spread around, we pointed them to a Rock on which they might build and be eternally secure. These tidings came to them as a life-boat to a wreck. Here were the miserable fragments of their shattered craft, to which they were clinging with all the forlornness of despair. But their faces lightened with hope when the good, staunch ship of

Christianity hove in sight, and sent a boat to save them.

I then desired my boatman to cross over to the southern shore, and proceed along up to Chin-kiang-fu. But having seen the smoking ruins of the buildings outside the walls, which the insurgents had burned lest the imperialist army should find shelter among them in their assaults upon the city; and seeing, also, from the summit of the hill on Silver Island the warlike display of flags and banners flying on the walls and fortifications, they positively refused to go any nearer, and I was compelled to allow them to return to Shanghai.

## CHAPTER XXVII.

### SECOND TRIP TO THE INSURGENT CAMP.

New Boatmen—Run the Blockade again—Refusal of Boatmen to Proceed—Going Alone on Foot—A “Levee” on the River-bank—A Foot-path—Approach to Fortifications—Difficult Progress—Obstructions—Entering the Fortress—A Strange Visitor—Appearance of the Insurgents—Motley Crowds—Arms and Defences—Condition of Chin-kiang-fu—Strange Sounds—General Lo—Awkward Mistake—Presenting him a Bag of Copies of the Gospels—The Costume of the Soldiers—Morning Worship—Asking a Blessing—Unfortunate Coincidence—Attack by Imperialists—Suspected of being a Spy—Letter of General Lo—Cavalcade by Torchlight—Provisions—A Night on a War-Junk—Effort to remove Suspicion—Medical Relief—Extract from Journal.

Far from being satisfied with the result of this effort, I procured a set of boatmen on whose courage I thought I could rely more confidently, embarked a second time as already narrated, and proceeded once more to Silver Island.

To reach this spot I had again to run the blockade by the Imperial fleet, which consisted of near a hundred sail of war junks, Portuguese lorchas, and, to their shame be it said, five English and American vessels, with their crews, who had hired themselves to aid the Tartar usurpers in this unrighteous warfare, for sustaining their corrupt dynasty and perpetuating idolatry among an entire third of the human family. We passed directly under the guns of one of these

foreign vessels, and stopped at Silver Island until nightfall, when we crossed over to the southern shore and anchored till morning, under a steep, rocky bluff. My boatmen this time also, proved to be very timid, and absolutely refused to go any nearer Chin-kiang-fu. For, besides the blockade by the fleet, the Imperial army besieging that city was encamped on some hills in sight. We had also learned that, seeing foreign vessels in the hostile fleet, the insurgents had supposed foreigners generally were enlisted against them, and had issued a proclamation offering a reward of five thousand dollars for the head of any "outside-country man." No inducement would prevail with my boatmen to advance any further, and they endeavored to dissuade me from the attempt, saying that if I persisted, they felt certain I would never come back alive. No alternative was then left me between returning, or going alone on foot to the stronghold of the insurgents. So, at day-break the next morning I landed, against the earnest entreaties of my companions, taking with me a carpet-bag filled with copies of the Gospels and other Christian tracts, and finding a path leading along the bank of the river, now through dense thickets of reeds, and then on the top of a dike, which had been thrown up to prevent inundation, as related in a former chapter. I had visited this city by the inland route from Shanghai a year before, disguised in Chinese costume. With this exception, no foreigner had been here since its capture by the British, after the most sanguinary battle of the war, eleven years before. Nor was I insensible to the danger of thus approaching it alone and defenceless, since it was to be presumed the

present occupants had conceived no very favorable feelings toward foreigners, from the fifty-three rounds of shell by the Hermes, which were supposed to have taken terrible effect. I knew all this, and thought much upon it, and upon the possibilities and probabilities of a rough, perhaps fatal reception. And yet I walked on with a cheerful hopefulness that amounted almost to an assurance of my safety. The city stands a third of a mile from the river, in an amphitheatre of hills on the east, south and west. A steep, narrow ridge runs from the northeastern gate to the river, where it terminates at the water's edge in a high, precipitous, rocky promontory. On the top of this bluff are a temple, an imperial pavilion, and a cast iron pagoda nine stories high—the octagonal piece forming the wall of each story is one casting, and its projecting roof with curved corners, is another. The interior is entirely filled with brick masonry, and as the stories are of diminutive size, the whole structure is not more than fifty feet high. Still, it is quite a curiosity as a work of ancient art, for it is said to be several hundred years old. The pavilion is simply a quadrangular pyramidal roof, with curved slopes, ornamented after the usual style of Chinese architecture, and supported by four granite pillars. This promontory, with its edifices, had been converted into a garrison by the insurgents. A stockade had been thrown up along on the top of the ridge, beginning at the wall of the city and running around the summit of the bluff. It consisted of a double row of stakes ten feet high, driven into the ground and walled, or rather boarded up, with the doors, shutters and floors of the shops and dwellings

in the city, and the intervening space of five feet was filled in with earth. I found this hill, and indeed the whole city, fortified with great strength, and a degree of military skill that was quite surprising. For several hundred yards the approach to it at this point, which was a wide, smooth path, a year before, was rendered exceedingly difficult by means, first, of a deep ditch, which I jumped across; then the high bank, up and over which I climbed; then a fence of palisades, through which I succeeded, after some danger to my clothes, in finding my way. Next, a number of trees cut down and thrown in the way, with the boughs pointing outward, called by military men, *abattis*; then another row of palisades and more abattis. Next, a quantity of *coups de loups*, i. e., pitfalls, or round holes, a foot in diameter and two feet deep, dug so near each other as to give the spot the appearance of a piece of honey-comb. These holes had been covered with straw, but as some unsuspecting Imperialists had probably attempted to walk that way before myself, and had evidently walked into the holes, I profited by their experience and cautiously picked my path among them. Beyond these, were great numbers of strong, bamboo splints, driven firmly into the ground and sharpened. They projected about four inches, and stood so thickly together that, after taking a step, I had to stand on one foot and look about with the greatest care for a place in which to put the other. Then more palisades and abattis, and another ditch, deep and wide, with a long plank for crossing it; that is for the rebels to cross when they wished, but not for me, for it was pulled over on their side. So, after throwing my

carpet-bag of books across, I jumped almost across; but, as the sides were nearly perpendicular, might as well have not jumped at all, that is, if the old adage, "a miss is as good as a mile" be true, and it *was* true in that instance, for my experience convinced me that the properties of mud and water were the same near the bank of a ditch as in the middle. I clambered out according to the most approved method, and thus reached the foot of the steep hill. Discovering men on the summit, I made a signal to them, and they beckoned to me to come on. I pointed to my carpet-bag, and gave them to understand, by the language of signs, that I was fatigued and would like some assistance, particularly as there were more sharpened bamboo sticks, and another ditch half-way up the hill. Whereupon one of them came down, replied briefly to my salutation, and taking the carpet-bag, led the way up the rough ascent. Just as the sun was rising we entered the stockade by a large port-hole, and in a moment more I was surrounded by a motley crowd of dark-visaged, "long-haired" men and boys, armed with swords, matchlocks and long spears, with small, triangular, yellow flags, flying from the points. Many of them had their hair fastened up on the top of the head by small turbans of red and yellow silk. Their uniform was multiform, apparently from the want of a sufficient quantity of cloth or silk of the requisite colors, which appeared to be yellow for their close jackets, and red or blue for their loose pantaloons. As it was, their garments were as diversified in color as were the soldiers themselves in age, size, cast of countenance and dialect, for they had been gathered

from the several provinces through which the patriot army had passed in its victorious march from Kwang-si northward, to the capture of Nanking, the ancient capital of the empire. I thus found myself a new and unexpected arrival in the midst of these fierce-looking "long-haired men" who crowded about me in great numbers, and with eager curiosity to learn whence I came, who I was, and what brought me. To these inquiries I replied that I was from Shanghai, that I was an American, and my name was Taylor. With reference to my business there, I requested to be conducted to their highest officer in the city, to whom I would make known my object in visiting them. Being very anxious to have me tell them at once, they showed me the way into a well-furnished hall and had tea brought for me, having first desired me to be seated in one of the many cushioned chairs ranged along in two rows, facing each other, up and down the middle of the large apartment. Alternating with the chairs were what we call *teapoyes*—small, square, or oblong stands, for holding cups of tea and refreshments. While I was sitting here sipping my tea, and the object of strange interest to these wild-looking men and boys, who had never before seen a foreigner, one who seemed to be a subordinate officer came, and seating himself by my side, again asked for what I had come. Fearing if I should tell him, that having once satisfied their own curiosity, they would not take me to the commandant, I resolutely refused to answer any questions on that subject till I was conducted to his presence. Seeing my determination, they furnished me with a guide and an escort of two or three soldiers,

all armed with long spears and swords. The man who, in the first instance, came down the hill for my carpet-bag, still kept possession of it and followed on. Our path lay along on the narrow ridge before described, within the stockades, which were being rapidly taken down and replaced by a substantial wall of brick and stone, three or four feet thick, furnished with embrasures and port-holes, through which cannon of various calibre were poking their ugly noses. The soldier-artisans were working like bees on the unfinished portions—some bringing brick, some laying them, and some making mortar. My guides were frequently asked, as we passed along, who was that stranger, and their invariable answer was, *Yang shoong dee*; i. e., "Foreign brother"—a term of civility and affection never before applied to foreigners in China.

We soon came to the northeastern gate of the city, through which I had walked a year before. It had been completely filled up with heavy stone masonry, and now the only access was by a narrow flight of stone steps to the top of the wall. Through a narrow door in the parapet we entered, and here were again surrounded by multitudes of astonished spectators, who stared till their eyes seemed ready to leap at me from their sockets like so many bullets. Their curiosity being a little, and but a little, abated by the answers of my escort—for many of them spoke dialects which I did not understand—we proceeded on through the stone-paved streets, now entirely deserted, but which, when I was here a year ago, disguised as a native, were teeming with a busy, thriving population. The inhabitants had all fled at the

approach of the patriot forces, leaving their shops and dwellings, and most of their furniture, goods, utensils, and effects of various kinds. The buildings were, for the most part, left standing, but without doors and shutters—these all having been taken, as before stated, to assist in the construction of stockades on the hill, and along the river bank fronting the city. Tables, chairs, trunks, boxes, bedsteads, cooking utensils, etc., lay strewn about in the houses or piled up together in confused masses, with straw, ashes, bits of paper, rags, and rubbish of every conceivable description. The contrast with the appearance of things here the year before, was truly painful, and I could but breathe a prayer that the former inhabitants of this once populous city might be restored to their homes again, in the possession of Christianity and its blessings, to such an extent as to far more than compensate for their present privations, losses and inconvenience in exile. As we passed along, I saw several very aged men and women, who were probably too old and infirm to flee, and perhaps, considering they had not long to live at any rate, thought they might as well die then, as to drag out a few more days of miserable, homeless existence. But, probably quite contrary to their expectations, their lives were not only spared, but they were furnished with food, and allowed to retain their dwellings and property. Still, the poor creatures looked the pictures of sorrow, and my heart yearned over them as their sun seemed likely to set in clouds and darkness.. Oh might even their dim-eyes be permitted to see the dawning of a brighter day than has ever yet shone on the "flowery land," and might their

ears—but stay, had they not already caught some of the notes of praise to the one only living and true God? For morning and evening ascended from that beleaguered city the doxology :

"Praise the True God, who is the Imperial Supreme Ruler;  
Praise Jesus the Saviour of the world;  
Praise the Holy Divine Influence—the Holy Spirit—  
Praise these three who compose one True God."

Indeed, these were the first sounds that saluted my ears when I entered the garrison, for it was about sunrise, and they were engaged in their morning devotions. What words to hear in the heart of the most populous pagan empire on the globe, and that, too, from lips that five years before were repeating the senseless mummeries of idolatrous superstition!

We soon reached some spacious premises that had lately been the residence of the chief mandarin of the city and surrounding country, but was now the headquarters of *Lo-ta-yun*, the commandant of the patriot forces at this place. My escort led the way through five successive buildings, and as many open courts, all in a line from the street, from which the innermost of all, the sixth, is visible. The buildings had large yellow curtains flaunting in the breeze, on each side of the passage through them. Having reached the interior building, which was in fact the dwelling, the others being occupied by attendants, soldiers, and servants, I was here directed to a seat in the large reception hall, which was quite similar in its general features to the one into which I had been ushered on my first appearance in the garrison. It had ornamental lanterns of fantastic shapes, and rich

embroidered hangings suspended from the roof and about the sides of the apartment. The courtyard in front of this, was filled with rare and beautiful flowers and plants, in unique pots of every size and shape. I soon inquired for *Lo-ta-yun*, and on being asked why I wished to see him, I replied that I should tell no one but himself in person. There was here, as before, a crowd of curious spectators, who examined my hat and dress, and hands, with much the same interest with which you would look at a strange animal of some heretofore unheard of species, in a menagerie. It was almost enough to make one doubt of himself whether he were indeed of the *genus homo*. Before many minutes a man of middle stature, apparently about forty-five years of age, came out from an adjoining room and took a seat near me. He was stoutly built, had a well-formed head, and a piercing black eye that looked out from under a pair of prominent, over-arching brows. One of the attendants, who afterward acted the part of interpreter for me, as he was a kind of secretary to the commandant, told me this was *Lo-ta-yun*. There was no appearance of an officer in his manner or dress. He had on a short blue silk jacket, and dark brown loose trowsers. I had formed such an idea of the princely appearance of Lo, whose reputation for military sagacity and skill had spread his name widely abroad, that when this personage made his appearance, so destitute was he of the pompous display so common to Chinese officials I did not believe he was the man, and began to think another attempt was being made to hinder me in my design of obtaining access to their chief. I frankly expressed my doubts, refusing,

at the same time, to reply to his interrogatories, and requested again, to see the highest officer in the city, for I was resolved not to be thwarted in my intention to have an interview with Lo himself, if it was in the power of perseverance to compass it.

I have since wondered at his forbearance with my pertinacity, when he knew I was so completely in his hands. He could have had my head taken off at a word, and never have been called to account for the act. I could scarcely credit his repeated assurances that he was the man whom I sought to see, and it was not until his attendants attired him in his official uniform, and he took his seat in the large chair at a table in the middle of the hall, and began to issue his orders to the soldiers who placed themselves in array, and received his commands in the most deferential manner, that my doubts were quite removed. I then informed him fully of myself, my occupation, and my object in visiting his camp. At the same time I opened my carpet-bag and laid its contents on his table. The books were the four Gospels and Acts, the book of Genesis, and many other tracts and books on the Christian religion. He appeared quite pleased in looking at them, and said the doctrines he believed, were the same with ours. Notice of my arrival had been sent to the second officer in command, and he soon came in a large handsome sedan, borne by four coolies, and with quite a train of soldiers and attendants going before and following. He came in, and a seat was placed for him at the right of Lo. The uniform of the two was nearly alike, being a yellow silk or satin cap, covering the whole head and extending in a sort of cape, half-way down the back, leaving

only the face exposed. It had a binding of red satin an inch and a half wide all around the edge, and looked in shape somewhat like the representations of the caps or helmets of Egyptian heroes, or of the human heads on the monsters represented in Layard's Nineveh. Next was a long, richly-figured, satin gown, reaching to the ankles, and over this a red, figured satin waistcoat, or jacket-like garment, with sleeves conveniently loose and short. You know they eschew "shaving the head," that being one of the abominations introduced by the "fiendish Tatars." So they have their long hair all twisted or braided up, and fastened on the top of the head by a piece of yellow silk, answering the purpose of a turban, without being as full; the common soldiers wear red silk on the head. All the members and dependents of Lo's household assembled in the large hall, morning and evening, when he or one of his secretaries read a portion either from the book of Genesis—that being the only part of the Bible yet discovered among them—or from some of the religious tracts written by *Tai-ping-wong* himself. After reading, during which all present sit and listen attentively, they all join in chanting a hymn, always closing with the doxology above translated. Then each one takes the cushion from his chair, and putting it down before him on the brick floor, kneels on it in a very solemn manner, with his eyes closed, while Lo himself, or the secretary, prays audibly, the rest remaining perfectly silent. It was the most impressive scene I ever witnessed, from the reflections and associations to which it gave rise, and which I must leave for the imagination of my readers to supply. The

only drawback to its solemnity, to my mind—but none in theirs—was the accompaniment to the chanting, consisting of all the discordant sounds of gongs, drums, cymbals, horns, and various other instruments, but ill-suited, in our estimation, to produce that devotional feeling so important in Christian worship. Breakfast was soon announced, and I was conducted into an adjoining room to a square table, with seats for two at each side. I was politely invited to sit down first, and then seven others, the secretaries and officers of Lo, also took their seats. I had heard the insurgents were in the habit of saying grace before eating, and I wanted to see how this would be done, but presently one of them took his chopsticks and requested me to do the same, for, as a mark of civility, they would not eat till I had begun. I mentioned to them what information we foreigners had received about their practice of asking a blessing, and they immediately replied it was true, and that it had just been done in the room from which we came, at the conclusion of the prayer. I thereupon informed them that it was our custom to ask a blessing *at the table*, and if they had no objection I would do so at that time. They very cheerfully assented, and after I had finished they seemed quite gratified, saying that the spirit and design of the thing was the same, though the manner of performing it was different.

At every meal after this, during my stay, all at the table waited for me to ask a blessing.

In the middle of the room in which we ate was a table, on which were placed twelve bowls—three each of rice, of meat, of vegetables, and of tea. On inquiring the meaning of this, I was told it was

designed as an offering to the Supreme Ruler—one of each kind respectively for the Father, Son and Holy Spirit. After being allowed to remain thus for some time they were removed, but whether eaten or not by others I did not learn. The fact of their presenting offerings of this kind is proof presumptive that they had as yet no knowledge of the *New Testament*—a want which I supplied as far as practicable on that visit, with what effect time only can reveal. I went about freely among the officers and soldiers and was allowed to visit any part of the city. In my walks through the different streets, I saw many blacksmiths and carpenters making warlike implements and gun-carriages. They were the only artisans seen pursuing their regular avocations. I also noticed great numbers of boys bearing spears and swords, and performing duty with the older soldiers.

Their stockades and batteries were well provided with guns of every size and description, from jinjalls to large cannon. Their flags of a triangular form were very numerous, inscribed with the name of their chief and the title of the new dynasty. On repeated inquiries of different individuals, at different times and places, as to their numbers, I was uniformly told that they were fifty or sixty thousand strong in that city. I observed no regularity or order in their movements, and yet a state of perfect discipline and subordination prevailed. I was struck with the calm and earnest enthusiasm that pervaded the entire body, and the perfect confidence evinced in the justice of their cause and its final success. To my frequent inquiries as to when and in what direction they would next move, and especially on asking the

officers when they proposed to come towards Shanghai; they replied, that whenever they received an intimation from the Heavenly Father ; as they never moved in any quarter without such direction.

The insurgents abounded in fresh provisions, which were brought in clandestinely and sold by the inhabitants of the surrounding country.

After some hours I returned to my boat to get the other bag of tracts, and at the request of General Lo, together with his assurance of perfect safety to my boatmen, to bring them along with me. I found them with the boat a few rods from the spot where I had landed, and hid from view on the land-side by the tall reeds on the river bank. They seemed almost as much surprised at seeing me, as if one had appeared from the dead ; but they had so thoroughly imbibed the dread of the " long-haired men"—so industriously cherished by the accounts of their cruelty, which the imperialist mandarins circulated in their proclamations far and wide—that no assurances of safety I could give them would induce them to go any nearer to the city. So, to accomplish my objects, I was under the necessity of making three several visits on foot to my boat, two miles distant, in doing which it was unavoidable to pass the imperialist lines, not very far from their camp, as their tents lay spread out on the hills to my left, and within gun-shot of the river bank, along which my path lay. The second time, I took as many more copies of the books as I could well carry, and as I was approaching the fortified hills by the same path as at first, the imperial fleet came up and attacked the city. At the commencement of the attack I heard a cannon-ball

whistling through the air, some distance above my head, and strike on the earth beyond. I picked up one that I found lying on the bank, and taking it, clambered the hill, entered the fortress, and gave it to the gunners, with which to return the compliment. With General Lo at my side, using my spy-glass to watch the movements of the enemy, I witnessed the engagement from the top of the ramparts. The enemy kept at such a safe distance that most of their balls were spent before reaching the shore. I could not ascertain that the insurgents suffered the least injury from the cannoneade of the imperialists: nor could I discover what amount of execution was done to the assailants.

Observing that I was carefully watched in all my movements, I soon divined that I was suspected of being a spy, who had communicated with the enemy since leaving the city in the morning, and that this attack was the result. It is a marvel that they did not take my life. They had promised me an escort to Nanking, but I knew this would not now be allowed, so to relieve them, I prepared to depart. I took my leave of Lo-ta-yun at night, and he, after having hospitably entertained me during my stay, gave me three live fowls and two hams, for my food on the way back to Shanghai. He also had my carpet-bag filled with the books that had been published by the order of *Tai-ping-wong*, and with the royal proclamations he had issued. Lo also wrote a friendly letter to his "foreign brethren" at Shanghai, of which the following is a translation:

"Lo, the fifth arranger of the forces, attached to the palace of the celestial dynasty of Tai-ping, who has received the command of Heaven to rule the

empire, communicates the following information to all his English brethren. On the first day of the fifth moon (June 5th) a brother belonging to your honorable nation, named Charles Taylor, brought hither a number of books, which have been received in order. Seeing that the above named individual is a fellow-worshipper of the Supreme Ruler, he is, therefore, acknowledged as a brother: the books likewise which he has brought agree substantially with our own, so that it appears we follow one and the same road. Formerly, however, when a ship belonging to your honorable nation came hither (*the Hermes*), she was followed by a fleet of fiendish vessels belonging to the false Tartars: now also, when a boat from your honorable nation comes among us, the fiendish vessels of the Tartars again follow in its wake. Considering that your honorable nation is celebrated for its truth and fidelity, we, your younger brothers, do not harbor any suspicions. At present both Heaven and men favor our design, and this is just the time for setting up the Chinese and abolishing the Tartar rule. We suppose that you, gentlemen, are well acquainted with the signs of the times, so that we need not enlarge on that subject; while we, on our parts, do not prohibit commercial intercourse, we merely observe that since the two parties are now engaged in warfare, the going to and fro is accompanied with inconvenience; and judging from the present aspect of affairs, we should deem it better to wait a few months, until we have thoroughly destroyed the Tartars, when, perhaps, the subjects of your honorable nation could go and come without being involved in the tricks of these false Tartars. Would it not, in

your estimation, also, be preferable? We take advantage of the opportunity to send you this communication for your intelligent inspection, and hope that every blessing may attend you. We also send a number of our own books which please to circulate amongst you."

The provisions and my carpet bag were all given to a servant who followed me to the outer gate of his head-quarters, where was a horse saddled and bridled waiting for me, with a number of lieutenants and several hundred men, each one having a lantern, and variously armed with swords, matchlocks and long spears, whose polished blades gleamed in the light of the torches and lanterns. With this imposing procession I was escorted through many narrow, winding streets, all lined on each side with fully armed soldiers standing shoulder to shoulder. This left barely space for my *cortége* to pass in single file, and it brought me within arm's-length of these swarthy, stalwart warriors, who looked savagely at me, as if they longed to plunge their flashing steel into the foreign spy instead of allowing him thus to escape unharmed. I was in this manner conducted up one street and down another—it seemed to me for miles—between these double lines, evidently with the design of giving me a full impression of their numbers and equipments, to counteract any idea I might before have entertained of their weakness. We emerged at length through the west gate of the city, and proceeded to the bank of a river, where was a boat waiting to convey me down to my own. Three brave fellows, armed *cap-a-pie*, got in with me. One of them was the chief of the men from Kwei-chow, a district in Kwang-si province, and he boasted of his

native tribe, the *Miau-teez*, having never been subject to the Tartar rule, and having never adopted their custom of shaving the head. He was a noble looking young man, tall, straight and muscular, with prominent cheek bones, and an eye like an eagle. He reminded me of some fine specimens of our North American Indians. His hair was bound up with a piece of yellow silk, the long ends of which hung loosely down on his back. He told me his hair would reach the ground, its great length being evidently to him a source of much pride. This is a peculiarity, indeed, in which they all take great satisfaction, and it has given them one of their distinctive names—*chang-fah*, “long-haired.” But as the tide was against us, the wind high, and the night dark, it was determined to take me on board the general’s large war junk that lay there among many others, close to the shore. Here I was assigned to his state-room, which was well furnished; but as the night was excessively warm, and the mosquitoes troublesome, I slept but little. The tide changed about two o’clock in the morning, and with my escort I got into the small boat once more. We were proceeding slowly down the river near the shore, and had not yet passed beyond the stockades, when we were hailed by a sentinel. My long-haired friend replied that he and two comrades were just going down the river a little way to accompany the “foreign brother” to his boat; but so strict were the orders of this sentry, and so faithful was he to them, that he said we must come to land and allow him to see for himself, or he should fire into us. My companions protested that he surely knew who they were, but all to no

avail—to the shore we had to go, and undergo an examination by the trusty sentinel, who came up with his lantern as we landed, and when he had the evidence of his eyes to corroborate that of his ears, he was satisfied, and we passed on a few hundred yards, till we had got beyond all those difficult obstructions in the path before enumerated. Then I insisted on being put ashore, and walking to my boat; for I would not allow these brave, noble fellows to risk their lives on my account, as I knew there were Imperialist scouts out night and day. We parted, with many expressions of good feeling and urgent requests on their part, that I would soon visit them again. The carpet-bag, fowls and hams having been so adjusted on a stick as to balance across my shoulders, I started on, after hearing the splash of their oars far enough to satisfy me that my long-haired brethren were within hail of their own intrenchments. My load was so heavy and troublesome that after having carried it half a mile, an opportunity presented itself not only to relieve me, but to bless another. It was now daylight, and I had come near to one of the few mud and straw cottages by the path-side. A poor old man had just come out, and I, throwing my load down on the path, beckoned to him to come. At first he hesitated, but as I told him not to fear, and that I had something to give him, at the same time pointing to the hams and fowls at my feet, he mustered sufficient courage to approach. I told him to take those provisions into his house and make the best use of them he could. The poor old man, who appeared as if he had never possessed so much at one time in his whole life, seemed to mis-

understand me, and offered to carry them for me to my boat. On being assured that they were his own, he poured out all his vocabulary of gratitude and blessing on my head. This little circumstance made me feel richer than could the possession of all the hams and chickens in China. Shouldering my carpet-bag I trudged along not only with a lighter load, but with such a light, glad, happy heart, that I noted not the remaining mile and a half of distance, but found myself at my boat as if by a few steps, and in a few moments. My boatmen were no less rejoiced than surprised to see me come back with my head on my shoulders. I was unwilling to leave the insurgents with the impression which they evidently entertained respecting myself, and therefore resolved to attempt removing it by still another visit. So on setting out the third time, I took the medicines and a small case of surgical instruments, which I had brought with me from Shanghai. My reappearance in the camp created more surprise than had my first. I explained to them my object and requested to be afforded an opportunity to benefit if possible the sick among them. At first they hesitated, but their confidence in me seemed gradually to return, and in a short time the demand for medical aid was greater than I had the means of supplying, but I afforded relief to the many applicants, as far as within my power. Passing along a street I observed a man at an anvil in one of the shops, forging a spear head, and saw that he was suffering from a disease in one eye, which a simple surgical operation would remedy. After much persuasion both from his companions who crowded around, and from myself, he sat down and

submitted to it. Thus did I flatter myself with the hope of becoming partially, at least, reinstated in their good opinion. Leaving them finally, and returning to my boat once more, we weighed anchor and in a few minutes were on our way back to Shanghai, which we reached safely after running the blockade again, and three days' sail down the Yangtsz-Kiang.

An entry in my journal, under date of July 9, 1853, just one month after my return from the visit to their camp at Chin-kiang-fu, says, "the insurgents seem to have made no further movements in this direction, though it is said a strong force sallied out from Nan-king, not many days ago, and captured, without difficulty, some large cities toward the West. It is also confidently asserted that the five or six provinces through which the patriots passed in their victorious march northward—but which they did not attempt to retain in possession—have voluntarily declared in favor of the new movement, and sent in their allegiance to *Tai-ping-wong*. The whole empire is in a ferment of excitement. Disaffection to the existing government is spreading rapidly, and signs of it are manifest in the open resistance to the oppressive demands of the mandarins in every direction. Only four days ago the enraged populace destroyed the furniture and a part of the buildings belonging to the office of the mayor of this district, and burnt the houses of two tax collectors, in consequence of their attempts to force the payment of unjust exactions. The feeling is becoming universally prevalent among the people of all classes, that the empire is destined soon to change hands."

## CHAPTER XXVIII.

### HISTORY OF TAI-PING-WONG, THE REVOLUTIONARY LEADER.

Literary Examinations at Canton—Receives a Christian Tract—Has a Vision—Diligent Study—Renounces Idolatry—Returns to Canton—Receives Instruction—Disappears—When next Heard of—Persecuted—Self-defence—Numbers Multiply—The Mian-tez—"Triad Society"—Singular Proclamations—Fanatical Errors—Form of Prayer—Present Condition.

THE name of this remarkable personage as a private individual was *Hung-siu-tsiuen* and as such only, was he known to a Protestant missionary in Canton, with whom he sojourned and studied some, at least, of the doctrines of the Bible for about two months. But as there was not at that time the least foreshadowing of what he was destined to become, his character was not minutely analyzed, nor was his history closely inquired into. He informed his instructor that some years before (in 1835) he came to Canton as a candidate, to attend the triennial examination of aspirants to literary honors.

Successful competitors are eligible, by the laws of the empire, to its various grades of rank and office. They do not always, however, realize the reward due to their exertions; for, as in many other more enlightened countries, gold supplies the lack of brains, and bribes will often secure promotion to rich block-

heads and profligates, while superior merit is left to toil on in poverty and obscurity. This form of injustice is one of the many grievances set forth in the manifestoes of the revolutionists, and possibly Hung-siu-tsiuen himself may have personally experienced it.

While in attendance at the examination halls, a book was presented to him by a person who was distributing copies of it on that occasion, and who proved, upon a subsequent comparison of time, place, circumstances, personal appearance and the title of the book—to be Leang-afa, the first convert to Protestant Christianity in China, and for thirty years a native assistant in connection with the London Missionary society, and whom I saw and heard in Canton. His death has been recently announced in this country.

Hung-siu-tsiuen informed the missionary that he took that book home with him to the province of Kwang-si, and studied it attentively with absorbing interest. Not long after this, at a period corresponding with some time in 1837, he stated that during a severe illness he had a vision in which he was taken up to heaven, where he saw the Lord Jesus, and that he was thus confirmed in his belief of the doctrines contained in the book. During the next ten years he seems to have been diligently laboring to disseminate them among the pupils of a school which he taught for a livelihood, and among his countrymen generally, who would assemble at his house to hear him read and expound them. His efforts were attended with considerable success, for many believed, abandoned idolatry, destroyed their images, and became wor-

shippers of the true God. He was conscious at the same time, that his own knowledge of this new faith was imperfect, and thirsting for further instruction he repaired with a friend in 1847 to Canton, where he had heard there was a foreign teacher of this wonderful religion. Inquiring on their arrival, where the foreigner lived who proclaimed the doctrines of Jesus, they were directed to one, who from a long residence in that particular vicinity, was perhaps more generally known to its inhabitants than many of the other missionaries stationed at that city. Hung-siu-tsinen handed him a written paper which contained the above-mentioned items of his history and the details of his vision. He was received as an inquirer after truth, and he remained, absorbed in its pursuit, as before related for about two months ; but his friend left in a few days. The missionary describes him as the most earnest and deeply-interested student of Christianity he had ever found in China ; but at the same time strongly tinctured with fanaticism. As soon as he learned that baptism was the rite of admission into the Church of Christ, he requested that it might be administered to him ; but not being regarded as yet prepared for that sacrament, he was advised to continue his investigations for a while longer, with the hope that with increased light, his views would become less visionary, and with the promise, that after a suitable time, upon a satisfactory examination, his desire should be gratified. Soon after, however, quite unexpectedly, and from some unknown cause, perhaps disappointment at being refused baptism, he disappeared, and though diligent inquiry was made, nothing could then be heard of him.

Five years after, in the autumn of 1852, a person who was probably his friend above alluded to, visited a missionary at Hong-Kong, and gave him written accounts of the movement that had then been for several years in progress, and known to foreigners as the Kwang-si rebellion. This was the first intimation we had of the religious character of the conflict, and that the chief was the man who had been taught by the missionary. One of these papers stated that "Hung-siu-tsiuen studied books from his early youth, was intelligent beyond comparison, and having read all kinds of books, he went to the examinations at fifteen or sixteen years of age." Then follows in substance the foregoing narrative. It further proceeds—"it was not the original design to raise a rebellion, but from the encroachments and injuries inflicted by the officers and soldiers to which we could not submit, there was no alternative left us." In the official reports of these very officers they were accused of nothing but denouncing idolatry, breaking the idols in the temples, exhorting the people to believe in Jesus and worship the true God. They were for these things bitterly persecuted, prominent men among them were imprisoned, sometimes beaten, and finally two of them were put to death. This seems to have determined them to assume a defensive attitude. Confidence in the justice of their cause and an avowed trust in God, inspired them with a degree of ardor and courage which their adversaries could not successfully resist. The latter were consequently repulsed in every assault upon the anti-idolaters.

These occurrences were not far from the mountainous districts inhabited by the hardy and warlike

tribes called the *Miau-tsze*, who alone of the native Chinese race were never subdued by the Tartars, but have always maintained their independence, and have been thorns in the sides of these invaders, by making frequent incursions upon them and their subjects in the conquered territory. Ever watchful for opportunities to assail the usurpers, it is more than probable that on learning of this new struggle, they made overtures to their persecuted fellow countrymen, to make common cause with themselves against the government. This, the new religionists could not consistently do, unless the *Miau-tsze* would also adopt the faith for which they were contending and suffering. That they did it—from whatever motive in the first place—is certain, for some of the bravest and most zealous of its champions whom I subsequently became acquainted with in the revolutionary army, were of this noble tribe.

Proposals of a similar character were doubtless made by the members of a secret political association called the Triad Society, which has existed ever since the Tartar conquest, having for its avowed object, to plot the overthrow of the Tartar dynasty. Upon like conditions, probably, a coalition with them also was consented to, and this movement, hitherto only a crusade against idolatry, now received a new element, and became henceforth a politico-religious warfare against the paganism of the empire on the one hand, and the Tartar usurpation on the other.

There must needs then be a regular military organization, and the manner in which this was accomplished shows an amazing amount of wisdom and consummate skill on the part of its projectors.

Hung-siu-tsiuen allowed himself to be placed at its head with the title as sovereign of Tai-ping-wong, "Great pacificating King." I say *allowed*, for it does not appear from anything we can learn of his previous history that he had the slightest tinge of ambition for such a position, much less, we believe, did it at first enter his wildest dreams. For, dreamer though he was, his visions were rather of his countrymen freed from the dominion of their degrading superstitions, than from the tyranny of an oppressive government. We know of nothing in his earlier course which furnished the least warrant for the idea, that he sought for himself either temporal power or political elevation. The force of singular and unforeseen circumstances placed him at the head of a civil revolution, and finding himself thus put forward, he, or his immediate followers—perhaps both—deemed it necessary for the maintenance of that superior dignity and sacredness that always attach in the Chinese mind to the person of their sovereign, that he should assume to have been favored—and he probably fancied he was—with other heavenly visions, and that in these he was divinely commissioned to exterminate the whole Tartar race, as well as to uproot idolatry throughout the empire.

He published in his proclamation, that "according to the Sacred Record, in the beginning the True God in six days created the heavens, earth, sea, men and things—that when men became wicked, God manifested his anger by sending the flood and destroying them. That again, God came down and delivered his people Israel out of Egypt, showing great signs and wonders. That again, a third time, He dis-

played His awful majesty and sent his Son, the Saviour of the world, the Lord Jesus, down to the earth, who became incarnate in the land of Judea, and suffered for the redemption of mankind." They then assert, that in a certain year which corresponds to our 1837, "God sent a celestial messenger to take the 'celestial king,' *i. e.*, Tai-ping-wong, up into heaven, and that afterward He sent the celestial king to become the chief of the empire, and save the people." And further, that at a time agreeing with April, 1848, "God came down into the world, and six months after, Jesus came down and displayed his power in killing great numbers of the Tartars in several battles."

He probably derived the notion of God descending to the earth, and interposing in human affairs, from Gen. ii., 5, where it says: "The Lord *came down* to see the city and the tower which the children of men builded." Again, Gen. xviii., 21: "And the Lord said, I will *go down* now, and see whether they have done," etc. And Exodus iii., 8: "I am *come down* to deliver them out of the hands of the Egyptians."

He claims, or his ministers of state claim for him, that he is the younger brother of Jesus Christ, and in the same proclamation they speak of the Saviour as "our celestial elder brother Jesus." It is quite possible they have been led into this error, from the want of sufficient instruction, and by a too literal and exclusive construction of the passage in which an Apostle says of our Lord Jesus Christ that he is "our elder brother." It is equally possible, that in order to secure a high degree of reverence for him in

the eyes of his followers, it has been so distorted as to admit of his being called "the second son of the Heavenly Father." I can scarcely believe he is aware that it is a blasphemous assumption, from the anxiety he has manifested to avoid that sin. For example, he will not allow the term *Hwang-ti*, "Glorious Ruler," by which the emperors of China have always been called—to be applied to himself, on the ground that it properly belongs only to God, and that it is blasphemy for a mortal to be thus addressed.

The term used in some of the Chinese versions of the New Testament, for the Holy Spirit, has been, in like manner, recently arrogated to himself by the prime minister of State, "Yang, the eastern king," without, I am persuaded, any correct conception of the idea we design to convey by it. For this, as well as many other terms we are compelled to use for want of better in the language, we often find entirely misapprehended, even after our best attempts to explain it. Their benighted minds are so thoroughly imbued with materialist notions of religion that it is exceedingly difficult to bring them to comprehend the spiritual character of our holy Christianity. Extravagant exaggeration is also a characteristic of oriental nations; the Chinese are no exception to the rule, and in passing judgment upon expressions found in the books and proclamations of the insurgents, this strongly marked feature must be allowed its full influence. Especially in phrases laudatory on the one hand, or derogatory on the other, they say far more than they mean.

Still, there can be no question, that elated by suc-

cess and fired by enthusiasm for what they believe to be right, they have run into a wild fanaticism, and set up pretensions which all enlightened people must condemn. At the same time we may well be rather surprised that a people just emerging from the thick darkness in which forty centuries of idolatry have enveloped them, should in five short years have received so much of Christian truth, than that it should be mingled with so much of error. While we deplore his mistakes and discountenance his extravagances, shall we therefore cut him off entirely from our sympathy ? If he discarded the Bible as Mahomet did, and substituted in its place, a production of his own fevered brain ; or if, like the Romanists, he carefully kept that Bible from the people, there might be some reason for unqualified denunciation. But what may we not hope for, when he has the Holy Scriptures, as translated by Protestant missionaries, reprinted without note or comment, and widely circulated among his followers—appealing to it as the highest authority in doctrine, and referring them to it as the source whence he has derived his own knowledge ? Imperfectly understood and intermingled with fanatical conceits, as many of its doctrines are, by the revolutionists, yet there they stand, and the Book that contains them is scattered broadcast wherever their arms prevail. For a long time they had but detached portions of it, and this fact alone is sufficient to account for some of the errors existing among them ; but of late they have, it is believed, the whole. The officers of a foreign war steamer that visited them at Nanking after I left China, found that about six hundred men were employed upon a large

edition of the Gospel of Matthew, under the immediate supervision of Tai-ping-wong.

That he is at present, if still living, a visionary, an enthusiast, a fanatic, I do not deny, but I cannot believe he is a willful impostor in his religious professions, while he bases his religion on the Bible, and then takes so much pains to have that Book universally read by his countrymen, that they may see for themselves on what he rests his faith and practice, and can judge for themselves whether he is right or wrong.

Here is a translation of one of his forms of prayer, taken from one of his publications, entitled "The book of Religious Precepts of the Tai-ping-wong Dynasty."

"I, thine unworthy son (or daughter), kneeling down upon the ground, with a true heart repent of my sins, and pray the great Supreme Ruler our heavenly Father, of thine infinite goodness and mercy, to forgive my former ignorance and frequent transgressions of the Divine commands; earnestly beseeching thee of thy great favor, to pardon all my former sins, and enable me to repent and lead a new life, so that my soul may ascend to heaven. May I from henceforth sincerely repent and forsake my evil ways, not worshipping false gods, nor practising perverse things, but obeying thy Divine commands. I also earnestly pray Thee the great God our heavenly Father, constantly to bestow on me thy Holy Spirit, and change my wicked heart. Never again allow me to be deceived by malignant demons; but, perpetually regarding me with favor, forever deliver me from the Evil One; and every day bestowing on me

food and clothing, exempt me from calamity and woe, granting me tranquillity in the present world, and the enjoyment of endless happiness in heaven ; through the merits of our Saviour and Heavenly Brother, the Lord Jesus, who redeemed us from sin. I also pray the great Supreme Ruler our Father who is in heaven, that his will may be done on earth as it is in heaven. That thou wouldest look down and grant this request, is my heart's sincere desire."

In this extract we have a clear recognition of the guilt of sin, the duty of repentance, the atonement of Jesus Christ, the need of a new heart, and the work of the Holy Spirit in renewing and purifying the soul for heaven.

There is, however, reason to believe that Tai-ping-wong has died ; otherwise it is difficult to account for the fact, that this revolution has, for the present at least, not only ceased to advance, but has retrograded, for no other adequate cause, so far as known. Even if it should be entirely suppressed, yet much that it has circulated is the truth of God, and though it be now for a time mournfully perverted or overlaid with grievous mistakes, I think the time must come when it shall spring forth in all its innate power and beauty, shake off the errors that have cumbered it, and, as if in revenge for its tortured and retarded progress, shall march on with proportionately accelerated step, hastening to the conquest of the empire, and leading its teeming millions in their right minds to the feet of Jesus.

## CHAPTER XXIX.

### A TYFOON—THE HILLS—CAPTURE OF SHANGHAI— INCIDENTS.

A Tyfoon—Destruction of Property and Life—One of the Sufferers  
—A Trip to "the Hills"—Companions—Employment—"Seven  
Pearls"—"Four Streams"—Hills—Temples—Pagodas—Groves—  
Flowers and Shrubbery—A Mausoleum—A Leaning Tower—Fall  
of Shanghai—Bands of Outlaws—Murder of the Mayor—Distress  
and Alarm—Visit to the Bandit Chief—He accepts and makes pub-  
lic a Proclamation of Tai-ping-wong against Idolatry—Adventure  
with Robbers—A Brave Army.

On the night of Sunday, August the 28th, we had one of those terrific tornadoes, common on this coast, in which so many vessels and lives are lost every year. It is here called a tyfoon, or more correctly, *tai-foong*—"great wind." It began in the east, and veered around northwardly to the west, where it terminated. It continued for about ten hours, blowing a perfect hurricane all this time. The windows, blinds, roofs and eave-troughs destroyed or injured in the foreign portion of the town, are not a few. A master of a ship, who, with his wife, was living here on shore, said to her during the gale, "Oh that we were only at sea now in this wind, with everything 'snug' on the ship, how safe we should be. But here we are on shore, expecting every minute the house to blow down on our heads! I wish I had a rope made fast

to the top of the chimney, I'd pull it over, and then we could be sure which way it would fall, and could get out of the way."

The destruction on the river was frightful to relate, much more so to behold. It is estimated that a hundred small boats were swamped and sunk, and some two or three hundred lives lost, most of the boats being occupied by families. A day or two after, I went along the bank of the river to see if there was any destitute family to whom I could give a boat that we have had for some years. I soon came upon a family consisting of a man, his wife, and two little children, who had been wrecked and lost their boat. The poor man, bursting into tears, told me one of their children was drowned. He had saved nothing but an oar, one or two planks, and some other articles of little value. They were living under a shelter formed by a few mats, placed against a high bamboo fence. I gave him some "cash" for his wife and children, and requested him to follow me, without telling him for what purpose. Leading the way for a mile and a half, I brought him to our boat, and pointing to it, asked him if he would like to have it. His face fairly shone as he replied in the affirmative. I told him it was his. The poor fellow dropped upon his knees, his eyes filled with tears, and he bowed his head to the ground. Immediately I lifted him up, and told him he must kneel to the true God and offer his thanks, but not to me. Still so full was his heart with joy and gratitude, that he kneeled to thank me several times after, which I prevented each time, as soon as possible. The boat is probably much larger and better than the one he lost, and I hope that

before this time, his little family are comfortably settled in it. But that will not heal the wound of their hearts, bleeding for their drowned little boy. The kindly hand of time may, however, heal even that; but the religion of Jesus Christ would do it much more sweetly and surely. Oh that they had its blessed consolations.

On Tuesday, the fifth of September, my colleague, Rev. Mr. Cunningham, and his wife, together with Mrs. E. M. Yates, the wife of one of our nearest and best neighbors, Rev. M. T. Yates, of the Southern Baptist Board, and their little daughter Annie, with myself, set out in a native boat on the Yang-king-pang, for a trip to "The Hills," of which there are a half dozen, forming a beautiful cluster as they rise from the perfectly level plain. They are the only elevations of the kind, for many miles around, and appear the more attractive from contrast with the low, flat surrounding country. Being but about thirty miles west from Shanghai, they are a favorite resort for the resident foreigners, who make frequent excursions to them in boats, for recreation. They constituted too, at that time, by special arrangement with the local authorities, the furthest point to which we "outsiders" were permitted to penetrate into the "inner kingdom," and remain unmolested for a few weeks. Of our party, Mr. and Mrs. Cunningham, by their many kind and excellent traits of character, had for nearly a year, brightened my home, that had been made so desolate by the departure of my wife and children for the United States, just nineteen months before. Mrs. Yates is an estimable lady, whose quiet and unostentatious labors among the women and chil-

dren of her neighborhood, together with her many amiable and intellectual qualities, render her a model female missionary-needed a respite from her cares, in order to recruit her strength. Little Annie, too, who was far from being well, soon gained strength and spirit, trotting by my side as I led her over the "Hills" in my daily excursions, when the rain did not prevent, for preaching, distributing tracts, and dispensing remedies for the diseases of the outer man, among the villages and hamlets, that so thickly dot this wide-spread, fertile plain. It soon became noised abroad that I had medicines, and the people came to our residence—a native house bought and fitted up in a comfortable manner by Edward Cunningham, Esq., the American vice-consul at Shanghai, who kindly gave us permission to occupy it. The number of patients that daily flocked to the place, was as great as could be conveniently attended to, and during the ten days of our sojourn, many were entirely cured of their maladies.

On our way to the hills, we passed the small village of Chih-pau—"Seven Pearls"—on the banks of the canal, twelve miles from Shanghai, and then eight miles further, the town of Sz-king—"Four Streams." Here are two of those finely-arched, high bridges, of nicely hewn granite, that we have occasion to notice so often in our excursions into the interior of this wonderful country.

On the sides, and crowning the summits of most of these hills, are temples and pagodas—one in ruins, and others preserved in a condition of great neatness and even beauty, especially in the shrubs and flowers that are cultivated with great care within

their high brick-wall inclosures. On the one most visited, Sung-shan, there is a series of temples, extending from the landing-place, which is laid with large, smoothly-hewn and well-fitted blocks of stone, on the side of the canal, nearly to the top of the hill, and you ascend from one to another, through five in succession, by stone stairways of elaborate and expensive construction. These temples are highly ornate, and filled with heavily-gilded and gaudily-painted idols of manifold names, sizes, and prerogatives. They are much frequented by the inhabitants of the surrounding region, and some come from afar to worship at these celebrated shrines.

Near the summit of another, called San-hiang shan—"Burn-incense-hill"—is a leaning pagoda, seven stories high, in quite a dilapidated condition, and said to be five hundred years old. Its inclination is fully equal to that of the renowned "leaning tower at Pisa," to which it instantly carries the mind of every one visiting it, who has either seen that, or a representation of it, commonly found in the school geographies. This one must have been thrown from its vertical position by some terrestrial convulsion, similar to the shocks of earthquakes so comparatively frequent in this part of the world.

Still another of these beautiful hills is occupied as the mausoleum of a distinguished mandarin of the olden time, and the spacious grounds and groves of large trees on its side contain many figures of dogs, cats, goats, horses saddled and bridled, and colossal priests sculptured in stone. Most of these are arranged in pairs, one facing the other on each side of the long, ascending stairway of wrought stone, which

is about fourteen feet wide, being provided with a stone balustrade on each side, and has successive "landings" at convenient distances along up the hill till you come to the grave.

On our return, Sept. 17, we found a condition of affairs that is described in the following record:

Shanghai has fallen, not into the hands of the Kwang-si revolutionists, but has been very unceremoniously taken possession of by a lawless, irresponsible band of vagabonds, composed of five clans—two of Canton men, two of Fohkien men, and one of Ningpo men. Of these five, each has its respective leader, and they all rally under a chief named *Sien*, who is a Canton man, formerly a sugar merchant here, and well known as such to the foreign merchants. He is an inveterate opium-smoker, and from an interview with him, such as I had, one would not suppose he had the least qualification for the position he occupies. Being the head or president of one of the Canton clubs or guilds, at the time of the outbreak, in which he was a prominent conspirator, he came rather by chance to hold his present office. A secret combination, known as the "Small Sword Society," has been known to exist for some months past, composed of Canton and Fohkien men, disaffected toward the government in general, and the rulers of this city in particular. They have long threatened the peace of the city, but the authorities could not or dared not apprehend them, though the leaders were known, and rewards were offered for their capture.

Wednesday morning, Sept. 7, was the day appointed for the customary semi-annual offering of a slain ox, pigs, and goats to the sage Confucius, in the

temple erected to him within the city. This always takes place about daybreak, and all the city officers are expected to be present. Three American missionaries were there to witness the ceremonies. After an unusual delay, the mandarins being expected every moment, the report came that there was an insurrection in the city. All rushed from the temple, and the doors were closed. The band of miscreants were met in the streets coming from the mayor's office, where, as he attempted to remonstrate with them, they had killed that officer, inflicting twenty-seven wounds. His title of office is Chi-hien. An officer still higher in rank, called the Tau-tai, also resides here for convenience of transacting business with foreigners. His official residence is properly at the city of Sung-Kiang, about thirty miles west of Shanghai. He is a native of Canton, and was formerly an extensive tea merchant in that city. By the wealth acquired in trade he was enabled to purchase the rank of mandarin, and was finally appointed to the office he held till that morning, when the rioters compelled him to yield. It is believed the soldiers composing his guard were leagued with the conspirators, as they only made a mock resistance, firing their guns into the air. His life was spared and he was put under guard, but contrived in the afternoon of the same day to escape to the private residence of a friend, and was finally assisted by two foreigners to leave the city in the disguise of a poor laborer, when he was afforded a refuge and protection by the American consul.

The residences of the two above named officers were immediately robbed of everything movable, and

some things, before stationary, were made movable for the purpose of being moved. For instance, window and door casings and posts were torn from the walls and carried off for firewood.

The usurpers, with surprising promptness and decision, proclaimed a sort of martial law, ordering the citizens not to remove, but to open their shops and go on with business as before; assuring them at the same time of protection to their lives and property, and proclaiming instant death to any who should be found plundering. Several were, in consequence, immediately beheaded, and now we hear of no more robberies.

Notwithstanding the efforts of the captors to the contrary, nearly one-half of the inhabitants have fled from the city, and about that proportion of the shops continue closed. Native trade in the city is mostly at an end, and many who were dependent upon it for their daily support, must suffer indescribably. Foreigners are entirely unmolested, and are in fact treated with more deference than ever before. Frightened natives often come to us for protection, and as we walk through the streets, we are beset by anxious faces asking our opinions of the present state of affairs.

These ruffians claim to be acting with the knowledge and direction of Tai-ping-wong at Nanking, but the people know better. I induced the chief here to stick up a proclamation of that prince, denouncing idolatry and enjoining the worship of the "True God." It is printed on yellow paper, and is five feet long by four wide. It was given me by the commandant of the patriot garrison at Chin-Kiang,

and now hangs on a large board at the office gate of this upstart chief, here at Shanghai. We could wish he was a better man, but if we can get the doctrine of but one true God before the people, as set forth in this proclamation, our object is in part attained.

This émeute is so premature, and is in such miserably incompetent and unprincipled hands, that it is universally deprecated. Neither the leaders nor their followers—amounting to several thousands—seem to have any knowledge of the principles and doctrines of Tai-ping-wong, for they both smoke opium and worship idols without restraint. The sooner, therefore, we can disseminate the views and injunctions of the patriot chief among them the better; and having now acknowledged his authority, by posting up this proclamation, and raising his flag upon the walls of the city, they will be compelled to comply with and execute his orders when they shall have been received.

Since the disturbance in the city, our congregations have been larger and more attentive than before. The hand of the Lord is certainly in these commotions, and we cannot but believe He will bring incalculable good out of these present evils.

One morning, while we were at breakfast, our servants rushed into the room saying that six Fohkien men, from the city, were plundering a boat that was lying at the bank, on the opposite side of the creek from our house. I went out and called to them to desist. They paid no regard to me till I began to pelt them with brickbats, when the whole six, armed as they were, scampered off, and ran across the bridge at the corner of our lot. To reach the city,

they must needs pass directly by our gate. So I hastened through my study, where I seized an unloaded pistol, and rushing out reached the gate at the same moment with the robbers. I pointed the pistol at them, and ordered them to stop. Four of them escaped, but the two hindmost obeyed. One of them raised his sword to strike me, but I held the pistol to his breast and demanded his weapon, and did the same to the other. They finally, after much parleying, gave them up with great reluctance. I also took from them their long, red silk sashes, and a small yellow flag which the villains carried, pretending that they were robbing under authority. I then gave them some wholesome admonitions and let them go. Anticipating an attack from a larger force in consequence of this indignity, I took the swords, sashes and flag, to the United States acting consul (Mr. Cunningham), narrated the occurrence, and asked for some protection for our premises. He sent us a guard of marines from the sloop-of-war Saratoga, which was then in the harbor; but the fellows showed themselves no more for two days. The officer in command of the marines, had received orders to allow no armed persons to cross the bridge. No attempt having been made, the guard on the third day was reduced to two men. On that afternoon the rebel forces issued from the north gate of the city, in number apparently not less than two thousand, and were advancing toward our dwelling. I intimated to them, by signs, that they must come no nearer; and, at the same time, called out my two marines, and stationed them side by side, with fixed bayonets, on the narrow path. The motley multitude, with

flags and martial music, came on, also in double file, to within about two hundred yards, and came to a halt, while the leaders advanced a few rods in front and said they only wished to cross the bridge on their way to a village two miles distant. I informed them that our orders were to allow no armed body to cross that bridge, and we intended to carry them out. So, after much palaver, they turned off and marched around another way, by a route a mile or two further, and, after plundering and burning the unfortunate village, returned after dark with torches and lanterns to the city.

## CHAPTER XXX.

### THE VOYAGE HOMeward.

Cause of leaving China—Departure in the "Torrent"—Capt. Copp—A Fine Run—A Terrible Tysoon—Sea-sickness—Loss of my Chinese dress—Damages to the Ship—A Fellow-Passenger—Time for Reading—Sight of Islands—The Anambas—Splendid Sunsets—Crossing the Equator—The "Doldrums"—Winged Visitors—Reaching Java—Duties of Ship-Surgeon—Our Sable Cook—Anjer—Strait of Sunda—Boats with Supplies—Turtles—"Mouse Deer"—Tedious Days—Storms—Calms—The Albatross—Porpoises—Whales—Sharks—Coast of Africa—Cape of Good Hope—Preaching on Ship-board—Christmas-day—Sabbaths at Sea—Two Summers in One Year—New Appearance of the Heavens—The "Magellan Clouds"—The "Southern Cross."

HAVING learned that the health of my wife was but little, if at all improved, and that in its present state a return to China would be extremely hazardous, the unanimous opinion of my fellow-laborers, as well as my own judgment, decided that it was my duty to rejoin my family. The most favorable opportunity, both with reference to expense and comfort, as well as dispatch, that offered at the time, was by the American ship Torrent, Capt. Copp, bound for New York, via London. So, having with a sad heart bid adieu to my many friends, both native and foreign, on Monday, the third day of October, we left the mouth of the river Hwang-pu, at Woosung, where we had first dropped anchor, five years and five days

before. In a day or two I became quite sea-sick, and the kind captain "rigged" me up a nice, comfortable cot in the large airy cabin, for my state-room was rather small and ill-ventilated. During the first week we made a splendid run of over two hundred miles a day; but, on the morning of the first Sunday out, the wind having increased to a typhoon, carried away our main-topsail yard, split the foresail, and tore the jib to ribbons. Everything on the ship not very strongly secured, began to "fetch away," i. e., get loose and tumble about. On deck, our two six-pounders, the hen-coops and hog-pens, and below, some jars of oil and lard, broke loose from their fastenings in the gangway, near the cabin door, and deluged the cabin generally, and my state-room in particular, with the lubricating compound. Sick as I was, it made me laugh in spite of myself, to see our steward—a good-natured, intelligent, and enterprising Bohemian—slide on all fours, and thump from side to side of the cabin, with the rolling of the ship, in his attempts to walk on the unctuous floor. My Chinese costume, which I had worn on my trip to Nanking, and which was packed in a curious native travelling-basket, was lost overboard by a sailor who was conveying it across the deck, from a part of the ship where it was getting wet, to put it in a dry place. The vessel gave a heavy lurch at the moment, and he was obliged to let go the basket and seize hold of the rigging, to save himself from falling overboard. The storm ceased at last, though while it continued the captain said "it blew great guns," and that during a sea-faring life of twenty-three years, he had never before experienced its equal. We had to

"lay to" one day to repair damages, and then proceeded on our voyage as rapidly as the supervening calms, the light winds, headwinds, and opposing currents would allow. Pleasant weather came after awhile, and with it recovery from sea-sickness. Then, besides those passed in conversation with the excellent captain, and my only fellow-passenger, Mr. Albert Larned, whom I found a very agreeable and well-informed gentleman, I spent many hours of each day in delightful and profitable companionship with the thoughts, words and deeds of the great and good of other times, and the present. The fascinating pages of Macaulay, and the equally interesting productions of Chalmers, were among those that charmed me most. These days of sequestered solitude at sea were golden links in the chain of my existence, and I endeavored to make each one bring its full measure of improvement to my mind and heart; for such an opportunity for miscellaneous reading and study had not been mine for years.

*Oct. 26.*—This morning we saw the first land since we left the mouth of the Yang-tsz-kiang. It is a cluster of small islands in about latitude  $3^{\circ}$  north of the equator, called the Anambas. They were quite plainly visible about twenty miles to the westward, and sufficiently distinct to render them agreeable objects for varying the monotony of the *sea-scape*, if nothing more. How often one longs to see the distant rim of this vast azure dome rest on the green earth once more, instead of always on the blue and boundless sea. Now and then a glorious evening scene, clouds of crimson and gold hung their gorgeous drapery around the sun as he sunk to rest; and

after he had disappeared they changed to a sable hue, as if mourning at his departure. But then the sweet star of evening soon shone out, it seemed with unwonted brightness, as if striving her utmost to compensate for the absence of the sun himself. No envy nor jealousy with her. Although totally obscured in his superior brilliancy by day, she still patiently bides her time till night, knowing that then her modest worth will be fully appreciated; and so contented, she keeps on cheerily her merry shining. We are now in what sailors call the "doldrums"—a term they have applied to the light, variable, baffling airs and calms in the region of the equator.

I was below in my room during the afternoon in which we crossed the equator, and when the steward came down and informed me of the fact, I asked him if he saw it. "No, sir," said he, "but I felt the ship *jolt* as she went over it!"

Just after the typhoon, about twenty little sparrows and swallows, having been blown far off from shore during the gale, took refuge on our ship. They soon became quite tame, and were great pets with all on board; inasmuch as they added utility to their beauty, for they would fly, hop, and run, about the decks, into the galley, i. e., the ship's kitchen, and even into the forecastle, most industriously catching cockroaches, with which troublesome insects vessels are generally infested, and the "Torrent" was far from being an exception. But alas! our pretty little exiles were not destined long to enjoy their sports, nor we their company; for four villainous hawks had also come and perched themselves high up in the rigging, from which they would now and then pounce

down and seize our poor little birds. My fellow-passenger, Mr. Larned, with a musket, declared war to the muzzle, against the invaders, and finally killed all the hawks, but not until the last one had our only remaining sparrow in his murderous talons.

We were thirty-six long and wearisome days in reaching the island of Java; and yet, after all, Time flew swiftly on, while there was an effort each day to pluck a feather from his wing, with which to trace some lines of permanent and real good on the tablet of my own individual history. Here came another of those beautiful evenings. The sun had already set, but in departing had left his golden footprints on the sky, and was lavishing his brightest smiles on the clouds that hung lingering around his receding pathway.

The monotony of our daily routine was frequently varied by medical attention to the crew. Pulling teeth, lancing boils, applying and dressing blisters, administering pills, powders, mixtures, and solutions, formed a part of my duties on shipboard. One of my patients was a sailor named Lepper, an Irishman, from Quebec. We read of lepers white as snow. He was not one of that sort. It would be difficult to determine what color he would be should he ever become clean, but he was anything else than white then.

Our cook also, was a curiosity of fossilized filth. He was about the dirtiest, greasiest, and most slovenly old negro you ever saw. I espied him one day standing at the "windward" door of the "galley," carding his ebony fleece with a right good will, and accompanying each pull of the card with a display

of his entire stock of ivory. It was therefore no matter of surprise to find the mess, called a stew (that was on the table for dinner that day), embellished with curls.

As the native boats brought off to us a sufficient supply of fresh provisions and fruits, so soon as we came in sight of Anjer, we passed on through the Straits of Sunda without anchoring. Among our purchases were two enormous turtles, each nearly as large as a barrel, and for both, the Malay bringing them in his canoe, demanded only a dollar and a half. We bought of another a most beautiful and remarkable little animal called a "mouse deer." It was a perfectly formed deer, had branching horns, smooth, glossy hair, slender legs, and was of the same color with the deer of our forests; but of the most wonderfully diminutive size, being only about six inches in height and ten in length. It was very active, quite tame, and seemed to have attained its full growth, but it died at sea in a few weeks.

The magnificent islands of Java and Sumatra had lifted their gorgeous mountains on either hand, luxuriant with vegetation of every varied hue, as they lay basking in the mellow glories of eternal summer, and had, with the thousand other lesser isles that slumber, many of them in unbroken solitude, upon the wavy bosom of those oriental seas, faded from our straining vision in the eastern horizon. Then for long tedious weeks "morn came and went, and came and went, and came, and brought no" land. Our vessel was the only object visible on the universe of waters, save when, occasionally, some lonely voyager like ourselves, would come in sight for a few

hours, and then disappear beneath the line where the ocean met the skies. Now, a storm transforms the surface of the deep into valleys, and hills crested with foam, continually changing places and chasing each other in wildest fury. Our close-reefed topsails swell almost to bursting; the wind whistles and shrieks fearfully through the rigging; the spray fills the air like rain; ever and anon a huge mountain-wave comes rolling, rushing on toward us, threatening to engulf us in its open mouth; it breaks over the vessel, seeming, for the moment, to bury it beyond recovery; all on deck are drenched in brine; but our little bark rises again, shakes herself from the foam, and bravely plunges her head into another, and yet another angry surge. You would think, from the creaking timbers of the laboring ship, that she was immediately going to pieces, or that, lying nearly on her side, she would never get upright again. But your fears are all groundless. She is accustomed to these scenes, and really seems, as if animate, to exult in them, for

"She walks the waters like a thing of life."

A calm supervenes and you are surprised that the ocean can ever become so perfectly smooth. A sea of glass is no overwrought comparison. The ship lies apparently motionless. Not even a ripple ruffles the face of old ocean in repose. He sleeps right soundly after the excitement of a storm has passed away. It is a most tiresome thing, a calm at sea. Everybody is impatient and complaining. In some calms, a long, heavy ground-swell, causes the idle sails to flap against the masts and yards, and this everlasting

flap, flap, flap, is the most disagreeable, perhaps, of all the sounds you hear at sea. These calms are most frequent near the equator, and then no breath of air mitigates the scorching heat of a vertical sun. Oh for a breeze! The sailors scratch the mast and whistle for a wind. Sometimes there is such absolute stillness that, as Coleridge says in the "Ancient Mariner," the ship looks

"Like a painted ship  
Upon a painted ocean."

The albatross, a magnificent bird, generally white, wheels about the vessel in its pathway of airy circles, on such delicately poised wing—so still while moving—that you can look into its large, mild, beautiful eye, as it sweeps swiftly past. Occasionally, shoals of porpoises dart by, or go tumbling, puffing, and blowing in their watery sports, under the bows of the vessel; and perchance, now and then, the well-aimed harpoon, hurled by the brawny arm of a sailor, pierces one of the herd—you may say, for the Chinese call them "water-pigs"—and then fresh meat graces your bill of fare for a day or two. At longer intervals, a monstrous whale comes lumbering clumsily along, amazing you at his enormous dimensions. The spouting of one reminded me of the sound produced by the steam of a large engine. One or two hungry sharks usually follow close under the stern of the vessel, to feed upon the refuse of meals thrown overboard. You may sometimes catch one by a large hook baited with a piece of pork; and when dragged on board, the sailors plunge their knives into him with so much animus, that you do not require to be

told, a sailor hates a shark with a perfect hatred—and not without good reason, when so many have lost limbs, and even life, by the voracious jaws of these terrible prowlers in the deep.

We had the southern coast of Africa in view for several days before we doubled the Cape of Good Hope. We saw hills on hills rising in the distance, and sometimes smoke ascending from the intervening valleys. By a little effort of the imagination, the smoke was fancied to arise from Kaffir villages burned by British troops, for the war was then in progress.

*Dec. 27.*—Our voyage so far has been much longer than we anticipated, owing to calms and headwinds, but a very pleasant one in other respects, for the captain is not only kind and obliging in every way, but is also, apparently, a sincere Christian. I have preached to the sailors assembled in the cabin, on every Sabbath since we sailed, except the first two, when I was prevented by sea-sickness. They are always very attentive, and at times, appear much interested. Although their attendance is purely voluntary, nearly every man in the ship is present. Our singing is not very musical, but it would do your heart good, to hear these hardy sons of the ocean do their best in trying to follow me and catch the tunes. Oh, if some good fruit may but spring up from the “bread” thus “cast upon the waters,” I shall feel that this separation from my own chosen and beloved field, has not been entirely in vain. Two days ago, on Christmas day, we doubled the Cape of Good Hope, and, as it was Sunday, the subject of the discourse, was the nativity of our Saviour. Our Sabbaths have

been, almost without exception, bright and lovely days, and the captain allowing no work to be done beyond what is absolutely necessary, the same sweet, quiet, hallowed stillness pervades our ship, that is so observable in a well-regulated Christian community on shore. And it is right pleasing to see the sailors sitting about the decks in the warm sunshine, all cleanly clad, reading the Bible and other good books, with which the "Torrent's Library" is well supplied. You will not be surprised at this when you are told that the principal owner of the ship is Captain Richardson, of New York—President of the American Seaman's Friend Society. Captain Copp is also the owner of one-fourth of the vessel. Would that the same interest in the spiritual and mental improvement of the sailors, was manifested by the owners and masters of every vessel sailing from the ports of the United States.

How strange it seems, to actually have two summers in one year. Yet so it was with us. We had just passed through one, when we left Shanghai, and now, at the Cape of Good Hope, thirty-four degrees south of the equator is another—for here, December, January and February are always the three months of summer.

But still more strange does it seem, to look above you in a clear, moonless night, and miss all the familiar constellations. It almost makes you feel as if you were in another world. Even that broad, magnificent footpath of the Almighty—so thronged with suns and systems—the "milky way"—has entirely disappeared; and in its stead, is seen a tiny cluster of islets, called "Magellan clouds."

Nor is there in these latitudes any "polar star," but there are four stars, each nearly equidistant from a common centre around which they are seen to revolve. That centre is the South Pole, but there is no one star at the very point to show its position. Those four are the principal stars in the famous constellation, called the "Southern Cross."

Eleven days from the Cape of Good Hope, brought us to the island of St. Helena, distant about eighteen hundred miles—on the 5th of January. In this region, the southeast trades blow with such invariable steadiness and moderation, that masters of vessels avail themselves of the opportunity to have their ships thoroughly overhauled and repaired—masts and yards sent down and replaced—and the rigging, that has become slack from the heavy strains upon it, newly tightened, or "set all taut." This all transpired on the "Torrent," and during these eleven days we were sensible of but little more motion than would be perceived in a house on land.

## CHAPTER XXXI.

### TWO DAYS AT ST. HELENA—PRISON OF THE FIRST NAPOLEON.

Appearance of the Island from the Sea—Batteries and Fortifications—"Ladder Hill"—"Pearce's Revenge"—Jamestown—the "Castle"—Promenade—Moat—Landing-Place—The Town—View from the Anchorage—"The Briars"—Ride to "Longwood"—General Descriptions—Volcanic Origin—Flowers, Shrubbery, and Trees—Napoleon's Tomb—Old Sally—"Vale of Arno"—Residence of Napoleon at "Longwood"—His Fishpond—"New House"—Sandy Bay Valley—"Plantation House"—Country Church—Return to Town—Rev. Dr. Bertram—Mission Chapel—Second Ride into the Country—"Francis' Plain"—"Rose Bower"—Astronomers—"Knollcombe"—Mission Cemetery—Return to Town—Sail from the Island.

WE were rapidly approaching St. Helena; and such was my eagerness to catch the earliest possible glimpse of this remarkable island, that you need not be surprised when told that I climbed to the main-mast-head, and sat there half an hour, straining my eyes toward the direction in which it was expected to appear. After a while I discovered it in the dim, hazy distance; lying like a long, low cloud in the far-off horizon. In a clear day it is visible sixty miles.

We always create in our minds an image of an object of which we have heard but have never seen. And it is scarcely necessary to add that

our imaginary creation is often very unlike the real object. So it was with mine. Perhaps I had not read with sufficient care such descriptions of the island as are occasionally met with; but having been long accustomed to the terms, "The Rock of St. Helena," "a solitary rock in the ocean," I was expecting to see a single rock, a mile or two in extent, rising from the ocean to a great height, almost perpendicular on all sides, and nearly level on the top.

It is, in reality, ten and a half miles long, six and three-quarters broad, and twenty-eight in circumference. As it gradually becomes more and more distinct, its outline, seen from the southeast—the direction from which vessels usually approach it—bears a striking resemblance to a human figure, lying on the back, with the arms folded across the breast, and a cloth thrown over the whole body. Coming still nearer, you see its surface broken into hills and valleys, jagged precipices, ravines, and gorges. The highest point on the island is called "Diana's Peak," and is two thousand seven hundred feet above the level of the sea. In many places the rocks rise perpendicularly from the ocean; in others, at a greater or less angle of inclination; and in others still, valleys and ravines run in gentle slopes to the water's edge. The general aspect is one of extreme barrenness, though spots of verdure are seen in some places, together with here and there clumps of low, thick trees, mostly stunted pines. Sailing on the northeast, around the bases of two very high, steep, rugged, barren, conical-shaped hills, the first called "Sugar-Loaf," and the second, further on and higher, "Flagstaff Hill," whose summits form the feet of the

figure—if you choose to keep in mind the idea of likeness to a prostrate human form—you soon come in sight of batteries and fortifications, built of heavy stone masonry, in the sides and on the projections of the precipitous rocks, evidently at an immense outlay of labor and expense. Similar ones surmount the tops of hills and beetling cliffs, guarding the entrance at every point where the island is accessible from the sea. Most of these have been dismantled since death relieved the British government of their anxious sentinelship over the formidable exile, by releasing him from his captivity. But you still see here and there a big black gun, frowning down upon you from its rocky nest, to remind you that the British lion is still there, and is ready to roar again should occasion ever require.

Passing on opposite the mouth of a ravine, called “Rupert’s Valley,” and around the projecting bluff of “Rupert’s Hill,” called “Munden’s Point,” on the top of which is a little fort, little Jamestown begins to appear, nestling in a deep valley or gorge, between two high, barren, precipitous hills—“Rupert’s” on the left, and “Ladder Hill” on the right. The latter is so named from a steep flight of stairs leading in a straight line eight hundred feet from the town up to the battery and signal-station on the top. It is usually ascended by an admirable but very circuitous carriage-road, which has been dug, and in some places blasted in the side of the hill, at a vast expenditure of time, toil, and money. A well-built stone wall, on the down-hill side of this road, renders it perfectly secure; but it is overhung at one or two points by huge masses of rock, suspended directly over the head of the traveller, causing an involun-

tary shudder as he looks at the threatening crags above him. A British officer, named Pearce, formerly resident on the island, is said never to have passed this spot except at a full gallop, for he had a presentiment that one of these rocks would some day fall and crush him. Hence, that particular pass is called "Pearce's Revenge;" but the presentiment was never fulfilled.

The first objects that attract your attention on drawing near to the anchorage, are "The Castle," as it is called, near the water's edge, just at the entrance of Jamestown Valley, across which it extends; and just behind it, the neat little stone church, with its tapering spire. "The Castle" resembles a long, low two-story house, and you would never think of calling it a castle, unless previously informed that such was its name and character. It stands fronting the sea, from which a continual surf rolls in, and breaks with monotonous music, upon the pebbly shores. A solid wall of hewn stone, some ten or twelve feet high, forms an effectual barrier to the encroachments of the sea, and being forty or fifty feet wide on the top, also affords a fine road and promenade. A dry moat, scientifically constructed, also walled up on both sides with hewn stone, to about the same height, separates this promenade or battery from a similar space, of about equal width, immediately in front of the Castle. The only landing-place is a flight of a half dozen stone steps—on which Napoleon first trod on his arrival at the island—at the left extremity of the battery, which here assumes the appearance and character of a long wharf, or, in oriental parlance, *bund*, which conveys the idea precisely. You

walk along this road, with high perpendicular rocks on your left, and the stone wall facing the sea on your right. Crossing the moat on a wooden drawbridge, you see several large cannon, with pyramids of ball, and of canister, chain, and grape-shot, placed in a regular row. There is also a stove, or furnace, ever near at hand, for heating them red-hot when required. There are also mortars, with their pyramids of bomb-shells close by; and, to complete the military aspect of the place, a sentinel, with his red coat, white pantaloons, sugar-loaf cap, and brightly-polished musket, marches back and forth with slow and measured pace.

Entering the town through an arched gateway in the Castle, which, I should mention, is the town residence of the governor of the island, you first find yourself in a small open space, about sixty yards square, with Episcopal church just opposite you. On the left is pointed out to you the house in which Napoleon passed his first night on the island. By a singular coincidence, the same house had been occupied by the Duke of Wellington, on his return from India several years before. Here the square begins to contract into a street, which gradually becomes narrower in its gentle ascent for one or two hundred yards, when it divides into two—one running on each side of the ravine, which extends a mile or more inland. The streets are narrow, but well macadamized, and their sidewalks are all laid with round paving-stones. The latter are seldom walked on, except during wet weather, when they serve to keep the feet from the mud; at other times, everybody walks in the middle of the street. The buildings are of stone, and generally two

stories high, very neatly stuccoed with plaster, of various shades, from white to dark-brown. This gives the town an exceedingly pretty and animated appearance, to which all the prints and engravings of it I have ever seen fail to do justice. There is a public garden opening out of the square on the left; not very extensive, as nothing in Jamestown can be, but quite well laid out, and containing a fair variety of tropical plants, shrubbery, and trees. There are also one or two private ones of considerable beauty at the inner extremity of the town. In these gardens, I observed as most prominent, the pomegranate, the palm, plantain, banyan, and some other trees, many of which seen from the anchorage, as they are scattered about, form a pleasing contrast with the pretty buildings among which they stand. The valley in which the town lies is but five or six hundred yards in width, and the snug stores and houses are crowded as compactly together as you can well conceive; not less so than the most densely built portions of our large cities in the United States. There are some very nice shops, with large plate-glass windows, and well stocked with every variety of goods, from both hemispheres. The prices of everything are enormous, except fish and water-cresses, which are very cheap. The view of the town from the anchorage, with hills rising on each side, and in the back-ground, is highly picturesque. A mile and a half distant, and about half way to the top of one of these steep hills, is a pretty cottage in a verdant spot, called "The Briars." It is a sweet little oasis, amid the surrounding ruggedness and sterility, and was occupied by Napoleon during the first two months of his captivity, while

the house at Longwood was being prepared for his reception. On the morning after our arrival we set out on horseback to visit the tomb of Napoleon, in "Sane Valley," three miles from town; and Longwood, a mile and three quarters further on. Your road lies for some distance on the side of Rupert's Hill, with the valley of Jamestown far beneath you on the right. Wherever the hills are very steep, the roads cut in their sides are ascended, necessarily, by a very zig-zag course, like that of a vessel beating against a head wind—if you are enough of a sailor to know what that is—consequently you have to "tack ship" very often, and sometimes ride five rods to gain one. So, on you go, with the mulatto boys who act as guides holding to the horses' tails, which are a great assistance to them in climbing the hills. Hence these boys are said to *ride* on the horses' tails! And strange to say, so accustomed are the docile animals to this novel mode of "carrying double," that they seldom think of kicking.

The island is evidently of volcanic origin, belonging probably to the latter ages of the secondary, or the beginning of the tertiary periods. There is every appearance of its having been thrown up by some upheaving force, operating at different and perhaps distant times, as the consecutive strata of mud-stones, lava, and stratified sands and marls, distinctly traceable on almost every hill, clearly indicate. You will see at some places, imbedded in the scoriæ, large calcined boulders, made up of concentric laminæ, and appearing as if, at no very remote period, they had been formed by rapid revolutions in the fires of a volcano.

A large species of the cactus, or prickly pear, with its beautiful red flowers, grows wild, in rank luxuriance, throughout the island. So also does the aloe, with its thick, narrow, sharp-pointed leaves, six feet long, and a tall stem of rich yellow flowers, rising fifteen feet high from their midst; the furze, the scarlet geranium, the elegant, pale yellow, yam flower, and many other blooming plants, all of which may be frequently seen composing the hedges between the adjacent possessions of neighboring landholders. The principal trees that you see are the cabbage tree, the banyan (not the large spreading banyan of India), the willow, and a species of stunted pine; the two latter are most abundant, and in many places form a delightful shade over your road. These pines are far more numerous than any or all other trees on the island, and may sometimes be said to compose quite a forest. In those situations where trees are exposed to the southeast trade-winds, they all have a uniform inclination toward the northwest, which gives them a singular appearance, as if at the very time while you are looking at them they were bending before a strong gale, though the wind may be blowing but a moderate breeze, which it seldom or ever exceeds.

At an appointed place, we find waiting for us Captain Kennedy, a gentleman to whom we were introduced the day before, and who politely offered to accompany us in our ride over the island. He was captain of a company of artillery during the whole captivity of Napoleon, and commanded the British guard that was present at his exhumation by the French deputation under Prince de Joinville, in 1840. We could not have been more fortunate in a guide,

for he told us much that we probably could have learned from no other source. Soon after he joined our party, we came to the "Devil's Punch-Bowl," a deep, irregular valley, lined with rocks and lava, but containing no green thing. Riding along the rim of it for some little distance, we descended on the opposite side into "Sane Valley," in all respects a perfect contrast to its gloomy neighbor. Here, in a sweet, quiet, lovely dale was the tomb of Napoleon. A low, black paling incloses a few square rods of green-sward, in the middle of which an iron railing surrounds the open and now empty grave of the imperial prisoner. It is covered by an awning in the form of a roof, raised about three feet from the ground, and is shaded by two willows which stand a few feet from the head.

What a world of images rush upon your mind as you stand by that open grave. Lodi—Arcola—the Pyramids—Marengo—Austerlitz—Hohenlinden—Leipsic—yea, and fatal Waterloo, rise before your vision. You almost see the serried hosts, the bristling bayonets, the waving plumes, the floating banners, the prancing war-steeds. Hear the roar of those cannon—listen to the stirring strains of martial music—the roll of drums—the shrill, soul-rousing notes of the distant bugle—all drowning alike the shouts of defiance, the exultations of victory, and the shrieks of agony and despair. Look at that impetuous onslaught! see that magnificent charge of Murat, with his irresistible cavalry; and Ney, the "bravest of the brave!" There! see yonder that little man—the grand master-genius—the moving spirit of all this splendid array, of this sublimely terrible "pomp and

circumstance of glorious war." The pageant vanishes—the vision fades; and here, on the very spot where you now stand, has he often stood—a lone, heart-broken exile; and here he slept the sleep that knows no waking. Oh! ye shadowy phantoms of earthly grandeur and glory, and is this all ye have to give the most devoted worshipper that ever bowed at your shrine!

You would fain indulge longer in this train of reflection, but the clack of "Old Sally," the old negro woman who has charge of the place, interrupts your reverie. She met us at the gate where we dismounted from our horses, with, "Good morning, gen'lemen; walk in, and see de tomb. One-and-sixpence a head, gen'lemen." On reaching the spot, we found a flight of wooden steps, leading down into the vault, which is ten feet deep, by eight long, and four wide. "Walk down into de tomb, gen'lemen; de fee is one-and-sixpence a head. Taint for myself; it's for de folks in de oder house down yonder: dey rents de tomb. I'll go an' git de board, an' show ye." So off she ran, and soon returned with a board, on which was pasted a manuscript "bill of fare." We by this time descended the steps. "Dar, gen'lemen," said Sally, "now you stan' in de bery spot whar de great Napoleon lay: he was buried wid his head to de Nort', an' his feet to de Sout'. He had on his green uniform; his arms was crossed on his breast so (suiting the action to the word, with a consequential air); an' his cap an' his sword was laid on his stomach. He was buried in four coffins: de fust was mahogany, de secon' was lead, de t'ird was deal, and de fourt' was a black cloff ober de whole, wid gold

tassels a hangin' down, an' a stone slab was ober de top. He used to come here an' set down under dese two willows; an' one day he got asleep here, an' he dreamed his Josephine was buried here; an' always after dat, he said if he died on de islan', he wanted to be burried jus' here' in dis bery spot. When dey dug him up, dey begun at twelve o'clock in de night, an' didn't git done till eight o'clock de next mornin'." Here our friend, Captain Kennedy, interrupted her, saying, "What's that nonsense you are telling there, Sally? They didn't get through till *noon*." "Wal, may be dey didn't till nine or ten o'clock, or somewhar along dar." "I tell you it was quite *noon* when they finished." "Wall," rejoined Sally, "you ought to know, cap'n, for you was de officer ob de day. Now, gen'lemen, come an' see de water in de spring." This is a natural basin, about two feet in diameter, at the foot of a perpendicular rock in the side of the hill, just outside the paling, and two or three rods from the tomb. The water is beautifully clear, and is said to be the best on the island. "Dis is de water Napoleon always drunk; de didn't drink no oder water on de islan'; he had it brought from dis bery spring ebry day. De fee, gen'lemen, is one-and-sixpence a head." We each drank a tumblerful, and it was a luxury I had not tasted for nearly six years, having been confined to the offensive creek and river water of China, except when we could get rain-water, which was not always. Sally ran through the several items of information above narrated with the mechanical ease and indifference of one who has repeated the same story for the thousandth time. She laid an emphasis upon the "one-and-sixpence

a head" which showed she regarded it far more necessary than all the rest, and accordingly she lost no opportunity of impressing that interesting particular upon our memories; from which we inferred that perhaps some of her visitors had occasionally forgotten the important lesson. Her anxieties on this point being allayed, she said: "Now, gen'lemen, please to walk up to dat little house up yonder, an' write yer name in de book dar." Which request being duly complied with, we remounted our horses, and ascending, by a zig-zag path, the steep, grassy hill opposite the one by which we came down to the tomb, we rode on toward "Longwood," which is a mile and three-quarters further. Stopping, if you like, for a few minutes at a house of refreshment, on the top of the hill—once the residence of Count Montholon—you again enter the main road at "Hutt's Gate," and ride along a ridge, with the beautiful "Vale of Arno" on the right. This enchanting valley, one would think, must well sustain the reputation of its celebrated namesake in Italy. The charming little cottages and villas, embowered in trees and shrubbery, scattered about on knolls and hill-sides; the grassy slopes, and dense patches of copsewood; the pretty lawns and meadows, producing abundant crops of hay, which is stacked up here and there; the sheep and cattle, feeding quietly, or reposing beneath some beautiful tree, present altogether a most lovely scene, and a very striking contrast to the barren, rugged sides of the "Deyil's Punch-Bowl" and "Rupert's Valley," which soon appear in sight, on the left of the ridge on which you are riding. You soon reach "Longwood." Occupying a porter's

lodge, at the gate opening into the spacious grounds, is an old soldier of Wellington's army at Waterloo. Riding through a wide avenue of pretty greensward, in many places well shaded with trees, you come to the house in which Napoleon lived and died. It is rented, or farmed, by the British Government to a person who exacts a fee of two shillings—about half a dollar—from each visitor; and yet the whole place is suffered to fall into decay. The house is of one story, shaped like an L; has a high, steep roof, and stands with the gable-end—in which is the door, and a window on each side—looking toward the road. It is now used as a barn; the glass in the windows is broken, the walls and ceiling are defaced, and all scratched, chalked, or charcoaled over with the names of numerous visitors, who are ambitious of notoriety, and can acquire it in no other way than by leaving their illustrious autographs in public places. This is also the case with the plastered walls of the vault in which the distinguished exile was entombed. That which was formerly his dining-room is now a granary, with a heap of straw in one corner, and the place where his table once stood is now occupied by a fanning-mill. In this room, also, he died, on a *sofa*, and not on a bed, as usually represented in pictures of the scene. A stone was taken at the time, by Count Bertrand, from the wall near the head of the sofa, at the side of a window, and the vacancy still remains. The door leading from this room into his bedroom has been walled up, and the latter apartment is now used for a stable. At the time of our visit, it was tenanted by two horses and four oxen. Are these shameful indignities permitted by the British Gov-

ernment to gratify a petty revenge against their fallen enemy? The only thing said to be remaining just as Napoleon left it, is what is called his fish-pond. This term is apt to mislead one as to its size; for it is only a very small semicircular reservoir or pool, with perpendicular sides of hewn stone, perhaps fifteen feet between its two extremities, and about eight feet wide. Its form is determined by two concentric semicircles, having the ends united by straight walls, the space between being filled with water. All the central part within the inner semicircle is laid with solid masonry. This figure is too geometrically exact for any pretension to natural beauty, and was evidently modelled after some part of a fortification where a cannon may stand in the centre, and, revolving on a pivot, describe a semicircular curve, which would enable it to command, in its sweeping range, a very wide extent of country. There is probably a technical name that would convey the precise idea in a single word, but I am not sufficiently familiar with the *nomenclature militaire* to give it. If you are, you may substitute it for the foregoing bungling attempt at description.

The fish in this pool sickened and died, probably from the accidental mingling of some poisonous ingredient with the water, and it is quite affecting to read the remark of Napoleon on the occurrence: "Everything that I love—everything that belongs to *me*, is stricken. Heaven and man unite to afflict me."

A few rods off stands the "New House," which was built and furnished at great expense by the British Government, expressly for their prisoner; but

for some unknown cause—probably offended pride—Napoleon would never set foot within its walls. It is of one story, contains a large suite of spacious rooms, and is beautifully situated on a gentle declivity, with a fine view of the ocean in front, which seems gradually to ascend like a vast hill, as it stretches far away to the west, till it blends with the sky ; the line of the horizon not being visible in the dim distance. This house is vacant, and is also allowed to go to ruin.

Returning from "Longwood," you again pass along the mountainous ridge overlooking the sweet "Vale of Arno," and continue your ride on the fine carriage-roads that traverse the island in every direction, and are kept in excellent repair by an annual appropriation by the Government. Now you ascend steep hills ; some barren and rocky, others clothed with verdure and affording excellent pasturage for sheep and cattle ; and then you descend into valleys of exuberant fertility, having their sides carpeted with tall, thick grass, which you see mowers, off there on the right, cutting for hay. How natural it looks, lying in long lines or swaths across the hillside meadows, or spread out to dry, or gathered into stacks, such as you often see in a fine grazing country at home. Then, again, you cross deep ravines, with little streams of limpid water gleaming so merrily in the sunshine, as they ripple, and trip, and dash, and tumble along over the pebbly bottom ; now under the shade of overhanging willows ; now among thick beds of watercresses, as if playing hide and seek with the sun, in all the wild recklessness of uncontrollable delight. Oh ! what a beautiful picture of

glad and joyous, gleeful childhood! You almost fancy they are *conscious* of happiness, and are dancing, and sparkling, and throwing up their little shining drops for very wantonness of overflowing joy.

Your road is frequently crossed by gates, which are the continuations of fences or hedges—the boundary lines between farms or plantations. You may often ride up to these hedges and banks by the roadside and eat blackberries in abundance, without leaving your saddle. Reaching the top of a certain ridge, the charming valley of "Sandy Bay" bursts all at once upon your sight, and is scarcely, if any, less beautiful—some think it more so—than the Vale of Arno, which it much resembles in its general features. Looking across this valley to the rugged, barren hill beyond, you see, about half way up, an isolated rock, bearing some likeness to a human form; then, somewhat further on, and nearer the top, are three others, all apparently ascending the hill. The former is called "Lot's wife;" and the latter, "Lot and his two daughters." After stopping a while to gaze upon this magnificent panorama, of which the boundless ocean fills the background, you continue your ride along the side hill, with the valley on your left, and soon enter a thick, sombre pine forest, the trees on one side towering up the almost perpendicular steeps above your head; and, on the other, flanking the equally precipitous sides far beneath. Emerging from this dark wood, on, on you go, with the same ever-changing variety of scene before described, till at last you reach the country-residence of the governor, "Plantation-House."

By the roadside stands a large gate, which a por-

ter, coming out of his lodge just within, opens for your entrance. The house is a square, two-story, stone building, of light-brown, with four windows on each side of the front-door, in the lower story, and nine, extending along the whole front, in the second. The grounds are tastefully and elegantly laid out, and are filled with the choicest and most beautiful shrubbery, trees, and flowers. It commands a fine view of the sea to the northwest, between the hills rising on the right and left. On an elevation above, and in the rear of the premises is a neat stone church, in the Gothic style of architecture. It is called the "country church," and was erected for the convenience of His Excellency and family, at a cost of twenty-five thousand dollars.

It seems that our obliging friend, Captain Kennedy, had, by malice prepense and aforethought, without our knowledge or suspicion, deliberately, and with design, devised, schemed, planned, and prepared beforehand, one of those dangerous snares for unwary travellers, called a good dinner, at his neat little cottage, now not far distant, to which he next conducted us, where, with his hospitable family of wife and daughters, he very kindly and agreeably entertained us till we were reminded, by the declining sun, that we had yet three and a half miles of rugged road to travel, terminating with that fearful descent of "Ladder Hill," before we could reach the residence of our kind host, W. Carroll, Esq., formerly for many years United States Consul for the island. To George W. Kimball, Esq., also, the present consul, we were indebted for very many kind and special attentions. We arrived just before dark, and then one of our party—

the writer—was expected to take tea with the family of the Rev. Dr. Bertram, and afterward to give his congregation, in the Mission Chapel, some account of the wonderful work of God in connection with recent events in China. He met a circle of friends at the conclusion of the service, and spent an hour longer in pleasant converse with these dear disciples of our common Saviour, in the “lone, barren isle.” Dr. Bertram and his family loaded me with messages of love to their many friends in the United States, whose kindness seems to have made a deep and indelible impression upon their hearts; and by whose timely aid they are enabled to build two new chapels, both of which are already commenced. One is adjoining the Mission-house in Jamestown, and the other on a beautiful site called “Knollcombe,” near “Rose Bower,” two or three miles distant.” To this spot, by the invitation of Dr. Bertram, on the next morning I accompanied him and his assistant, the Rev. Hudson R. Janisch. Dr. Bertram had provided for me an excellent horse, and away we started, up the narrow gorge leading out of the town, over zizzag roads, similar to those we travelled yesterday. Again you pass in sight of “The Briars,” on your left. Little vegetation is seen till you reach a place of high, grassy, and nearly level table-land, called “Francis’ Plain,” which is used as a parade-ground by some of the troops on the island. Off to the northeast rises the elevation known as “Halley’s Mount,” so named from the celebrated astronomer who came here, nearly two hundred years ago, to observe the transit of Venus. *A propos* of astronomers, let me here mention that one of my companions, Mr.

Janisch, is an own cousin to the equally celebrated Prussian astronomer, Professor Encke, of Berlin, the discoverer of "Encke's Comet." Halley is also doubtless more generally known as the discoverer of "Halley's Comet," than from "Halley's Mount," in St. Helena; though during his three years' residence here he made many valuable contributions to astronomical science. We will now leave the stars, and proceed on our way across "Francis' Plain," through a wood, down the side of a hill, around the upper extremity of a grassy ravine, up the opposite hillside, about half way to the top, to "Knollcombe," once the residence of the deputy-governor of the island. This delightful place, embracing several acres, seems to have been reserved, through a variety of fortunes, by a chain of singular providences, for its present use, and is but a short distance from "Rose Bower," where the nucleus of the society in this neighborhood was first formed. The material for a country church and parsonage is already on the ground, and in one corner of the farm is a lovely plot of sloping green-sward, surrounded by trees, and set apart for the mission cemetery. It is one of the most beautiful and suitable spots for such a purpose on the whole island, of which it is near the centre. Returning to town, I bade our kind friends farewell, with unfeigned sadness of heart, and soon after, repairing to our ship, we spread our canvas to the breeze, and sailed away from St. Helena. Long and sorrowfully did I sit on the quarter-deck, and gaze on its outline, becoming every moment less distinct, while its intensely interesting scenes and associations, and its newly-formed friendships, are pencilled upon my memory and

graven in my heart in lines which nothing can efface till the dim haze of death shall, in like manner, obscure the horizon of the soul. The sun has gone down; the pale moon peers mournfully through the clouds; the land has disappeared; and here we are once more a floating speck, with only the firmament above, and this wide, wide world of waters all around.

THE END.

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